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- ART. I.—1. *The Prologue and Knight's Tale, of the Canterbury Tales, in six parallel Texts (from six MSS.), together with Tables, showing the Groups of the Tales, and their varying order in thirty-eight MSS.* Published by the Chaucer Society. London: 1869.
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IT is a national reproach that after the lapse of nearly five hundred years we are still without a critical and illustrative edition of Chaucer's poetical works. Excepting Shakespeare, no English poet so thoroughly requires and deserves

careful editing as Chaucer; and, in the essential characteristics of his genius, no English poet comes nearer to Shakspeare. In breadth of dramatic insight, power of individual portraiture, fertility of invention, and command over the resources of pathos and humour, Chaucer is essentially Shakspearian. He has, moreover, the intense love of nature, the delicacy and truth of observation, and the vivid descriptive power which appear so conspicuously in Shakspeare's early poems. Above all, he has the same wide human interest, the large toleration, and the inexhaustible sympathy with life in every form. His pictures of contemporary society, though rich in local colouring, are thus still richer in dramatic power. The 'Canterbury Tales,' while presenting us with graphic pictures of mediæval costume and manners, contain delineations of humours and passions that reappear in every age, and are of universal interest. No doubt Chaucer lacks the higher qualities of Shakspeare, his depth of passion, subtle and profound reflectiveness, and peerless creative imagination. Yet Chaucer's poetical genius is not only dramatic, but broadly and variously dramatic, including a wide range of keen observation, truthful portraiture, and effective incident. The 'Canterbury Tales' are in substance, if not in form, a diversified, though unfinished drama. The descriptions of the Monk and Prioress, the Reeve and Franklin, the Friar and Pardoner, of Dame Alison and the Wife of Bath, are well-known masterpieces. Some of the lighter tales, such as those of the Miller and the Reeve, are short comedies full of genuine humour; while others, such as those of the Nun Priest and the Manciple, abound with well-directed strokes of incisive irony, and keen but quiet satire. Again, the picture of the wave-tossed Constance 'mazed in the sea,' and, after a brief gleam of happiness, committed again with her weeping infant to its cruel mercies, and that of the much-enduring Griselda's parting and reunion with her children, may rank as pathetic images with those of the wildered Ophelia distributing her floral gifts, and the footsore heart-wearied Imogen passing dream-like through the wild in the one thought of her absent lord.

Next to his command over the fountains of laughter and tears comes Chaucer's rare power of felicitous expression. His style in his later writings, while easy and flexible, is at the same time vigorous and pointed, having rarely a sentence or even a word of repetition or needless amplification. At a time when inordinate diffuseness and prolixity was the vice of English versification, he gave an example of artistic concentration, of terse and vigorous clearness in narrative, description, and dia-

logue, that was of the highest service to the future of English poetry. There is another characteristic of his writing which marks him out as a poet and dramatist of Nature's own creation. In the crisis of a bitter trial or an agonising struggle, when the situation itself speaks with overwhelming force to the heart, his language is perfectly simple and direct. When Virginius, for example, crushed by the unrighteous doom just pronounced against his only child, meets her on his return with 'a face dead as ashen cold,' and utters his bleeding heart in the lines beginning 'There been two ways, either death or 'shame,' the perfect plainness of those words touches the deepest springs of pity, and may well recall the scene, in some respects so similar, between Claudio and Isabella. Then, again, Chaucer may be said to have first revealed the capabilities of the language as a vehicle for the higher kinds of poetry. The music of English numbers was, in fact, clearly heard for the first time in the sweet and flexible cadences of his harmonious lines. Some of the poems belonging to the earlier part of the fourteenth century have, indeed, considerable literary merit. For delicacy of observation and descriptive power, there are passages in the 'Pearl,' for example, that, as Sir F. Madden has said, may compare with similar passages in Douglas and Spenser. But even the best of these poems are strikingly deficient in the higher metrical qualities. Hardly a note of real music is to be heard in their rude and monotonous alliterative lines. While poetical in substance, they are in form little better than the extravagant 'rim, ram ruff' romances which Chaucer satirises in the prologue to the 'Parson's Tale.' Chaucer had, however, a delicate ear for melody, and the structure of his verse is not only always rhythmical, but marked by the highest metrical qualities.

These excellences have justly made Chaucer not only the father of English poetry, the greatest of our dramatists before the rise of the regular drama, but one of the most delightful and habitually read of all English poets. The many eulogistic references to him by later writers both in prose and verse, down to the close of the Elizabethan period, show how constantly he was studied during the two centuries after his death. In the first century we have repeated and emphatic testimony to his pre-eminent merit by such poets as Lidgate, Occleve, and Douglas. And in the Elizabethan age there is a consensus of enthusiastic appreciation amongst almost all its more distinguished critics, poets, and historians. The list includes amongst eminent prose writers the names of Wilson, Puttenham, Ascham, Fox, and Camden; and of poets Sir Philip Sidney

ranks Chaucer with Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; while Spenser avowedly adopted him as a master, and commenced his poetic career by direct imitations of his style. The well-known reference to

‘him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,’

and the quotations from the ‘Canterbury Tales’ in Milton’s prose writings, show that Chaucer was not forgotten amidst the distractions of the Parliamentary conflict and the civil war. Dryden, again, did his utmost to popularise the more striking of the ‘Canterbury Tales,’ and has left, perhaps, the best critical estimate of their author we possess. During the eighteenth century there were several elaborate attempts to make English readers better acquainted with Chaucer, whose language had by that time become too archaic for the effortless enjoyment of ordinary readers. And in our own day, notwithstanding the obstacles interposed by a grammar and vocabulary partially obsolete, Chaucer has reappeared in a greater number of forms, and is, perhaps, more generally read and studied, than any of the great Elizabethan poets except Shakspeare.

These circumstances render it the more surprising, and, we may add, the more discreditable to our national scholarship, that no complete critical edition of Chaucer’s poetical works should yet have been produced. The reproach is one of old standing, and many suggestions have from time to time been made with the view of wiping it away. Dr. Johnson, amongst others, for example, projected a new and complete edition of Chaucer, and, as will be seen from his description, he formed a very just estimate of what such a work ought to be both as to text and commentary. He says:—‘Chaucer; a new edition of him from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his language, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present; with notes explanatory of customs, &c., and references to Boccaccio and other authors from whom he has borrowed; with an account of the liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life; and an exact etymological glossary.’ This project was not, however, carried into effect; and Godwin, in his voluminous *Life of Chaucer*, had still to urge the importance of the neglected work. His words are:—‘There is nothing more ardently to be wished by the admirers of Chaucer than that a correct and elaborate edition should be made of his works; and that some of the same exertions should be spent upon illustrating them which have of late years been so liberally employed upon the productions

‘ of Shakspeare and Milton. Mr. Tyrwhitt, indeed, has taken ‘ much pains, and in many instances to excellent purposes, with ‘ the “*Canterbury Tales*,” but nothing can be more miserable ‘ than the condition of the principal copies of the rest of our ‘ author’s works.’ And nearly thirty years later Dr. Todd, who had himself recently edited both Spenser and Milton, in noticing Tyrwhitt’s edition of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*,’ says, ‘ With the text of the remaining poems we must be content ‘ till an elaborate and correct edition of the poet’s works, ‘ which we greatly want, be given.’ The truth is, that until the last few years the greater part of Chaucer’s poetical works have never, strictly speaking, been edited at all. ‘*Troilus ‘ and Cressid*,’ a story nearly as long as the ‘*Æneid*,’ the ‘*Romaunt of the Rose*,’ the ‘*House of Fame*,’ the ‘*Legend ‘ of Good Women*,’ and the minor poems, collected and published together for the first time by Thynne in 1532, were printed from defective and imperfect manuscripts without any critical oversight or correction; and from that time to our own day they have been reprinted from the black-letter folios without any attempt at systematic critical revision. The ‘*Canterbury Tales*’ have, indeed, fared somewhat better, having been more than once carefully edited by critics in many respects well qualified for the task. But much still remains to be done for the text of Chaucer’s greatest work; and still more, perhaps, for the adequate explanation of its language and allusions. We have as yet no satisfactory and authoritative text even of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*,’ and the best published text, that recently revised by Mr. Morris, to which we shall presently refer in detail, is without note or comment of any kind. The work which Johnson projected, and which a succession of eminent scholars and critics have so earnestly desiderated, still remains, therefore, to be done.

In these circumstances the formation of a Chaucer Society, mainly for the purpose of printing the best existing manuscripts of the poet’s works, ought to be matter of hearty congratulation to all lovers of English literature. Our public and private libraries are rich in Chaucer manuscripts, and the best of these must be available for critical use before an authoritative complete and satisfactory text of Chaucer can be produced. But the only way of placing these manuscripts within the reach of English scholars is by printing them; and, if done at all, this must obviously be the work of a special Society. With this end in view, the Chaucer Society was accordingly founded two years ago, and it is pleasant to find the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race united in this

effort to illustrate the genius and honour the memory of its first great poet and dramatist. The Society was set on foot by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, to whose philological zeal and literary industry students of early English are already so much indebted. But, as he himself tells us, it was established very much at the instance of Professor Child, of Harvard University. At the outset of the temporary preface to the six-text edition of the 'Canterbury Tales' now publishing by the Society, Mr. Furnivall says:—'But before entering into other details let me state that the publication of these texts, and the foundation of the Society, are due mainly to the accomplished American scholar, Professor F. J. Child, who called forth the publication of the Percy folio manuscript.' In the words of the original prospectus the Society was founded 'to do honour to Chaucer, and to let the lovers and students of his works see how far the best unpublished manuscripts differ from the printed texts.'

'It will deal with the works of no other man—except so far as may be found necessary for the illustration of Chaucer—and will dissolve as soon as all the good manuscripts of the poet's works, and all matter wanted for their illustration, are in type. It is not intended to interfere with any edition of Chaucer's works past or future, but to supplement them all, and afford material for the improvement of his text. Eight or ten years will suffice, if the Society be well supported, to finish its work. . . . There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need reconsideration. The proposal, then, is to begin with "The Canterbury Tales," and give of them (in parallel columns in royal 4to.) six of the best unprinted manuscripts known, and to add in another quarto the next best manuscripts if 300 subscribers join the Society.'

This excellent plan has so far been carried out with commendable diligence and fidelity. Early in 1869, the first part of the six-text edition, containing the 'Prologue' and the 'Knight's Tale,' was issued in the two forms of separate octavo texts, and of all the texts together in a six-columned oblong folio. All the texts are handsomely printed, and, as we can testify from experience, the oblong folio is extremely convenient for collocation and reference. Great care moreover appears to have been taken in printing the texts so as to render them as accurate transcripts of the manuscript as possible.

The Society very properly, however, does not confine itself to the text of Chaucer, but is anxious to collect and publish the most valuable literary and philological materials required for the fuller illustration of his poetical works. This illustra-

tive matter includes the foreign originals on which some of his longer narrative, descriptive, and allegorical poems are founded; a critical examination of the use he made of these materials, and separate disquisitions on points of special interest connected with Chaucer's language, style, allusions, and versification. The publications of the first year belonging to this part of the Society's work are an elaborate treatise on early English pronunciation, by Mr. A. J. Ellis, with Professor Child's exhaustive papers on the use of the final *e* by Chaucer; a translation of Professor Ebert's 'Review of Sandras's *Étude sur Chaucer*;' a 'Thirteenth Century Latin Treatise on the Chilindre;' and the temporary preface by Mr. Furnivall, which seeks for the first time to establish on definite grounds of evidence the right order of the Tales, with the days and stages of the Canterbury Pilgrimage. The issues of the Society, during the second year of its existence, comprise works quite as important, and in some respects even more interesting, than those of the first. In the text series of issues are three additional 'Canterbury Tales'—those of the Miller, the Reeve, and the Cook; and in the Commentary series the original of the 'Tale of Constance' edited with a translation from an old French chronicle, while a detailed comparison of the 'Knight's Tale' with the Teseide, and of the 'Troilus and Cressid' with the Filostrato of Boccaccio, are in active preparation. It is impossible to look into these works without feeling what very valuable materials they supply to all students of Chaucer, and especially to the future editors of his works. And if the Society is able to carry on and complete its scheme of publications, the long national reproach of neglecting 'the Morning Star of Song' will be effectually removed. We learn, however, with astonishment and regret from the last Report of the Society, that although an American Professor munificently sent over fifty guineas to start it, only *seventy* subscribers of two guineas each have been found in England, and *thirty* in the United States, to carry on the work. The list contains very few indeed of the names of the great collectors and patrons of literature, which we should have expected to see in connexion with so meritorious an undertaking, and we do not hesitate to urge those of our readers who may be interested in the subject of this article to promote the work, which must have been abandoned but for Mr. Furnivall's indomitable and disinterested exertions.*

* The Publishers of the Chaucer Society are Messrs. Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row, by whom subscriptions are received.

From what we have said it will be seen that the publications of the Chaucer Society are preparing the way for a complete edition of Chaucer's works in the twofold direction of text and commentary. The requirements of such an edition are an authoritative text based on a comparison of the best manuscripts, and an adequate explanation in the shape of notes and commentary of Chaucer's learning and literary studies, his allusions, language, and versification. The first point is the text; and, in order to estimate fairly the work the Chaucer Society is doing in this respect, it is necessary to glance at the history of the printed texts down to the present time. Caxton printed the 'Canterbury Tales' twice, the first time from a very corrupt manuscript, and the second time from a much better one. 'Troilus and Cressid,' 'The House of Fame,' 'The Assembly of Fowls,' and some minor pieces, were printed by Caxton's coadjutors and successors, Wyken de Worde and Pynson. The first edition of Chaucer's poetical works was that published in 1532, and edited by W. Thynne. In his curious dedication to Henry VIII., Thynne claims to have corrected, by comparison with the manuscripts, those parts of the poet's works already printed, and to have published the rest for the first time. He says:—

'And as Bokes of dyvers Impryntes came unto my Handes, I easely, and withoute grete Study, myght and have deprehended in them many Errours, Falsyties, and Depravacions, whiche evydently appered by the Contrarieties and Alteracions founde by Collacyon of the one with the other, wherby I was moved and styred to make dilygent Serche where I might fynde or recover anye trewe Copies or Exemplaries of the sayde Bookes, wherunto in Processe of Tyme, nat without Coste and Payne, I attayned; and nat onely unto such as seme to be very trewe Copes of those Workes of Geffray Chaucer, whyche before had ben put in Prynte, but also to dyvers other neuer tyll nowe imprynted, but remaynyng almoste unknowen and in Oblivion.'

As may be surmised from this extract, Chaucer did not benefit much from Thynne's supervision, his text of the 'Canterbury Tales' being in some respects inferior to that of Caxton's second reprint, while the minor poems are crowded with verbal corruptions. Stowe, the next editor, added little to Thynne's work, except some miscellaneous poems, 'nowe imprynted for the first time,' which fill twenty pages of his massive folio. These poems are of doubtful authority, being more in Lidgate's manner than Chaucer's; but the longest of them, 'The Court of Love,' has kept its place in the subsequent editions of the poet's works. The third chief edition published during the sixteenth century is that edited by Speight, and in many

respects he may fairly be regarded as the first editor, strictly so called, of Chaucer. Thynne and Stowe paid but little attention to the text; and neither of them attempted anything in the way of illustration or commentary. Speight attended in a manner to both these departments of an editor's duty; and, though his alterations in the text are comparatively few and unimportant, they are still in the main improvements. But his claims as an editor rest mainly on his explanations of Chaucer's language. He is the first that attempted any detailed explanation of archaic words and phrases; and his glossary, with all its imperfections, entitles him to the grateful remembrance of Chaucer students. This gratitude would have been still stronger had Speight told the whole story of 'Wade and his bote called Guingelot, as also his straunge exploits in the same,' instead of simply passing it over 'as being long and fabulous.' The story was undoubtedly connected with the northern mythology, and abounded in marvellous incident. And it is certainly one of the curiosities of literary history that a story of this nature, so well-known in the beginning of the seventeenth century that an editor, in noticing Chaucer's allusions to it, thinks even an outline needless, should now have so completely perished that no fragment of it can be recovered. Possibly, however, some detailed reference to the story may yet be found in some early English manuscript hitherto unpublished, or perhaps in the broken-down form of chap-book stories which have escaped the hands of the collectors. Speight's compact folio, first published in 1598, again in 1602, with some improvements, and a third time in 1687, with a few trifling additions, continued to be the standard edition of Chaucer throughout the whole of the seventeenth century. Down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, indeed, the collected works of our more celebrated poets generally appeared in the folio form, and the folio belongs to the pre-critical period of our literary history. Urry's ambitious work, which appeared in 1721 and has the distinction of being the tallest of all the Chaucer folios, is certainly no exception. The licentious alterations of the text, in which Urry habitually indulged, have simply made it perversely corrupt in every part. The truth is that Urry, though in some respects an accomplished man and a lover of our early literature, was altogether ignorant of Chaucer's language and versification; and the arbitrary alterations by which he claims to have 'in a great measure restored and perfected the text,' have in numberless lines destroyed both the grammar and the metre, and in many the sense as well.

The first editor of any part of Chaucer's works who displayed anything like the spirit and power of genuine criticism was undoubtedly Dr. Thomas Morell, best remembered perhaps by his learned 'Thesaurus,' which long held its place as a standard lexicon of the Greek poets, and has been referred to by recent scholars as a work of immense labour and research. Dr. Morell was however an English as well as a classical scholar, having edited Spenser, and commenced the publication of the 'Canterbury Tales' on a thoroughly complete and satisfactory plan. The only matter of regret is that he did not carry out his admirable scheme and finish the work he had so well begun. The first volume of the projected work, and we believe the only one ever issued, appeared in 1737, and was entitled 'The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer in the original, from the most authentic manuscripts, with references to authors ancient and modern, various readings, and explanatory notes.' This volume contains the 'Prologue' and the 'Knight's Tale,' a modern version of each being appended to the original text. Tyrwhitt refers to it in terms of high but just praise; and it appears from his reference to have been the only part of the work that had been published. Mr. Robert Bell, however, in his introduction to the edition of Chaucer in the Annotated English Poets, says that 'the "Canterbury Tales" were published in 1740 by Dr. T. Morell;' and that 'this is the edition to which Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the date of '1737.' The last part of the statement is certainly inaccurate, as the volume of 1737 lies before us, and is evidently that to which Tyrwhitt refers, and which he used in preparing his own edition for the press. And we feel convinced that the first part of Mr. Bell's statement is also inaccurate, and that the volume of 1737 is the only part of Dr. Morell's projected work that ever appeared. This part is, however, quite sufficient to show that in undertaking to edit Chaucer Dr. Morell took a just and comprehensive view of the work to be done, and that he possessed many of the higher qualities essential to its successful execution. His plan includes minute attention both to text and commentary; and in dealing with the text 'he set out,' says Tyrwhitt, 'upon the only rational plan, that of collating the best manuscripts and selecting from them the 'genuine readings.' For this purpose he examined no fewer than fifteen manuscripts of the 'Canterbury Tales;' and, while adopting the best and most authoritative readings in the text, he gave all the more important manuscript variations in the shape of a separate textual appendix. This full and accurate exhibition of various readings gives indeed to Dr. Morell's

work a more scholarly character and a higher critical value than belongs to any other edition of the 'Prologue' and 'Knight's Tale.' And so great is his respect for the authority of the best manuscripts, that he sometimes gives a reading from them, even although he does not fully understand it. Thus in the description of the knight he was the first to adopt the manuscript reading of the line —

'In Lettowe hadde he *reysed* and in Ruce.'

The previous editions had *rickien*, but Dr. Morell, while mistaking its meaning, restored *reysed* (journeyed, travelled) on the authority of the great majority of the ancient manuscripts, and in this he has been followed by subsequent editors. Though the noun *reyse* is found, this is, we believe, the only known example of the verb in our literature, and the restoration is thus of some etymological interest. Dr. Morell had also studied with care Chaucer's language and versification, and his knowledge of both enabled him to point out whole classes of blunders vitiating innumerable lines in Urry's adulterated text. Two remarks of his on Chaucer's versification are worth quoting, not only as acute in themselves and of permanent value, but as anticipating the special criticism of later Chaucerian metrists. In reply to Urry's claim that Chaucer's lines are marked by perfect syllabic regularity, Dr. Morell points out that his verses, while always musical, have sometimes a syllable too much, and sometimes a syllable too little :

'His numbers, however,' he says, 'are by no means so rough and inharmonious as some people imagine; there is a charming simplicity in them, and they are always musical whether they want or exceed their complement: the former case, I have observed, when it happens, is generally at the beginning of a verse, when a pause is to be made, or rather two times to be given to the first syllable, as v. 368 :

"Not in Purgatory, but in Hell."

Mr. Urry, to make out his ten syllables, reads it, *right* in hell, which *right*, though I am no great admirer of a pun, is *wrong*, as it renders the verse very harsh and dissonant. But this is only one verse among hundreds that are false accented in Mr. Urry's edition, as may be seen by any one that thinks it worth while to consult the various readings annexed to this.

This passage anticipates one of the most important points insisted on by Mr. Skeat in his excellent supplement to Tyrwhitt's Essay on Chaucer's versification. Again, in noticing Chaucer's metrical use of the final *e*, Dr. Morell says:—

'But give me leave to observe that he has never used it in any even

place, except the 2nd, where it is allowable, especially if the accent be strong upon the 4th.

"Whanné that Apryl," v. 1.

"Thatté no Drpp," v. 131.

'I say that the final *e* (and I believe I might say the same of the plural *es* or *is*, especially of monosyllables, v. 174, &c.) is never used in the 4th, 6th, 8th, or last syllable of the verse, which is a fault that most injudiciously runs through Mr. Urry's edition.'

This statement is indeed virtually combated by Mr. Ellis in his elaborate work on 'Early English Pronunciation.' He points out that in French poetry the weak or final *e* may occupy almost any of the even or strong places of the verse; and he gives examples of its use in others besides the second, adding that if the text is correct we find the same use in Chaucer. But apart from the question of textual corruption, the three examples Mr. Ellis gives are at most but occasional exceptions to an important rule of Chaucer's verse first generalised by Dr. Morell.

We can only glance at Dr. Morell's scheme of illustration, which is as judicious and complete as his method of dealing with the text. It includes brief notes at the foot of the page, explaining archaic words, phrases, and allusions, and often containing parallel passages from the poets ancient and modern, and a commentary in the shape of an appendix explaining at greater length the historical allusions of the text, as well as its references to contemporary life and manners. The explanation of obsolete words is sometimes inaccurate, and the etymology often erroneous; but considering the low state of English philology at the time, this part of the work is well done, and generally, both in conception and execution, the volume is well entitled to Tyrwhitt's praise of 'being infinitely preferable to any of those that preceded it.' It may indeed even yet be favourably compared with some that have followed it, and that have had the good fortune to become better known.

Tyrwhitt comes next as an editor of Chaucer, and his edition of the 'Canterbury Tales' is so well known that it is needless to specify its merits and defects in detail. In our judgment, the merits of the work far outweigh its defects, although in the present state of our knowledge the text must no doubt be regarded as seriously defective. Still on the whole Tyrwhitt has done more for Chaucer than any other single editor. It is no doubt true that he was unacquainted with the niceties of Chaucer's grammar, and their intimate connexion with the mechanism of his verse; and Mr. Wright, in the introduction

to his edition of the 'Canterbury Tales,' has emphasized these deficiencies in somewhat sweeping terms. But Tyrwhitt was a sagacious critic, possessing great literary knowledge, taste, and industry; and he brought all his powers and acquirements to the illustration of his favourite author, often with the happiest results. Though his paleographical knowledge was not of a very critical kind, he spared no pains in consulting manuscripts, and in general wherever the sense or poetical expressiveness of the verse is concerned, his selection of readings shows not only sound judgment, but cultivated feeling and appreciation. And in these respects the readings of Tyrwhitt's edition are often, as we shall presently show, better than those of the Harleian text which has now taken its place. .

The next step in the history of Chaucer texts is the publication of this manuscript—the Harleian—by Mr. Wright in 1847. This publication represents something like a revolution in the plan of editing Chaucer, and at once raises the whole question as to the best method of dealing with the text. At first sight Mr. Wright seems to make out a strong case for his own plan. After noticing that the grammatical forms of the fourteenth century underwent a considerable change about the middle of the fifteenth, and that copyists of this date usually employed the language of the time rather than of the author they are copying, he contends that the only satisfactory plan of editing Chaucer is to select the oldest and best manuscript, and to adhere to it faithfully throughout. The opposite plan, which had hitherto been usually followed, he condemns indeed in no very measured terms:—

'It is evident, therefore,' he says, 'that the plan of forming the text of any work of the periods of which we are speaking from a number of different manuscripts, written at different times and different places, is the most absurd plan which it is possible to conceive. Yet this was the method professedly followed by Tyrwhitt in forming a text of the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer.'

And after pointing out Tyrwhitt's special disqualifications as a student of manuscripts, he adds:—

'Under these circumstances it is clear that to form a satisfactory text of Chaucer, we must give up the printed editions, and fall back upon the manuscripts; and that instead of bundling them altogether, we must pick out one best manuscript which also is one of those nearest to Chaucer's time. The latter circumstance is absolutely necessary, if we would reproduce the language and versification of the author. At the same time it cannot but be acknowledged that the earliest manuscript might possibly be very incorrect and incomplete, from the ignorance or negligence of the scribe who copied it. This, however, is not the case with regard to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The

Harleian manuscript, No. 7334, 'is by far the best manuscript of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" that I have yet examined, in regard both to antiquity and correctness. The handwriting is one which would at first sight be taken by an experienced scholar for that of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and it must have been written within a few years after 1400, and therefore soon after Chaucer's death and the publication of the "Canterbury Tales." Its language has very little, if any, appearance of local dialect; and the text is in general extremely good, the variations from Tyrwhitt being usually for the better.'

This reasoning seems, as we have said, sufficiently conclusive, and it has very naturally determined the course of subsequent editors, both Mr. Bell and Mr. Morris having followed Mr. Wright's plan, and adopted the text he had selected. But the publication of the Chaucer Society's six-text edition of the 'Prologue' and 'Knight's Tale' has very much destroyed the force of 'Mr. Wright's plea in favour of adhering strictly to a single text. A comparison of the Harleian text with the six now publishing by the Society, will show that there are numberless points of grammar, metre, or sense in which it may be improved by careful collation, and that the old plan must still be followed before we can hope to secure a satisfactory and authoritative text. We propose to illustrate this necessity more in detail by a comparison of Mr. Morris's text—the best form of the Harleian—with the six other texts now available for critical collation. Meanwhile, to complete the account of texts, we must refer for a moment to the edition of Chaucer's Poetical Works, edited by Mr. Robert Bell for the Annotated Edition of the English Poets. As we have said, Mr. Bell and his colleague Mr. Jephson adopt the Harleian text, making alterations here and there, which are not however in all cases improvements. They are, however, fairly entitled to the credit of having attempted almost for the first time to edit the minor poems, as well as of having given throughout a number of useful miscellaneous notes. Neither of the editors was thoroughly master of Chaucer's grammar and vocabulary, and their attempted explanation of archaic words and phrases are sometimes ludicrously at fault. In the following verse from 'Troilus and Cressid,' a comparatively common and well-known word is misinterpreted with perverse but curious ingenuity:—

' This Tröylus, withouten reede ör lore,
 As man that hath his joyes ek forlore,
 Was waytynge on his lady everemore,
 As she that was sothfaste *crop*, and *moore*,
 Of al his lust or joyes here tofore :
 But, Troylus, now farewel al thy joye !
 For shal he never se-hire eft in Troye.'

On this passage the note is, '*Crop* means the top shoot of a tree or other vegetable. "*Crop* and root" is a common expression, meaning the whole of anything, like our "*root* and "*branch*." Perhaps *crop* and *moore*, or *more*, may mean the top and more than the top, by a violent hyperbole.' *Moore* is, however, a familiar English word for root, common in our early literature, and still used colloquially in many parts of the country, especially the south and west. Notwithstanding defects of this kind, the edition is on the whole one of the most useful and convenient for English readers.

The latest text of Chaucer's poetical works, that edited by Mr. Morris, and substituted for Tyrwhitt's in the new issue of the Aldine Series, is undoubtedly also the best. Mr. Morris is one of our most accurate and accomplished early English scholars, and no better editor of a mediæval text could possibly be found. After examining several manuscripts of the '*Canterbury Tales*,' he agreed with Mr. Wright in thinking the Harleian text the best, and it has accordingly been selected and faithfully adhered to throughout. Clerical errors and corrupt readings were corrected by collation with other manuscripts, especially the Lansdowne, and a careful examination of Mr. Morris's text will show how painstaking he has been in this part of his work. The rest of the poems have been edited from the manuscripts where they existed, and the result is the best text of Chaucer that has yet appeared. Good as it is, however, we hope to show that something better may be produced by turning to full account the valuable materials the Chaucer Society are providing for critical use. As we have seen, Mr. Morris gives what all recent editors have regarded as the best manuscript of the '*Canterbury Tales*,' in the best form, carefully revised, and corrected throughout. The important question is, whether a still better text may not be produced by the critical collation of other manuscripts. Mr. Wright, as we have seen, scouts this notion; and even Mr. Furnivall, the editor of the Chaucer Society texts, seems disposed to answer it in a somewhat hesitating manner. At least he expresses himself as disappointed at the extent of general agreement between the manuscripts the Society has undertaken to publish.

A comparison of Mr. Morris's text of the '*Prologue*' and the '*Knight's Tale*' with the texts of the Society, has, however, convinced us that the question as to possible improvement must be answered decisively in the affirmative. Knowing beforehand the excellence of the Harleian text, and the general agreement of the six other manuscripts, we have been surprised

indeed at the number of emendations of greater or less importance they afford. In the 'Prologue' alone there are, in our judgment, upwards of fifty lines that may be improved by collation either in sense or metre, while in the 'Knight's Tale' the better readings are in proportion to its length even more numerous and important. These better readings affect mainly the metre, the meaning, or the poetical expressiveness of the existing text. Some, again, effect marked improvements in minutiae of grammar, emphasis, and spelling. While nothing can be more arbitrary and unsettled than the orthography of Chaucer's day, and indeed for centuries later, the spelling of the Harleian manuscript is still peculiarly harsh and clumsy, especially in the case of proper names, and they might easily be altered for the better on the authority of the other texts. The improvements in the metre are effected sometimes by the simple transposition of words in the line, sometimes by exchanging one form of word for another, and often in both ways. Sometimes again by the omission of a superfluous word or syllable, and at others by the introduction of a word or syllable that at once fills up the measure and completes the sense. The readings that improve the meaning do so usually by removing vagueness and ambiguity, and giving increased clearness and precision to the image or idea presented. This is accomplished in various ways, sometimes by the apt use of defining epithets and particles, as *this* lord instead of *the* lord (172), *that* house instead of *an* house (578), *the* chieftain instead of *a* chieftain (1697). Sometimes by a slight change in the form of the noun or verb, as *shall* not die instead of *should* not (1683), *taketh* his leeve instead of *took* his leeve (359), *hearkeneth*, the true imperative form, instead of *hearken* (985), full of *degrees* instead of full of *degree* (1032), the *noblest* of the Greeks instead of the *nobles* (2041).

These details of more accurate expression derived from the other manuscripts not only clear up obscurities, but correct errors in the Harleian text, errors which mar the sense of the passages in which they occur, and are inconsistent with the context. In the 'Knight's Tale,' for example, after Palamon, Emely, and Arcite have visited the temples of Venus, Diana, and Mars, to pray for help in the approaching contest, there arises some dissension among the Gods which is 'stinted' by an address of Saturn to Venus, in which he says:—

'Now wepe nomore, I schal do diligence,
That Palomón, that is *thyne* owen knight,
Schal have his lady, as thou hast him right.'

In the second line the Harleian text reads, and Mr. Morris

prints, *mine* instead of *thine*, a blunder which the context, it is true, corrects, but which is none the less a disfigurement to the text. All the six manuscripts read correctly *thine*. Again, in the 'Prologue,' Mr. Morris's text spoils one of the most characteristic touches in the description of the 'choleric' Reeve. He is represented as a man of keen observation and incessant activity, keeping a rigid outlook over the whole of his lord's property with a minute knowledge and thorough-going supervision of everything connected with it—crops and prices, corn and cattle, dairy and farmyard produce. He keeps a sharp eye, moreover, on the factors, tenants, and labourers of the estate, and invariably ferrets out the little schemes, the petty concealments and evasions, by which they strive to secure an advantage at the expense of their superior. He does this with such remorseless certainty that they are in terror of him:—

'Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
 Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrearage.
 Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
 That *he* ne knewe his sleight and his covyne;
 They were adrad of him, as of the deth.'

'There was no auditor that could on him win,' and 'none could bring him in arrearage.' In other words, no one has any handle against him. He is far too skilful a manager to let his practices appear. While he finds out the practices of all his lord's tenants and dependents, he at the same time so effectually conceals his own as to receive from his lord substantial rewards for his zeal and faithfulness. The Harleian manuscript, however, destroys this feature in the description, and reverses Chaucer's meaning, by reading in the fourth line, 'that *they* ne knewe his sleight and his covyne.' This would represent all the tenants as knowing the Reeve's malpractices, instead of the Reeve knowing theirs. But if so, he would have been in their power instead of their being in his; and apart from this, the reading is altogether inconsistent with the other part of the description. If his lord is to be robbed, he is evidently determined that he shall be robbed by none but himself. All the manuscripts accordingly, instead of *they* read *he*, which is undoubtedly correct.

A considerable number of the better readings derived from the Society's texts affect the expressiveness rather than the actual meaning of the amended lines, and many of them are of real poetic value, giving greater strength and vivacity to the narrative, increased richness or delicacy of colouring to the description. In some cases the emendation consists of a fresh and appropriate epithet instead of a merely expletive or

redundant phrase. In others it is effected by the substitution of a verb or noun of greater strength or picturesqueness, or in some slight additional circumstance that heightens the effect of the whole picture. In the fine comparison of the mortal earnestness and hate in the faces of the two brothers as they prepare in silence for the deadly conflict:—

‘Right as the *honters* in the regne of Trace,
That stondeþ at the gappe with a spere,
Whan honted is the lyoun or the bere,
And hereth him come *rushing* in the greves,
And breketh bothe the bowes and the leues,
And thenketh, “Here cometh my mortel enemy,
Withoute faile, he mot be deed or I;
For eyther I mot slen him at the gappe,
Or he moot slee me, if it me mishappe;”
So ferden they, in chaungyng of here hew.’

The Harleian manuscript has in the fourth line *coming* instead of *rushing*, the more forcible reading in which all six texts agree. Again, when Theseus hunting with his Queen and royal company, discovers the two brothers fighting, the description of what follows has, in the six texts, some delicate touches that are wanting in the Harleian. At first, incensed at the outrage of his authority, Theseus condemns Palamon and Arcite to immediate death, but at the earnest intercession of the Queen, her sister Emily, and all the ladies of the company, he gradually relents, and with the finest art Chaucer lets us see the whole process of thought by which the change is effected. He muses with himself, and after a brief soliloquy in which he recalls the motives to compassion, his hard resolve melts, the frown of sudden anger passes away, and with lightened eyes he lifts up his head and utters a kind of apostrophe or invocation to the God of Love. The description of the change and its results is as follows:—

‘And in his gentil hert he thought anon,
And *softely* unto himself he seyde: “Fy
Upon a Lord that wol have no mercy,
But be a lyoun bothe in word *and* dede,
To hem that ben in repentaunce and drede,
As wel as to a proud dispitious man,
That wol maynteyne that he first bigan.
That lord hath litel of discrecioun,
That in such caas can no divisioun;
But wayeth pride and humblenesse after oon,”
And schortly, whan his ire is *thus* agon,
He gan to *loken up* with eyen light,
And spak these same wordes al in hight,

"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
 How mighty and how gret a lord is he!
 Agayns his might ther gayneth non obstacles,
 He may be cleped a god *for* his miracles."

This is the reading of the six manuscripts, and it differs in a number of minute particulars from that of the Harleian text. Two of these are, however, of special interest, as bearing directly on the cardinal poetical qualities of truth and vividness of description. In the second line instead of 'softely,' the Harleian manuscript reads 'sothly,' truly, which in this connexion is a mere expletive, adding nothing whatever to the description, while 'softely,' connected with the 'gentil heart' in the line above, and the remonstrance that follows, paints at once the melting of the wrathful mood, and the relenting soliloquy it produced. Again, in the twelfth line, instead of the reading 'loken up,' the Harleian text has 'loke on hem.' But from the line that follows, as well as from the whole context and circumstances of the case, it is clear that 'loken up' must be the true reading. After reasoning with himself against the obstinate endurance of wrath and pride, and on the strong motives to mercy in such a case, until the glow of anger had faded, Theseus at length, with enlarged heart and lighted countenance, looks up and breaks forth into an exclamation on the force of love which is a kind of indirect apostrophe to the higher powers. Such an apostrophe could not with propriety be addressed to the two youthful culprits awaiting his decision, especially as in the upward appeal he describes their case as an illustration of the power invoked. Then presently, towards the close of the appeal, he turns to them and says—

'A man moot ben a fool or young or olde,
 I woot it by myself ful yore agon:
 For in my time a servant was I on.
 And *therefore syn* I knowe of loves payne,
 And wot how sore it can a man destreyne,
 As he that hath ben caught *oft* in his lare,
 I you forgeve holly this trespase,
 At request of the queen that kneleth heere,
 And eek of Emely, my suster deere.'

In these ten lines there are no fewer than five changes derived from the Society's texts, which are, in our judgment, improvements. We cannot pause to comment on them in detail, but in this as in other extracts they are printed in italics that Chaucer students may be able to compare them with the Harleian text for themselves.

We may, however, give a few more examples of perhaps the most numerous and important class of emendations—those which give an additional or a more expressive word or phrase that heightens the descriptive effect of the passage. The six last lines in the description of the Clerk of Oxenford are in Mr. Morris's text as follows:—

'Of studie took he most cure and heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
All that he spak it was of heye prudence
And schort and quyk, and full of great sentence.
Souninge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.'

The reading of the six manuscripts is:—

'Of studie took he most cure and *most* heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
And that was seyl in form and reverence
And schort and quyk, and ful of *high* sentence.
Sounyng in moral *vertu* was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.'

Here the third line in the Harleian adds little to the description, being virtually repeated immediately after, while the line that is substituted for it in the other manuscripts brings out a new and characteristic feature of the Clerk's style of speaking. While in the matter his speech is of lofty meaning, 'of high sentence,' conversant with such abstract themes as ethics and metaphysics, the form is marked by the scholastic brevity, precision, and reserve proper to a devoted student of Aristotle. In the short description of the Clerk, the associated texts agree in no fewer than nine changes, all of which appear to us amendments, and two, at least, beside those already noticed, very decided amendments, both in metre and sense. Examples of apt epithets introduced, or commonplace and redundant phrases exchanged for more descriptive ones, are numerous. In the description of Venus, for example, two instances occur within half a dozen lines.

'The statu of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked fletyng in the large see.

A citole in hire right hand hadde sche,
And on her heed, ful semely on to see,
A rose garland *fresh* and well smellyng,
Above her head hir doves *flikering*.
Biforn hir stóod hir sone Cupido,
Upon his schuldres winges *hadde he* two;
And blynd he, as it is often seene,
A þow he bar and arwes *bright* and *kenē*.'

In the seventh line of this extract, the Harleian text has 'a new garland *full sweet* and well smelling,' where the epithets in italics are simply redundant, and in the description of Cupid's arrows, 'fair and greene' occurs instead of the more appropriate and vividly descriptive phrase, 'bright and keen.' The more minute changes derived from the associated texts are indicated by the italics. In another description of Venus (line 1528), the epithet 'young' is found in the associated texts, instead of a mere expletive phrase in the Harleian. Again, in the description of the tournament, at the outset the Harleian reads:—

'The heraldz laften here prikyng up and down;
Now ryngede the tromp and clarioun.'

Both the metre and expressiveness of the lines are much improved in the reading of the associated texts:—

'The heralds lafte here priking up and down;
Now ringen *trompes loud* and clarioun.'

The same is true of a line in Theseus' speech at the close of the conflict:—

'Arcyte of Thebes schal have Emelye
That by his fortune hath hire fair ywonne.'

Where the Harleian manuscript reads:—

'That hath by his fortune hire i-wonne.'

Again, in the description of the temple of Venus:—

'Furst in the temple of Venus *mayest thou se,*
Wrought in the wall ful piteous to byholde,
The broken slepes, and the sykes cold;
The sacred teers, and the waymentyng;
The fuyry strokes of the desiryng,
That loves servants in this lyf enduren,
The othes that her covenants assuren.
Plesance and hope, desyr, fool-hardynesse,
Beaute and youthe, baudery richesse,
Charmes and *force*, lesynges, flattery.'

The Harleian text spoils both the grammar and the metre of the first line by reading, 'thou may see,' and injures the discriminative fulness of the ninth by reading, 'charmcs and sorcery,' for sorcery works by charms, while passion, to secure its ends, employs force perhaps quite as often as flattery. Another example of the terse but significant touches afforded by the better reading of the Society texts occurs in Emily's early visit to the temple of Diana:—

‘ This Emelye with herte debonaire
 Hir body wessch with water of a well ;
 But how sche dide *her ryte* I dar not telle,
 But it bee eny thing in general.’

The phrase, ‘ her ryte,’ indicates at once the religious nature of the act as a preparation for worship, and the sacredness attaching to virgin grace and purity. But the Harleian manuscript slurs over the special meaning of the line by reading—

‘ But how sche dide I ne dar not telle.’

Again, a considerable number of different readings in the associated texts are obviously superior to the Harleian mainly because they correct the inaccuracies of the latter in small points of contemporary dress, manners, customs, knowledges, and beliefs, or because they supply improvements in the comparatively subordinate details of arrangement, emphasis, and effect. As an example of emphasis, compare the line in Palamon’s desperate confession to Theseus,—

‘ Two woful wrecches been we, *two* caytyves,’

with the Harleian, which has simply ‘ and ’ instead of the reduplicative and emphatic ‘ two.’ As examples of minor inaccuracies corrected, we have in line 1004, ‘ The *lystes* shall I maken in this place,’ instead of the Harleian ‘ *lyste*,’ which, though common enough in the sense of a boundary, is not, we believe, used in the singular as a technical term for the lines within which a tournament takes place. Again, in the description of the noble theatre which Theseus built for the vast crowd of spectators at the great assault of arms, we have the following account of the provision made for their reception :—

‘ The circuite a myle was about,
 Walled of stoon, and dyched al withoute.
 Round was the schap, in manner of compass,
 Ful of degrees, the height of sixty paces.
 That when a man was set *on o degré*
 He lettede nought his felaw for to se.’

That is to say, the whole colossal sweep from the central area was filled with steps or degrees, with expanded rows of benches, circular seats rising one above another like the stone gradations of the Coliseum. Here, however, as in the previous case, the Harleian manuscript reads, instead of ‘ degrees,’ ‘ degree,’ which is grammatically as well as descriptively inaccurate. Another example of faulty detail occurs in the splendid description of Lyeurge, King of Thrace. He rides in a chair of state drawn by four white bulls,—

‘ And as the gyse was in his contré,
 Ful heye upon a chare of gold stood he,
 With foure white boles in a trays.
 Insteade of cote armour *over* his harnays,
 With nales yelwe, and bright as any gold,
 He had a *beres* skyn, cole-blak for old.’

Here the Harleian manuscript reads: ‘*in* his harness,’ but in the nature of the case, a bear skin must be worn over the harness not in it, as one of its parts or details. This was, in fact, the manner of wearing the coat armour here referred to, the surcoat being worn over the hauberk of metallic rings. ‘Surcoats,’ says Sir S. R. Meyrick, ‘seem to have originated with the Crusaders, for the purpose of distinguishing the many different nations, and to throw a veil over the iron armour, so apt to heat excessively when exposed to the rays of the sun.’ And this account of the origin and use of the military surcoat is illustrated in a few lines further on, in the brilliant picture of the ‘great Demetrius King of Inde,’ who accompanied Arcite riding on a bay steed, trapped in steel, and whose coat armour was ‘of cloth of Tars.’ In this line again the associated texts are superior to the Harleian, which reads, ‘of *a* cloth,’ somewhat to the detriment both of the metre and the sense. But the error with regard to the surcoat is not the only one made by the Harleian text in connexion with armour. The fourteenth century was the golden age of armour and heraldry, and Chaucer’s writings abound with minute references to both. But the scribe of the Harleian text seems not to have been very familiar with the details of these mediæval arts, at least he is not always exact in discriminating them. In describing the harness of the various knights accompanying Palamon, Chaucer alludes to the chief kinds of body armour common at the time, and concludes with a brief reference to some of the more prominent arms used in battle:—

‘ Some wol ben armed in an habergoun,
 In a bright brest-plate and a gyperon :
 And some wold have a *peyre* plates large ;
 And some will have a *Pruce* scheld, or a targe ;
 Some wol been armed on here legges weel,
 And have an ax, and *some* a mace of steel.’

Here the Harleian manuscript reads ‘and *eek* a mace of steel.’ But we believe the axe and mace of steel were never carried together, and the ‘eek’ would thus be a false blazon in the living art of heraldry which a tournament illustrates. The associated texts accordingly agree in the correcter reading ‘and some a mace of steel.’ Again, in the following account of finding the two princes on the field of battle:—

‘ And so byfel, that in the *taas* thei founde,
 Though girt with many a grevous bloody wounde,
 Two yonge knightes ligging by and by, ;
 Both in oon armes *wrought* ful richely ;
 Of which two Arcita hight that oon,
 And that other knight hight Palamon.
 Nat fully quyk, ne fully dead they were,
 But by here coote-armures, and by here gere,
 The heraudes knewe hem *best* in special,
 As they that weren of the blood real.’

The Harleian manuscript reads ‘clad full richly,’ which not only weakens the description but destroys its special meaning—takes away its distinctive significance. How they were clothed we are already told in the first part of the line. They were clothed in armour, and both in the same kind of armour. The difference between these young knights and other bodies around also clothed in armour, lay in the superior richness, delicacy, and finish of the work upon their martial dress. And a leading feature of this difference comes out immediately after in the allusion to the arms emblazoned on their coats, by which the heralds would at once recognise their royal blood and lineage. This was in fact the main difference between the armour of the squire and the knight—the squire having a plain and the knight a richly blazoned surcoat. This not only distinguished them in the fight, but enabled their bodies to be easily recovered from the heaps of slain on the field. And at a time when the wearing of armour was general, blazoned coats were of essential service in this respect. An incident mentioned by Stowe in his *Annals* sufficiently illustrates this:—‘At the battle of Bannockburn there was slain Gilbert de Clare, earle of Gloucester, whome the Scottes would gladly have kept for a ransome, if they had known him ; but he had forgotten to put on his coat of armes.’ As the Duke of Gloucester lost his life through neglecting this customary mark of rank, so the lives of the young Theban princes were saved by the elaborate blazonry on their coat armour. The true reading of the line therefore is that in which all the associated manuscripts agree, ‘wrought full richly.’

There are minor points connected with the science, the natural history, and even the geography of the time, in which the readings of the Harleian text are less accurate and precise than those of the associated texts. In the description of the Franklin the Harleian reads :—

‘ A Frankeleyn ther was in his compaignye ;
 Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.

Of his complexioun he was sanguyn.
 Weel loved he in the morn a *sop* of wyn.
 To liven in delite was al his wone,
 For he was Epicurius owne son.'

But the old arts of health and manuals of longevity support the better reading in which the six texts agree: 'well loved he *by the morn a soppe in wine.*' These manuals recommend, to elderly people especially, a sop in wine in order to comfort and revive the stomach and dissipate the undigested fumes of sleep. 'The Regimen Sanitatis Salerni,' a popular and authoritative book in Chaucer's day, enumerates the special advantages of the practice, and these as given in the old English metrical version are as follows:—

'Foure special vertues hath a sop in wine,
 It maketh the teeth white, it cleeres the cyne,
 It addes unto an empty stomache fulness,
 And from a stomache fill'd, it takes the dulness.'

In the text and commentary of the same work, translated by Paynell, and published in 1530, the advantages of an early wine sop in cleansing the teeth and sharpening the sight are specially insisted on, and it is laid down that the bread sopped in the wine should 'be first toasted or dried on imbers.' These are just the virtues likely to recommend a sop in wine to one so extremely particular about his person, his health, his food, and his enjoyments, as the well-to-do Franklin described by Chaucer is 'Epicurius' own son.' The taking of a wine sop in the morning, especially by elderly people, was common in Chaucer's day, and he has himself in the 'Merchant's Tale' given us a good illustration of the custom. The worthy knight, who was past sixty years of age, awakes in the early morning when

'The day gan dawo
 And then he taketh a sop in fyn clarre
 And upright in his bed then siteth he.'

The custom was not merely a local or temporary one, for we find in Turiano's Italian Dictionary, under '*Páne Laváto,*' 'toasts of bread laid in wine and presently taken out, and store, of sugar and cinamon cast upon them, which in Spain is the first service brought in at their tables, especially of the morning meal.' There can be no doubt therefore that the true reading of the line is, as the six manuscripts give it, *a soppe in wine.*

Again in the description of the Shipman's knowledge of seamanship,

'But of his craft to rikne wel *his* tydes,
 His stremes and his dangers him bisides,

His herbergh and his mone, his lodemenage,
 Ther was non such from Hulle to Cartage.
 Hardy he was, and wise to undertake;
 With many a tempest hath his berd ben schake,
 He knew wel alle the havens, as thei were,
 From *Gotland* to the Cape of Fynestere.'

The Harleian, strangely enough, reads *Scotland* instead of *Gotland*, the reading of the rest. The change is an arbitrary one and seems to us quite inadmissible. All the known reasons of the case are in favour of the catholic text. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries *Gotland* was not only familiarly employed as a designation of the Far North, but it conveniently represented an extreme point in the great arc of European commerce. Before the splendid maritime discoveries at the end of the fifteenth century, the sea-going trade of Europe circulated from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. The Hanseatic Commercial League was then in its glory, and had confederate ports along the whole line from Cadiz and Lisbon to Lubeck and Königsberg. Wisby, the chief town and port of the island of *Gotland*, was a great central depôt of the Baltic trade, and an accomplished seaman of the time would know, not only all the ports and harbours from Carthage in the south of Spain to Hull, the most northern British port he would be likely to enter, but from Cape Finisterre, along the whole sweep of north-eastern coast to the centre of the Baltic—in other words, to *Gotland*. On the other hand, there was hardly any trade at all with *Scotland*, and almost the only British ports which an English captain devoting himself to foreign trade would be likely to visit regularly were those of Bristol, Plymouth, London, or Hull. The whole context sufficiently shows that the reference intended is to the established coast-line of European trade, and that the true reading must be 'from *Gotland* to the Cape of Finisterre.'

We have only space for another illustration under the general head of contemporary knowledge, and this is derived from the references to the four elements which occur in the 'Knight's Tale.' In the natural science of the time as well as in the popular mind, the four so-called elements were arranged in the order of their relative density—Earth, Water, Air, Fire. As the name suggests, these elements were regarded as ultimate principles in the explanation of all natural phenomena. They were however not only combined in all living organisms, in all material bodies indeed, but existed apart in separate elementary spheres lying above and beyond each other. There was a central earthly sphere, beyond this a watery zone, above

these an airy sphere, and highest of all a fiery sphere, and towards the points of contact the lower or higher parts of each might by expansion or contraction change their form and pass into the other. This order was so thoroughly well known, so fixed in the popular mind, that one of the early printers, John Rastall, embodies it pictorially in his engraved mark or plate. The lower part of the picture consists of four arcs; the first a solid one of earth, with hills and towers distinguishable on the surface, the second of flowing billowy waves, a third of very bolsterlike clouds, and the fourth of ascending tongues of flame, above which rises the planetary sphere, and highest of all the Divine Throne. When a poet or popular writer had occasion to enumerate the elements, he would usually do so in the recognised order of their mutual relation and dependence, unless there was some special reason for departing from it. Chaucer substantially observes this arrangement in his references to the elements in the 'Knight's Tale.' They are enumerated twice, and on each occasion from a different point of view, from the lower and higher extreme, or in the ascending and descending order respectively. But in both cases the recognised arrangement in which the associated manuscripts agree is capriciously disturbed in the Harleian text. The first instance is the despairing address of Arcite on gaining his freedom at the price of banishment from Emily, the object of his life's devotion:—

' But I that am exiled; and bareyne
Of alle grace, and in so gret despair,
That ther nys *erthe, water, fyr*, ne *eyr*,
Ne creature, that of hem makid is,
That may me helpe ne comfорт in this.'

It will be seen that even in the reading of the associated texts fire comes before air, but the two higher elements were regarded not only as more ethereal, but as also more alike in their nature, more closely connected in their operation, and as more readily passing into each other, than the two lower elements, which were distinctively dense, passive, and mundane. Thus Cleopatra in the grand speech of her dying hour, in which she renounces everything but love, says:—

'Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me.

Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.'

The Harleian text, however, reverses the position of these lower

elements, and thus throws the list into complete confusion. The second enumeration of the elements is towards the end of the 'Knight's Tale,' in the speech of Theseus about the divine order and providence in the creation and government of the world:—

'The first movere of the Cause above,
 When he first made the fayre cheyne of love,
 Gret was theeffect, and high was his entente;
 Wel wist he why, and what thereof he mente;
 For with that faire cheyne of love he bond,
 The *fyr*, the *eyr*, the *water*, and the *lond*
 In certayn boundes, that they may not flee.'

Here starting from the highest point, the first cause, the *primum mobile*, the poet naturally gives the elemental spheres in the descending order, passing from the highest and most ethereal through the intermediate spheres to the lowest, the solid earth. But here, as before, the Harleian text confuses the whole arrangement by placing water next to fire, bringing in the antagonistic element in fact with the promptitude and zeal, though without the discretion, of an amateur fireman. The point, it is true, is of no very great consequence, but minutiae of this kind serve to bring out more clearly the superior accuracy of the catholic readings, as compared with the Harleian text.

In most of the emendations already noticed, the six manuscripts agree, and their better readings are therefore supported by authority as well as by the reason of the case. But in a number of passages, some of them important, the manuscripts differ amongst themselves, and here there is of course full scope for critical examination and choice. Curiously enough, in some of the more striking instances of difference, the balance of authority is equal, or nearly so—half the manuscripts giving one reading and half another. In such a case any slight advantage in point of metre and sense would suffice to turn the scale; and if one reading has a decided superiority over another in these respects, especially if it adds to the clearness of the picture, or to the strength and vividness of the expression, it might fairly be adopted on the authority of a couple of good manuscripts. Tyrwhitt, indeed, carries this principle so far as to adopt a reading he preferred from a single text, and that of no authority, against the reading of all the best manuscripts. Without going to this extreme, however, we think the Harleian text may be greatly improved by the various readings of some of the associated texts. In the account, for example, of the finding of the Theban princes amongst the heaps of slain

on the battle-field, an unusual word for a pile or heap occurs three times. In three of the manuscripts the word is *taas*, and in three others *caas*—the latter being also the reading of the Harleian. Here, as it seems to us, *taas* is decidedly the preferable reading. It was a common word for a mound, a pile, or a heap, both in mediæval Latin and in Norman-French. Both noun and verb, moreover, were habitually employed in the same sense in Chaucer's day, and by contemporary English poets. In the metrical romance of 'Arthur and Merlin,' for instance, it is applied in the same way to the dead on the battle-field:—

'Ther lay of paiens mani *tasse*
Wide and side, more and lasse.'

The word is used elsewhere by Chaucer himself in the same sense, and by Gower in the following passage:—

'A poure man which Bardus hyght,
Come forth walkende with his asse,
And had gathered hym a *tasse*
Of grene stykes and of drye
To selle, whom that wolde hem bye.'

In the prose romance of 'Merlin,' again, the noun *entassement* occurs used in a similar connexion—to denote, that is, the heaping of men and horse together, in hurrying from the field after defeat: 'Ther was grete *entassement* of men and of horse upon hepes; and grete and huge was the duste that a-roos, that troubled sore their sightes.' The verb *entasser* is still in common use on the other side of the Channel in the same sense. And though in modern English we have lost the original noun, we still retain its diminutive in *tassel*, a small knot, bunch, or heap. On the other hand, *caas*, if ever used in a similar sense, is certainly of rare occurrence and less authority.

Again, in the grand description of the Temple of Mars, a line occurs which has given the editors and commentators considerable trouble. The passage in four of the manuscripts is as follows:—

'There stood the tempul of Mars armypotent,
Wrought al of burned steel, of which the entre
Was long and streyt, and gastly for to see.
And therout came a rage and suche a vese,
That it maad al the gates for to rese.'

The difficulty lies in the rhyming words of the last two lines. But it seems to us that the reading we have given from the majority of the manuscripts is not only perfectly intelligible and correct, but peculiarly expressive. The word *vese*, which

has been the chief perplexity, is glossed in two of the best manuscripts by *impetus*, the meaning which the context requires and which the word expresses. *Vese*, variously spelt *veze*, *feese*, *feaze*, is used in the same sense as *bir*, *bire*, *beer*, for ~~any~~ sudden rush, but especially for the force of rising winds and rushing waves. It was also used proverbially, or at least in common phrase, for the impetus gained by a short run before taking a flying leap. In this sense it occurs in Holland's translation of Marcellinus:—'Against which without forth are the Symplegades, two rockes reaching up on every side into high and steepe heads, and were wont in old time to encounter and meet, yea and with a terrible noise to run and beat one upon another with all their hugenessse, and giving way backward, fetch their *feese* or *beire* again, and with a fierce charge and assault to returne full butt upon the same that they had knocked and beaten before' (*cedentesque retrorsus acri adsultu ad ea reverti quæ pulsarent*). None of the editors appear to have been acquainted with the word in this sense, and hence the difficulty. Dr. Morell, in noticing the reading, explains it, 'veze or vise, i.e. voice or noise.' When the real meaning of the word is understood there is, however, no difficulty in the line, the reading which has the highest authority being in fact the most appropriate and descriptive. The same holds true with regard to the last word in the extract. *Rese*, both noun and verb, is used in the sense of excitement, commotion, or disturbance, and is applied to any quiver or shock, moral or physical. The meaning of the lines is, therefore, that the furious blast issuing from the temple shook its ponderous gates of adamant and steel. In Mr. Morris's text the passage stands as follows. We quote it in full because there are other minute variations that serve to illustrate the superiority of the associated texts:—

' Ther stood the tempul of Marz armypotent
Wrought all of burned steel, of which *thentre*
Was long and streyt, and gastly for to see.
And therout came a rage of such a *prise*,
That it maad al the gates for to *rise*.'

This, the Harleian reading of the last two lines, must be either unusually corrupt or a daring example of conjectural emendation. What the substituted word *prise* means it would be difficult to say, as Mr. Bell, one of the editors who adopted the Harleian text, frankly confesses. He says in a note, 'The meaning of the reading of the text is not obvious, and yet it appears to be the best; *prise* probably signifies press, crowd, tumult.' But in the mind of the scribe who introduced it,

the word was more probably connected with the verb *prise*, to force up or open, and this again was in all likelihood suggested by the mistaken interpretation of *rese* as *rise*, which makes nonsense of the passage.

Again, in the animated description of the preparations for the great tournament, so like in many respects to the celebrated description in Henry V. of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt, a verb is used in the best manuscripts which the editors have found it impossible to interpret, and which the majority have accordingly rejected:—

‘Ther mayst thou see devysyng of herneys.
 So uncouth and so riche *and* wrought so wel
 Of goldsmithry, of brouding, and of steel;
 The scheldes bright, testers, and trappures;
 Gold-beten helmes, hauberks, cote-armures;
 Lords in parements on her coursers,
 Knightes of retenu, and eek squyers,
Nailing the speres, and helmes bokelyng,
Gigging of scheeldes, with layners lasyng;
 Ther as need is, they were nothing ydel;
 The fowen steedes, on the golden bridel
 Gnawyng, and faste armurers also
 With fyle and hamer prikyng to and fro.’

The perplexing word is *gigging*, which occurs in three of the best manuscripts, while of the seven good texts that are available for comparison, no two agree in any other reading. Tyrwhitt was so puzzled by the word, that he resorted to the desperate expedient of taking a doubtful reading from the worst manuscript he consulted, in opposition to the best texts. Dr. Morell, on the other hand, adopts *gigging* in deference to authority; and it is a good illustration of his fidelity to the best texts even when he did not fully understand their meaning. After Speight, he explains it as ‘*sounding*,’ and this erroneous interpretation is expanded in Urry’s Glossary as follows:—‘*Gigging*, sounding, Sp. Perhaps from the Fr. ‘*gigue*; It. *giga*, a sort of musical instrument.’ The Harleian text, in harmony with the tendency it occasionally displays to get over a difficulty by specious emendation, reads *girding*. This though plausible is wholly inappropriate, *girdle* and *girding* being applied not to straps slung across the shoulder, but to bands fastened round the waist. The technical difference between a girdle and a belt is indeed very much that the one buckles tightly round the waist, the other slopes across the hips. The obnoxious word *gigging*, in which the best manuscripts agree, appears to us to be undoubtedly correct, and this on the

ground that it is precisely the most specific and appropriate term that could be used to designate the action described. The critics and commentators do not seem to have noticed that the term for the leather strap or belt by which the shield of a knight was slung across the shoulders, and in some cases round the neck and shoulders, is *guige*, variously spelt *guiggia*, *giga*, and *gige*. In describing an effigy in Gloucester Cathedral, supposed to be that of Robert Curthose, Sir S. R. Meyrick says:—‘The surcoat is kept close to the body just above the hip by the sword-belt, which is fastened by a buckle in the front over the right shoulder, and under the left arm passes the *guige* or belt for the shield, which was either hung at the back or the left hip, the latter being more particularly the fashion in France.’ And in a bas-relief of St. George in Nuremberg, of which Sir S. R. Meyrick also gives an account, ‘the shield is suspended round the neck by a broad belt or *guige*.’ The word must have been well known to Chaucer, as it occurs not unfrequently in the Norman-French romances with which he was familiar. ‘Gigging of shields’ would thus be providing them with leather straps or belts, while the latter part of the line describes the process by which the shield is fastened to the belt, laced on with thongs.* In the previous line of this description, the reading of the manuscripts which we have given is also superior to that of the Harleian—‘*rayhyng* the spears.’ *Nailing* is a precise and appropriate term for fixing on the iron heads of the spears, while *rayhyng* is at least a vague, and in such a connexion a comparatively unmeaning term.

These examples point to a well-known law of poetical, and indeed of all effective description—that in describing objects and events the terms employed should be special and concrete rather than abstract and general, and this of course on the ground that such terms present distinct and vivid images, instead of vague and confused ones. On this principle a number of other readings in which the associated texts agree, are better than the Harleian. Towards the close of the ‘Prologue,’ when the host after supper proposes his plan to the company, he grounds it on the usual practice of pilgrims to beguile the way by stories and jests. He simply proposes, as temporary manager, to reduce the customary practice to method and rule by prescribing that each pilgrim should tell a story

* We find that in the second volume of his work on ‘Ancient Armour,’ Sir S. R. Meyrick, in noticing this passage from the ‘Knight’s Tale,’ gives a brief explanation of ‘gigging’ similar to that in the text. This was, however, unknown to us at the time of writing the paper, and it seems to have also escaped the observation of the editors of Chaucer.

going and returning. Alluding to the well-known custom, he says :—

‘Ye goon to Canterbury; God you speede,
The blisful martir quyte you youre meede!
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the weye,
Ye schapen you to *talen* and to pleye.’

Here the Harleian reads ‘to *talken* and to play,’ which misses the special significance of the allusion. They were accustomed not only to talk, but to tell stories; and the verb *talen*, common in Chaucer’s day, and used in the same way by Gower, exactly expresses this. Again, at the outset of the ‘Knight’s Tale,’ the eldest of the princesses, in telling Theseus the pitiful story of their calamity, says :—

‘And alle we that ben in this array,
And maken alle this lamentacioun!
We *losten* alle our housbondes at the toun,
While that the sege ther aboute lay.’

Here the Harleian reads *lesten*, which in describing such overwhelming desolation is weak and poor compared with *losten*. Did space allow, many additional instances of the superiority of the associated texts in distinctive and appropriate terms and phrases might easily be given. There are lines, moreover, in which some special subtilty of allusion, some reserved grace of feeling, or latent gleam of irony, vanishes amidst the commonplace expletives of the Harleian text. But we have no room for multiplied examples, and must leave this part of the subject without further illustration. What we have said may serve to indicate the improvements that may be made in the best existing text by the critical use of the manuscripts the Chaucer Society are now publishing.

Quite as much still remains to be done for the illustration as for the text of Chaucer’s poetical works. There are in his writings almost innumerable points of philological, literary, or historical interest that require to be elucidated. Chaucer was not only familiar with every phase of contemporary life, but, profoundly read in all existing literature. He knew by intimate personal experience the tastes and habits, the pursuits and recreations, the superstitions and beliefs, of all ranks and classes amongst his own countrymen; and his public employments had enlarged the field of his observation so as to include almost every country in Europe. He had seen active military service abroad, and had taken part in splendid public ceremonies at home; had lived habitually in courts, camps, and great cities, as well as in the congenial retirement of country

life. The whole world of nature and human experience was in this way mirrored in his sunny intellect, while the higher influences of both had melted serenely into the quiet depths of his curiously meditative and observant mind. As a natural result there is a mellowed fulness in his maturer delineations; a joyous animation, a living truth, a variety and completeness of detail in his pictures of life that obscure at first the purely literary or academical accomplishments of his mind; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that in his later works the learning and knowledge of life are so fused by imaginative sympathy into a new poetical whole, that there is at first no distinct consciousness of the separate elements. The appreciative reader of Chaucer is so enchanted by his descriptive power and constructive art—so carried on and absorbed in the enjoyment of the work as a whole—that he does not pause to notice the felicity of allusive detail, the golden threads derived from elder looms, that are wrought with exquisite skill into the texture, and help to give richness and brilliancy to the new fabric. On closer examination, however, the range and minuteness of Chaucer's learning becomes clearly apparent. He employed materials derived from all existing literatures home and foreign; not only the early English chronicles and stories, the Norman-French romances and fables, the new epic and lyrical poetry of Italy, and the whole range of Latin literature, including not only the classics proper, as well as the science and art, the history and philosophy of the time, but also Byzantine legends and brilliant fragments of Eastern romance, that had passed into Europe in the wake of the returning Crusaders. The adequate illustration of Chaucer thus requires, in addition to a minute acquaintance with the state of the language in his day, a full knowledge of contemporary literature and history. No single editor has as yet united these requirements. Tyrwhitt, who studied with some care the literature and history of the fourteenth century, was comparatively ignorant of Chaucer's language; while recent editors, such as Mr. Wright and Mr. Morris, who are well acquainted with Chaucer's language, have attempted hardly anything in the way of literary or historical illustration.

But the primary requirement of all expository criticism of Chaucer is undoubtedly the full interpretation of his language. While extended literary and historical illustration may perhaps be regarded as critical luxuries, the first and most essential condition of any intelligent study of his poetry is that its obscurities of phrase and diction should as far as possible be explained.

There is still, however, a great deal to be done for the elucidation of Chaucer's language; and, unfortunately, Mr. Morris, who of living scholars is in many respects best qualified for the work, has confined his labours in this direction to a revision of previous glossaries. So far as it goes, this part of the undertaking, it need scarcely be said, is carefully done. Mr. Morris has corrected many of his predecessors' blunders, and supplied many of their omissions; but it is to be regretted that he should have adopted the old meagre type of glossary, a mere word-list, giving only the most general meaning of an archaic term, often not the most specific or appropriate, with one or more references to examples of its use. Moreover, in discharging this comparatively humble task Mr. Morris is not always successful, his Glossary being in some respects both erroneous and defective. Many archaic words are omitted, while the explanation of many others is either imperfect or altogether mistaken. In the following passage, for example, taken from the detailed description of the way in which the false Canon, by pretended alchemy, juggled the simple-minded priest out of his money and his goods:—

'And in his sleeve, as ye byforën-hond
Herde me telle, he had a silver teyne;
He sleighly took it out, this cursed *heyne*,
(Unwitynge this prest of his false craft),
And in the pannes botome he hath it laft.'

Mr. Morris mistakes *heyne* for *hyme*, and glosses it accordingly 'fellow,' 'knave.' *Heyne*, however, has no connexion with *hyme*, being a totally different word both in origin and meaning. It is the substantive of which we still retain the adjective *heinous*, and means, in harmony with the other strong epithets applied to the false Canon, that pitiful swindler, that hateful wretch. Other opprobrious terms applied to the Canon are 'fox,' 'thief,' 'root of treachery;' and in such a connexion there is a peculiar appropriateness in *hain*, as it was specially employed to designate the covetous and grasping, those who clutch at ill-gotten gains. The word continued to be used for two centuries after Chaucer's day in the same sense. Thus Udall, in his anecdotes of Demosthenes, says:—'Certain persones esteinyng and sayng that Demades had now geven over to bee suche an *haine*, as he had been in tyme past. Yea marie, quoth Demosthenes, for now ye see him ful paunched, as lyons are. For Demades was covetous and gredie of money, and in dedde the lyons are more gentle when their bealyes are well filled.' The word *hain*, used not unfrequently by Udall in the same sense, is of some interest,

as it has, we believe, escaped the notice not only of all Chaucer editors and commentators, but of all our English lexicographers.

Again, Mr. Morris is altogether wrong in his interpretation of the verb *hamel*, in the following stanza from 'Troilus and Cressid':—

'For thus ferforth I have thy worke bigonne,
Fro day to day, til this day by the morwe,
Hire love of frendship have I to the wonne,
And also hath she layd hire faith to borwe;
Algato a foot is *hameled* of thi sorwe;
What should I lenger sermon of it holde?
As ye have herde bifore, al he him tolde.'

Mr. Morris glosses *hameled*, 'cut off,' but the verb *hamel* never at any time had this meaning. It signifies to cripple, hamper, impede, and was primarily applied to the partial laming of mastiffs kept by foresters, or within the precincts of a royal forest, to prevent their chasing the deer. The *hameling* was effected in various ways, often by cutting the ball of the dog's foot, sometimes by removing three of the claws; and in early times, especially, by partially hamstringing them. The result was, that though still able to go about and follow their master, and retaining all their formidable power of jaw, the dogs lost their native swiftness of foot, and were no longer able to chase the venison in the royal forests. From this technical use the verb came to be applied generally to any kind of natural or artificial crippling, to the tethering, clogging, and hobbling of animals to prevent their wandering; and, finally, to fastening by the ankle, one of the most usual means by which restraint of this sort was effected. In this sense it is used by Langland to describe the luxurious Franciscan friars who had evaded the severer precepts of their master by wearing hosen and shoes instead of going barefoot:—

'Fraunceys had his brethren
Bar-foot to wenden;
Now have they buclede shone,
For blenyng of her heles,
And hosen in harde weder
Y-hameled by the ancle.'

Chaucer uses the word in its technical sense, and the metaphor it embodies is peculiarly appropriate. Troilus's sorrow, the bitterness of agonizing doubt, the sickening pain of hope deferred, is represented as pursuing him with relentless cruelty, persecuting him night and day, following close on his heels, and ready every instant to seize and rend him afresh. The moment

the company had left, Troilus with aching heart turns eagerly to Pandarus, asking, 'Is there any new ground of hope or 'comfort?' Pandarus, after torturing him with the injunction to go quietly to rest, relieves his pain by assuring him that he had done something, that at any rate his sorrow was partially crippled, and would no longer pursue him with such a swift and eager foot—

'Algate a foot is *hameled* of thi sorwe.'

The force and significance of the metaphor is however lost in Mr. Morris's gloss, the happy allusion being reduced to a piece of figurative but unmeaning butchery. Again, Mr. Morris is surely wrong in explaining *pigsnie* to mean 'a pansy.' There has been, it is true, considerable discussion about the origin of the word, and some as to its real meaning, but there can be no doubt about its constant use as a term of affection, a diminutive of endearment. It was employed in the sense of pet or darling, applied especially to young children and maidens, from Chaucer's time almost to our own, and is still used provincially in much the same way. The word is thus well known; and why Mr. Morris should have glossed it in this peculiar way, except from the accident of its being used in connexion with a flower, it is difficult to imagine. Apart from any word of explanation, we must say the interpretation of *pansy* looks like a daring and not very happy conjecture.

Besides the words in Mr. Morris's Glossary whose interpretation is positively erroneous, we have marked a considerable number so partially and imperfectly glossed as to convey at least only a very vague, if not an inaccurate, notion of their real meaning. But without noticing these we must pass on to Mr. Morris's omissions—the archaic words and senses he has altogether overlooked. These are numerous, and in some cases of considerable importance. Amongst the less important omissions are the words *clergion*, *sewes*, *reddore*, *solar*, *argoyle*, *for-crachan*, *guldes*, *resalgar*, *ronges*, *grissil*, *ferly*, as a noun, and *apert* as an adjective. There is something to be said about each of these words. The first, *clergion*, which means simply scholar, was wholly mistaken by Mr. Bell, who has a long irrelevant note designed to show that the 'little clergion,' or schoolboy, was probably, like Samuel, devoted to the priesthood from his infancy. Some of the other words, too, are of interest on special grounds, and all ought of course to find a place in any glossary of Chaucer.

But some of Mr. Morris's more important omissions are of

words with changed meanings, words still in use, but in a sense wholly different from that which they bore in Chaucer's day. Take the word *sentence*, for example. It now refers to the order of words grammatically connected into a proposition—in other words, to the grammatical form of a statement or assertion. But in Chaucer it refers, not to the grammatical form of expression, but to the thought, or feeling expressed. The 'sentence,' the substance or meaning of a statement, is indeed expressly contrasted with the varied form of words in which it is conveyed. In the prologue to his own tale Chaucer says, speaking of the Evangelists—

'As thus ye woot that every Evangelist,
'That telleth us the peyne of Jhesu Crist,
Ne saith not alle thing as his felawes doth;
But natheless here *sentence* is al soth,
And alle accorden as in here *sentence*,
Al be there in her tellyng difference.'

And in the prologue to the 'Testament of Love,' the attractions of a rhetorical style, the smoothness and charm of flowing periods, are condemned as likely to withdraw the mind from the 'sentence' of the treatise or homily. These mere charms of style are said to make the reader less able 'to hent sentence,' that is, to seize the meaning. Almost the only trace remaining of this archaic sense of the word is in the proceedings of our courts of justice. Again, Chaucer uses the word *sentiment* in a signification widely different from that which it now bears. He employs it to express sensation, mere bodily feeling, instead of thought, affection, or mental emotion of any kind.

One of the most curious terms used by Chaucer in a sense now obsolete is the familiar word *bible*, which Mr. Morris, in common with most of his predecessors, has altogether overlooked. Both in the 'Canterbury Tales' and in the 'House of Fame' the word occurs not in the sense of book at all, much less of a sacred book, but in the early and peculiar signification of a long list or scroll. In the one case for a roll of heraldic blazonry, and in the other for a detailed inventory of substances connected with the transmutation of metals. The Canon's yeoman, in the prologue to his 'Tale of False Alchemy,' exposing the wicked craft and treachery of his master, after illustrating at considerable length the learned jargon of the pretended art, concludes as follows:—

'Yet forgeet I to make rehersayle
Of watres corosif, and of tymale,
And of bodyes mollificacioun,
And also of here enduracioun,

Oyles ablucioun, and metal fusible,
 To tellen al wold passon eny *bible*
 That o wher is; wherfore, as for the best,
 Of alle these names now wil I me rest;
 For, as I trowe, I have you told y-nowe
 To reyse a feend, al loke he never so rowe.'

Here the word *bible* is used for catalogue. The Canon's yeoman says that if he were to give a list of all the names and virtues belonging to the art, it would exceed any known list or inventory, any detailed specification of names and powers that exists, adding that those already enumerated are enough to raise the devil.

Again, in the 'House of Fame' the poet sees in the entrance to the temple a crowd of heralds and pursuivants clothed in blazoned coats, who proclaim the rank, fame, and lineage of their lords:—

'But nought wyl I, so mote I thryve,
 Ben aboute to deseryve
 Alle these armes that ther werch,
 That they thus on her cotes beren,
 For hyt to me were impossible;
 Men mighte make of hem a *bible*,
 Twenty foote thykke I trowe.
 For certeyn who so koude knowe
 Myght ther alle the armes seen,
 Of famousse folke that have ybeen
 In Aufrike, Europe, and Asye,
 Syth first began the chevalrie.'

Chaucer here says that, if all the arms blazoned on the coats of the different heralds were enumerated and described in order, the result will be a portentous heraldic scroll—a *bible* or catalogue of quarterings and devices of almost fabulous dimensions and extent. The special reference of course is to the 'roll of arms,' the list of nobles and their bearings which heralds were accustomed to illuminate on skins and parchments, and early specimens of which are found in the Heralds' College. The word *bible* is used in the same way, for a long list, scroll, or catalogue in Pier's 'Plowman's Visions,' and it was frequently used in a similar sense for at least two centuries later. Udall, for example, gives the following explanation of the Fescenine verses:—'There was in Campania a toun called 'Fescenium, the first inhabitauntes wherof issued from the 'Atheniens (as Servius reporteth). In this toun was first 'invented the joylitee of mynstrelsie and syngyng merrie, 'songes and rymes for makyng laughter and sport at marry-

‘ages, even like as is now used to syng songes of the Frere
‘and the Nunne, with other sembleable merrie jests at
‘weddyngs and other feastyngs. In the songes or rymes,
‘because their original beginning issued out of Fescenium,
‘wer called in late Fescennia Carmina. Which I dooe here
‘translate accordyng to, our Englyshe proverb a ragman’s
‘rewe, or a *bible*. For so dooe we call a long geste that
‘raileth on any person by name or toucheth a bodyes honesty
‘somewhat near.’ There is a whole world of curious history
contained in the phrase *ragman’s rewe* here given as an equi-
valent for *bible*, but into this we cannot now enter. It is
enough to say that *ragman’s rewe* was used like bible, not for
a book, but for a list, roll, catalogue, indictment, petition,
charter—in fact for almost any professional scroll or document,
especially one with seals and signatures attached. In Pier’s
‘Plowman’s Visions’ the phrase is used for the Pope’s Bull or
privilege—a parchment scroll with a number of seals—em-
powering an itinerant friar to sell pardons and indulgences.
The word *bible* occurs elsewhere in Udall, and his use of it is
in perfect harmony with Chaucer’s, and helps to illustrate the
peculiar archaic signification of the word, which appears to be
unknown to our early English critics and lexicographers. The
only explanation of the word attempted by editors of Chaucer
is, we believe, ‘big book of any kind,’ which is not only vague,
but inaccurate and misleading. The use of the word by
Chaucer’s contemporary, Langland, if properly considered,
would have been sufficient to guard against this partial and
erroneous interpretation of its meaning, and to suggest its
virtual identity with ‘ragman’s rewe,’ which Langland uses in
much the same way.

This points to an important means of interpreting Chaucer’s
language which has not as yet been turned to anything like
adequate account. We refer to the critical examination of the
writings of his contemporaries and immediate successors. The
more carefully the early literature of the fourteenth century is
studied, the more clearly will it appear that Chaucer’s addi-
tions to the vocabulary of the language are far less numerous
than is commonly supposed. He has been charged with adul-
terating the English speech of his time by the wholesale im-
portation of foreign, and especially of Norman-French words.
In his early translations and paraphrases from Norman-French
he occasionally, it is true, transfers words mainly for the con-
venience of their rhymes. But with these exceptions his im-
portations are comparatively few. His real superiority lies in
the admirable taste and judgment displayed in the selection of

his vocabulary, the natural reflex of his keen and exquisite sensibility to the latent significance of language. The perfection of his art lies in his subtle insight into the deeper meaning of words, and his power of combining them in the most felicitous manner. He is not fond of verbal novelties for their own sake, and his obscurities of phrase and diction may generally therefore be explained by a reference to the literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The works of Gower and Lidgate, especially the latter, are of essential service in this respect. . We have collected from the writings of Lidgate alone explanations of more than a dozen phrases used by Chaucer that have been regarded by the editors as obscure, and are as yet only partially elucidated. The more widely the search is extended, the more completely of course will the remaining archaisms and obscurities of Chaucer's phraseology be explained. As a single example of what may be done in this direction, we may take a word that has never yet been explained by any editor or commentator. This is the word *bord*, which occurs early in the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales.' In the admirable description of the Knight, Chaucer says:—

' At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne,
 Ful ofte tyme he hadde the *bord* bygounne
 Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
 In Lettowe hadde reysed and in Ruce
 No cristen man so ofte of his degré.
 In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
 Of Algerir, and riden in Belmaire.
 At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,
 When they were wonne.'

In explanation of the second line Speight says:—' This knight, being often among the Knights of the Dutch Order, called Ordo Teutonicus, in Prussia, was, for his worthiness, placed by them at the table before any of what nation soever.' And Tyrwhitt follows:—' *He had been placed at the head of the table*; the usual compliment to extraordinary merit, as the commentators very properly explain it. When our military men wanted employment it was usual for them to go and serve in *Pruse*, or Prussia, with the Knights of the Teutonic Order, who were in a state of constant warfare with their heathen neighbours in *Lettow* (Lithuania), *Ruse* (Russia), and elsewhere.' This table interpretation is inconsistent with the context, and, thus dragged head and shoulders into an account of the knight's military expeditions, it is surprising that it should have held its place so long. It is not, however, even yet abandoned; Mr. Morris still repeats the old story in

the Notes to his Clarendon Press edition of the 'Prologue and Knight's Tale,' while the conclusion of the note, 'Mr. Marsh suggests that *bord* or *bourd* is the Low German *boort* or *buhurt*, joust, tournament,' gives the last result of conjectural emendation on the point. *Bourd* is, however, a good early English word, not only for joust or tournament, but for a serious military conflict, and is used habitually in these senses in the prose romance of 'Merlin,' which dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. Take the following passage for example:—'Than Gawein turned hym to the quene and seide, "Madame I prey that ye thinke on my felowes that leven here with yow, for the Knyghtes of the Rounde Table ne love not hem wele in herte. But haue to hem envye as ye knowe well youre self, and paraurenture whan I and my brethern be gon, thei will make som *bourde* or som turnement a-gein hem, wherefore I praye yow as my goode ladye that ye suffre hem to make no party.'" Here it will be seen *bourd* is used for a conflict which, though nominally commencing in sport, was intended to be a serious one, and might end in disastrous earnest. Again, in the following passage it is used for a grand tournament or royal joust of arms:—'Than the newe knyghtes reised a quyntayne in the mede of noiron, and be-gonne the *bourdinge* grete and huge, and many ther were that dide right wele, but noon so wele as dide Grisandoll, for so she lete hir be cleped; but in bapteme her name was Anable. This *bourdinge* endured all day on ende till euesonge that thei departed, and Grisandoll bar a-wey the pris a-monge alle other.'

Our space is exliausted, or we should like to go over in detail some of the difficulties in Chaucer's phrases and allusions that still require to be cleared up. A single example taken from the 'Legend of Good Women' must, however, suffice. In the 'Legend of Philomena,' the passage which details the silent weaving of the tragic story in the lonely castle has at least one line that has hopelessly perplexed the critics and commentators:—

'This woful lady ylerned had in youthe,
 So that she werken and embrowden kouthē,
 And weven in *stole* the *radevore*,
 As hyt of wymmen hath be woved yore,
 And, shortly for to seyne, she hath hiro fille
 Of mete and drynke, of clothyng at hire wille,
 And kouthē el³ rede wel enough and endyte,
 But with a penn³ she kouthē nat write;
 But letteres kan she weve to and froo,
 So that by the yere was agoo,

She had woven in a *stames* large,
 How she was broghte from Athenes in a barge,
 And in a cave how that she was broght,
 And al the thinge that Tereus hath wrought,
 She wave it wel, and wrote the story above,
 How she was served for hire suster love.'

The main difficulties here lie in the 'fourth line—neither of the words in italics having as yet been explained. From the context *stole* is conjectured to mean some kind of stool or frame; but this conjecture has not, so far as we are aware, been in any way supported or confirmed by evidence. *Rade-vore*, on the other hand, has hardly received even a conjectural explanation; the far-fetched suggestion in Urry's Glossary being scarcely entitled to rank as a probable conjecture. Another word, *stames*, also requires detailed explanation. We will take the first and last of these difficulties, *stole* and *stames*, together, as they represent respectively the loom and the web, the machinery for weaving, and the completed work. As we have said, no explanation of either word has yet been given beyond the unsupported conjecture that *stole* would seem to mean a stool or frame, and that *stames* is a kind of cloth or fine worsted. That *stole* was an early English word for weaving frame or loom, admits, however, of definite proof. The 'Promptorium Parvulorum,' for example, gives a slightly different form of what is evidently the same word, *stodul*, which is glossed by *Telarium*, a mediæval word for loom. *Telarium* is explained in an early French glossary as, 'Mestier, ou instrument à tixtre;' and Cotgrave gives as the second meaning of *mestier*, 'a weaver's frame or loom.' Again, Cooper, in his Latin Dictionary, explains *textris* as 'a woman weaving in a frame or *stoole*;' and Golding, translating Ovid's description of weaving, employs the word frame in the same way for a loom:—

'Immediately they came
 And tooke ther places severally, and in a severall *frame*
 Ech streynde a web, the warpe whereof was fine. The web was tide
 Upon a beame. Betweene the warpe a slay of reede did slide.
 The woofe on sharpened pinnes was put betwixt the warpe and wrought
 With fingers, and as oft as they had through the warpe it brought,
 They struke it with a Boxen Combe.'

Stames, again, given by Tyrwhitt in his 'Glossary,' as *stamin*, which is no doubt the same word, is used primarily for anything fixed and level, especially for anything fixed and levelled in a frame. In this way it is applied in the metrical romance of *Morte Arthure*, to the deck of a vessel, or possibly a raft,

and, in the early alliterative poem of 'Cleanness,' to a threshold or platform. In a similar way the word was early applied to the web fixed or stretched on the loom, especially as in primitive times the whole of the warp was stretched on the frame, and the finished web seen as a level sheet or single piece at once. Like *stamen* in Latin, and *στήμων* in Greek, from having originally designated the fixed threads or warp, *stamin* soon came to mean the finished web—any completed piece of weaving, plain or figured, arras, tapestry, or common cloth. In earlier times it was often in this way applied to rough woollen cloth, flannel, baize, or frieze, as by Chaucer himself in the tale of Melibeus, and in the metrical life of Thomas à Becket; and eventually was very much restricted to a finer kind of woollen cloth. In the text it is used generally for a web, piece of weaving or loomwork, and is exactly equivalent to another phrase used by Golding in describing Minerva's completed web when she strove with Arachne for the victory in weaving. After detailing the figures woven by the goddess, the account concludes thus:—

'She makes the earth (the which her speare doth seem to strike) to send
An olive-tree with fruit thereon. And that the Gods thereat
Did wonder; and with victorie she finished up the *plat*.'

We have now to consider the other—the third word or phrase in the extract, describing the kind of the loom-work, the general nature of the pattern or woven fabric, and this word is the greatest puzzle of all. It may, indeed, be fairly looked upon as the greatest word-crux in Chaucer's vocabulary next to *hoppesters*, if it be not 'more hopelessly obscure than even that ill-fated term. If not two separate words according to the printing of the early folios, *rade vore* is evidently a compound; and Mr. Morris is, we believe, the first who has offered any rational explanation of either term or part of the phrase. In his Glossary he gives as the meaning of *rade vore*, 'striped stuff, tapestry;' and this, though unsupported, is certainly a probable conjecture, for, as Ritson points out, *reied* was used for 'striped cloth of divers colours.' No one has, however, ever attempted to explain the other word or part of the compound, *vore*. The word is, we believe, entirely unknown both to editors of Chaucer and our English lexicographers. Nevertheless, though wholly overlooked, *vore* does exist in the language, and has precisely the meaning which the context here requires. It is familiarly used in the sixteenth century for print or pattern, and no doubt it existed in Chaucer's day in the same sense. The following passage from Batman's translation of Glanville will illustrate both the

existence and meaning of the word:—‘ By the opinion of the
‘ common people, the circle Galaxias is the *vore* of the passing
‘ of the sun, that the sun leaveth after him when he passeth in
‘ that circle. But Aristotle sayth that this is false; for, if
‘ Galaxias were of the *imprinting* of the passage of the sun,
‘ then must this *printing* be in the signes, in the which the
‘ sunne passeth with other moveable starres.’ Again, the word
is used for the print of the finger after the pressure has been
removed. Referring to an imposthume the writer says:—‘ And
‘ if thou thrustest thy finger thereupon, it *denteth in*; for the
‘ running matter withdraweth, and letteth not the finger to
‘ enter, and then in the middle is a pit, as it were the *vore* of
‘ an hole; and when the finger is awaye, the matter commeth
‘ againe, and filleth all the place.’ In these passages it will
be seen that *vore* is exactly equivalent to print, impress or
pattern; and the interpretation of *rade vore* would thus be
striped print, or figured pattern, which, it need scarcely be
added, is just the sense required. The meaning of the line
would thus be to weave in the loom the figured pattern.
This interpretation removes a long-standing difficulty, and we
venture to offer it as a slight contribution towards the com-
pleter Glossary of Chaucer’s language, which we hope some
future editor or the Chaucer Society may yet produce.

- ART. II. —1. *Die baltischen Provinzen Russlands* von Dr. J. ECKARDT. 2te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.
2. *Geschichtsbilder aus der lutherischen Kirche Livlands* von V. HARLESS. Leipzig: 1869.
3. *Der deutsch-russische Conflict an der Ostsee* von W. v. BOCK. 1869.
4. *Der russisch-baltische Küstenstrich in der Gegenwart* von JURI SAMARIN. Prag: 1868.
5. *Livländische Antwort an Herrn Juri Samarin* von Prof. SCHIRREN. 3te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.
6. *Modern Russia*. By Dr. JULIUS ECKARDT. London: 1870.

UNTIL recently the Russian Baltic Provinces have been chiefly known to the British public as a vast granary of corn, and a storehouse of flax, hemp, linseed, and tallow. Latterly, however, news has reached us from that quarter of a fierce struggle, carried on by the German inhabitants against their Russian masters, who are trying to suppress the Protestant faith, the German language, customs, and laws of these provinces, and to supplant them by the faith of the Orthodox Church, the Russian language, and more especially by the peculiar village-tenure of land which prevails in Russia. This struggle represents a phase of the larger conflict now going on in that comparatively narrow tract of land, which separates the Germanic and the Russian world, and stretches under the same longitude from the White Sea to the Transylvanian Alps. This battle-field of hostile races consists of three distinct territories: one Swedish in Finland; another German in Curland, Livland, Esthland; and a third Polish in Lithuania. The three together forming the western boundary of the Russian Empire, but being severally as strange to each other as they are to the race which has incorporated them in its dominion. Each of these territories has a mother-country at its back, on which it leans for support, but the relations between the outposts and the main army are not alike in the three. While the intercourse between Finland and Scandinavia is carried on with energy, and Sweden still cherishes the hope of regaining her former province; while Poles and Lithuanians wrestle united against the common foe; the Baltic Provinces stand nearly isolated in this strife, defending the bulwark of their ancient civilisation against the ever-rising tide of Panslavism. Germany until lately cared little for the

fate of this forlorn and distant colony, and it is only the hardships of the last few years which have re-awakened the sympathies of the mother-country. Considering the German enthusiasm which manifested itself in the Schleswig Holstein quarrel, it is remarkable how slow the Germans have been to show their sympathy with their kinsmen living under the dominion of Russia, and exposed to pressure infinitely more severe than any the Danes could inflict. The works placed at the head of this article show, however, that the question has now been taken up with some vigour, and Dr. Eckardt's excellent volume in English contains an able summary of it.

The Baltic provinces of the Russian Empire, Curland, Livland, and Esthland (more commonly called by us, Livonia and Esthonia), were colonised in the twelfth and thirteenth century by German merchants, knights, and priests, whose number increased so rapidly that the original inhabitants of the country were compelled to acknowledge these Saxons * as lords of the country, and to accept from them the Christian religion. Gradually there arose a federative State, designated by the collective name of Livland (Livonia), which owed allegiance to the Emperor as its liege lord, and to the Pope as its spiritual head. Five bishoprics, Riga, Dorpat, Oesel, Curland, and Lemgallen, shared the dominion of the land with the knightly Order of the Sword and the Teutonic Order, whilst the cities, especially Riga, Reval, and Dorpat, maintained an independent position as members of the Hanseatic League. Between these members of the confederation continual contests went on, in which they expended their best strength. The bishops waged war with the Orders; the cities with knights and bishops; and even while Russians, Swedes, and Poles threatened to invade the land, the rival powers of the country could not heal their differences or cease their quarrels. In the sixteenth century two events happened which caused the inevitable overthrow of this complicated structure—the Reformation and the Russian invasion. When the Lutheran doctrine rapidly spread from Germany over the Baltic provinces, the continuance of this feudal-ecclesiastic form of government became impossible. At the same time an invasion of the country by Ivan the Terrible gave an outward shock of equal force to the old order of things. The devastation which the unfortunate provinces suffered by the inroad of those Tartar hordes surpassed the miseries which the Thirty Years War

* The Esthonian language designates by the same word, *Saxa*, master and German.

brought on Germany; it could only be compared to those Mongol inundations which, under Zengis Khan, changed the flourishing lands of Central Asia into a desert, and scattered the ruins of once prosperous cities over a wilderness. Down to this present day the numbers of the population of Livland have not again reached the height at which they stood previous to Ivan's invasion, and at the close of the sixteenth century not a fourth part of the cities which once enriched and adorned the provinces were left in existence. At the same time, the forces of Sweden and Poland threatened to take advantage of the Russian invasion; and as no help could be obtained from the Emperor and Diet of Germany, the only question for the different parts of the confederation was, to which of the aggressors they should submit. Esthland, the most northern territory, surrendered to the King of Sweden; Curland, the most southern part, became a Polish vassal-dukedom, whose wise Prince, Gotthard Kettler, formerly Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, was able to protect his subjects from Polish encroachments, and to maintain with rare skill a comparative independence; the country remained in this condition more than two hundred years, and enjoyed during this time, at least, a much happier lot than its sister provinces. Livland, by a solemn treaty—the famous *Privilegium Sigismundi*, which was to guarantee for all time her Lutheran faith, the German language, and internal self-government—acknowledged the King of Poland as her master. But if the unfortunate province had hoped to buy a happier fate at the price of its independence that hope was cruelly disappointed; no sooner was the treaty of 1561 signed than it was violated in nearly every particular. The Jesuits, who were then all-powerful at the Court of Poland, introduced the Catholic religion, established Catholic bishoprics, and degraded the privileged Protestant faith into a tolerated sect; rights and customs were trampled to the earth by hostile generals and Polish officials. For thirty years Livland had to endure the lawless and unjust rule of Poland; and that period was marked by universal ruin and decay; trade and industry were nearly destroyed; the highways which had formerly distinguished the country were broken up and infested by robbers; the peasants were reduced to the utmost degradation of serfdom; the nobility impoverished and decimated by the endless wars; the churches and schools were dilapidated. At length the Swedo-Polish war of succession brought about a more endurable state of things by uniting Livland to the Swedish crown, whose supremacy Esthland had already acknowledged thirty years before. Under the humane sceptre

of these Protestant kings, who carefully respected the rights and privileges of their new subjects, Livland was restored to the influence of order and civilisation. Gustavus Adolphus re-established the Protestant churches and schools, inaugurated a university at Dorpat, remodelled the administration of justice, and took effective measures for limiting the serfdom of the peasants, and settling the amount of their forced labour at a fixed proportion to the land they occupied.

Unfortunately the reign of that great and good Prince scarcely lasted long enough to allow the country to recover from the state of utter misery to which the Polish rule had reduced it. Charles XI., in his financial straits, ventured upon a measure which, under the pretext of overhauling the defective titles of the nobles, confiscated nearly five-sixths of all the Livonian estates to the Swedish exchequer. The resistance of the Livonian nobility against this arbitrary proceeding was desperate, and when oppressed beyond endurance, its chief, Reinhold Patkul, fled to Peter the Great, and directed the Czar's attention to the importance which an extension of his boundaries to the Baltic would have for his new empire. Again Livland became the battle-field of two hostile nations in the great Northern war, until at last, by the Peace of Nystadt (1710), Sweden yielded this province and Esthland to its more powerful neighbour; but by that same treaty Peter renewed for himself and his successors the engagement which he had taken some years before by a formal capitulation with the Baltic Estates, to acknowledge and respect in these provinces the ascendancy of the Lutheran Church, of German law and language, and of the hereditary institutions of the land.

In spite of the goodwill which the Czar manifested towards his new German subjects, mistakes and misunderstandings occurred from ignorance of the customs and institutions, which the provinces prized as the dearly-bought result of their long history and of their ancient civilisation; and more than one generation passed away before the Russian Government had learnt to understand the claims and wishes of its Baltic coast lands. The Swedish interference with the existing tenure of land was immediately cancelled by Peter, and the nobility were again acknowledged as proprietors; but the war had reduced the country to utter destitution, from which it slowly emerged in the second half of the eighteenth century. Catherine II. endeavoured to evade the engagements which her ancestors had taken by the Peace of Nystadt, and to supplant the old constitution by an autocratic bureaucracy; but her son Paul restored the rights of the provinces under that treaty. When,

after the final division of Poland, the maintenance of the quasi-independent position of Curland had become impossible, this dukedom, after a separation of 231 years, was once more reunited to the two other provinces, and thus the old Baltic Confederation, inaugurated by the restoration of the University of Dorpat, was again re-established under the sceptre of Alexander I., with whose reign a new and hopeful epoch for the Baltic provinces began. Their history from 1795 to 1845 is not marked by any striking event; but during that long epoch of peace the country rose gradually to a well-being unknown since the middle ages; serfdom was abolished; the cities flourished again with all the activity of commerce; the clergy, roused by the influence of evangelical enthusiasm and subsequently of rationalism, took up the cause of popular education; the higher classes participated eagerly in the literary movement of Germany; the university rose to importance; a provincial press sprang up, and the liberal ideas of the age struck root abundantly in so favourable a soil. Yet nowhere in his vast dominions could the Czar boast of more faithful subjects, so long as the Russian Government respected the acknowledged rights of the provinces. Their nobility furnished the Russian army and diplomacy with the ablest of their generals and ambassadors. The names of the Lievens, Rosens, Pahlens, Brunnows, Krüdners, Budbergs, Stackelbergs, are inseparable from modern Russian history. These excellent relations between the Government and the people, this peaceful development of the resources of the country, have unfortunately been deeply disturbed by the Panslavist propaganda, which towards the close of the Emperor Nicolas's reign began to attack the peculiar institutions of the Baltic provinces of Finland and Poland. But before we enter upon the contest which the present generation has to sustain for their national civilisation, we must try to give a sketch of the country itself. Its external appearance has not much changed since the graphic description Lady Eastlake gave us of it in her charming 'Letters from the Baltic,' we are afraid to say how many years ago.

Curland, Livland, and Esthland form, with the islands belonging to them, a flat territory of about 7,000 English square miles, broken up by no mountain range, but intersected by numerous little rivers and two large ones, the Dûna and the Windau. The climate is in the south that of North Germany, in the north that of the corresponding parts of Russia, but tempered by the vast extent of the forests and by the neighbourhood of the sea. The population, amounting to about 1,850,000, is divided into three parts—the Germans and two

primeval races, of which the Esths are a Finnish tribe, the Letts a Lithuanian race, whose language has more affinity with Sanscrit than any other spoken in Europe. These aboriginal inhabitants of the country were in former times undoubtedly heavily oppressed by their German masters, but the common sufferings which both endured under a foreign yoke, and the voluntary emancipation of the peasants, which the nobles began even before serfdom was extinguished in Germany, did much to blend the various strata of the population into one people. Everything that does not belong to the peasant class is German in its character. The peasants, indeed, still retain their language, but the Baltic provinces present a striking example of the truth that language is only one of the constituent elements of nationality. In everything but language the Letts and Esths are Germans: they are as thorough Lutherans as their former masters; they know none but German ideas of law; they regard the introduction of the German forms of culture and improvement as the only track which leads to a higher position on the social scale. The well-to-do Lettish farmer still speaks the provincial language of his ancestors, but he sends his son to the German University of Dorpat; the former serf's daughter passes as a German into the service of a noble lady; the clever lad who has been taught by his clergyman, and makes his way in business as apprentice or clerk, is essentially German. The social gulf which formerly separated masters and servants is thus filled up day by day, and the common interest of resisting the encroachments of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russification of the country effectually unites both races. Undoubtedly the Lettish and Esthish population are still numerically in the majority, but that majority is fast dwindling away, and it is impossible to state what is the exact proportion of the pure German population and of the aboriginals.

Of the three provinces, Curland, the southernmost, is also the most fertile and wealthy, for it has suffered less from wars and civil disturbances than the adjacent districts. The traveller proceeds from the Prussian frontier to the southern slopes of the Dûna, through carefully cultivated plains; corn-fields alternate with rich meadows stocked with cattle and sheep, well-kept roads connect the manorial seats and little market-towns; the churches, parsonages, and schools look comfortable; the inns are clean, the people courteous and contented, and everything seems to breathe prosperity. There are no villages; the land is held in large separate farms which are often miles distant from each other. The nobility is a real aristocracy, generally rich, proud of their ancient descent, but

not so narrowminded and pretentious as many of their German cousins. The Curland nobleman is an enthusiastic sportsman, yet he highly prizes intellectual culture, and has always bestowed particular care on the education of the people. The gentry have supported for the last twenty-seven years a training or normal school for teachers, and it would not be easy to find a lad of fourteen who is not acquainted with the rudiments of arithmetic and geography, besides reading, writing, and a thorough knowledge of his Lutheran catechism. The misfortune of the country is the want of an independent middle class; there are but two cities of some importance, Mitau, the seat of the governor, and Libau. In the small market-towns the Jews predominate, but the whole political power and influence is in the hands of the gentry; their delegates alone form the diet, and elect the judges and country magistrates. A state of things utterly unknown in other parts of Russia, and not common in Germany, where bureaucratic administration by the petty servants of the State has for the most part swept away the very springs of self-government.

When the Dûna is passed, which forms the boundary between Curland and Livland, the scene changes; endless dark pine forests remind the traveller that he is going northward; the farms are more thinly scattered and look less prosperous; the thatched roof is becoming general; wheat, which was predominant in Curland, yields the place to rye and barley, and north of Riga begin the flax-fields, which form the peculiar wealth of the country. A general survey shows at once that the soil is less productive, and that the inhabitants have suffered more than their southern neighbours by frequent change of rule, and by wars and confiscations. The nobility are much poorer, and the younger sons nearly all go into the military or civil service of the Government. On the other hand, we find here a powerful middle class, which from the middle ages until now has ever played a conspicuous part in the principal and more independent cities. Riga, the ancient and the proud, with its 103,000 inhabitants, is the centre of Baltic commerce and the seat of the governor-general, who still inhabits the old castle founded by the grandmasters of the Order. This city retains completely the character of an old German town, with those narrow angular streets of gabled houses, granaries, and brick churches, which we meet with in Lubeck, Wismar, or Dantzic; whilst in the more modern suburbs, the dwelling houses of the wealthier merchants have sprung up, who carry on a lively commerce in the timber, flax, hemp, tallow, linseed and corn, which come in never-

ending masses down the Dûna on huge rafts from the interior. Riga is the only town in the Baltic provinces which contains a considerable Russian population, mostly belonging to the poorest classes, and all being sectaries of the old faith, who, persecuted in the Empire by the Orthodox Church, took shelter under the protection of the Protestant authorities. The constitution of the city, moulded upon that of Hamburg, is to this day strictly aristocratic, all power being in the hands of the three estates. The town possesses an elegant theatre, a splendid exchange, guildhalls, mansion-house, a polytechnic school, a navigation school, and a particularly fine harbour, which by a huge mole is protected against the quicksands that threatened to choke up the Dûna. In recent times Riga has become the centre of the struggle against the measures taken by the Russian Government for the *Russification* of the provinces, the 'Rigaer Zeitung' and the 'Baltische Monatsschrift' being the principal organs of the provincial press, which defend the German civilisation of the inhabitants.

Travelling northward, we reach the University of Dorpat, the intellectual and scientific centre of the three Baltic provinces. Founded by Gustavus Adolphus, but soon afterwards destroyed, its re-establishment was stipulated in the capitulation of 1710; but the country had been so impoverished by constant wars that it was unable to collect the resources which such an institution required. During the whole of the eighteenth century those who sought an academical education were obliged to go to Germany. The greater number of the physicians, clergy, and lawyers in the provinces were immigrants, and it may be believed that those individuals did not always belong to the *élite* of their respective professions. The want of a native seat of learning was therefore sorely felt, and when in 1802, the liberality of Alexander I. at length filled up the gap, the young establishment speedily rose to prosperity; henceforth it became necessary to everybody who aimed at a position in political or judicial life, in the clerical or in the scientific world, to have studied at Dorpat. Scattered throughout the Russian Empire there are physicians, chemists, and clergymen who have received their scientific training in the Baltic university: a Dorpat diploma is the best recommendation for a physician who settles in a Russian town, be it on the Volga or on the Amoor. Most of the students, indeed, remain at home. The university has become a national bond for uniting all classes of the community; the sons of noble houses mingle freely there with those of the Riga citizens, and

semi-German peasants, and contract friendships which often last through life.

Passing from Dorpat over the frontier of Livland to Esthland, the character of the landscape becomes more and more northern. Swedish names betray the Scandinavian rule, to which the province was for a long time subjected. The unfavourable conditions of the climate, the poverty of the soil, and the rivalry of St. Petersburg have checked the progress of the principal towns—Reval possessing a fine port on the rocky southern shore of the Gulf of Finland—and the last outpost of Baltic German civilisation, the ancient but decaying city of Narva, looking down on the Russian fort Ivangorod, which points the way to the capital of the Czars.

We have said that with the accession of Alexander I. a more happy period began for the Baltic provinces; the country enjoyed the long-desired peace, the Emperor respected the privileges of the provinces, and did what he could to promote their welfare. A decided change for the worse took place in the reign of Nicolas. Complete seclusion from western civilisation, the prohibitive system, stagnation of intellectual life, a brutal censorship, which laid its ban upon almost all the notable productions of foreign literature, and the arbitrary rule of a stupid bureaucracy gave to that period of Russian history a sullen despondent character, which was nowhere more sorely felt than in the Baltic provinces. The system became the more intolerable, as with advancing age the arrogance and self-will of the autocrat rose to an insufferable height. Praised by a servile Court and foreign admirers as the shield of legitimacy and the great bulwark against revolution, elated by his military and political success in the inglorious contests he was doomed to wage against the cause of liberty and progress, the Emperor considered himself as the nucleus of conservative interests. Nobody dared to oppose his most extravagant opinions, nobody ventured anything which looked like a criticism of the Government. Dr. Eckardt relates that the censor of the 'Northern Bee' received a reprimand because a paragraph had been suffered to appear in that journal complaining of the *cast-iron garden-seats* in the park of Tzarsko-Selo; they had been cast after a design approved by the Emperor.

The Crimean war freed Europe and Russia from the incubus of this system. The terrible power which blighted every progress was discovered to be hollow; the godlike authority which seemed to tower over all human frailties suffered a sudden downfall, and the sovereign who but one year before was considered all-powerful, died defeated and broken-hearted.

After peace had been restored, an altered tone made itself apparent in the public life of Russia. The Government indeed hesitated before entering upon larger reforms, but the abolition of a number of absurd restrictions which Nicolas had issued sufficed to rouse the long-slumbering energies of the people. It began to hope for a better future, and with the greater liberty of the press all the desires which had been suppressed for generations broke forth. When the Government, encouraged by the enthusiastic gratitude of its subjects, began to put its hand in earnest to the work of reform, more especially when the Emperor declared his intent of abolishing serfdom, the excitement became universal, and nothing appeared impossible.

A witty Russian remarked at the time, says Dr. Eckardt, that if Nicolas had forbidden his subjects to appear in the streets, and if Alexander had only revoked this prohibition, he would have been immediately regarded as one of the most free-minded monarchs of his day. But the first measures of the Government were regarded as the precursors of greater changes. The opening the universities, the abolition of high fees on passports, the pardon of the surviving conspirators of 1826, and, above all, the concessions made to the press, transported the nation to a pitch of ecstasy which carried all before it and has changed the aspect of Russian society. For Russia passed, as it were, at one bound from a servile obedience to despotic power to all the license of democratic agitation. Indeed the moment the pressure of the hand of Nicolas was removed, the essentially democratic land tenures of the Russian village system hurried along public opinion to extremes which it has not yet reached in any part of Western Europe.

Some of the boundary provinces also received their share of the blessings of the new era. The Emperor restored the old Swedish constitution to Finland, and Poland obtained a provincial government under a national Minister, the Marquis Wielopolski. The Baltic provinces alone seemed to remain untouched by this universal reform movement. If their constitution had been previously abolished and now re-established, the event would have roused them from their torpor; but according to the letter it had remained in force, although Nicolas had violated it whenever it suited him. Those old institutions had alone seemed to afford any shelter against the chilling blast of autocracy. The word 'reform' had been proscribed; the Baltic gentry knew that if they tried to put their administration on a better footing, or to give political rights to their peasants, the Emperor would have at once made a clean sweep of their powers of self-government. So they clung to

the old ordinances and privileges, the loss of which they considered as tantamount to the calamities of revolution.

It was, however, a decided political mistake that the leading men of the country did not avail themselves of the appropriate moment for the salutary remodelling of their ancient institutions. If during the first years of Alexander's reign the diets of the duchies had asked the Government to sanction a reform of their constitution and of the provincial administration, in conformity with the principles of the age, the Emperor would not have been able to refuse this demand, and numerous abuses which unquestionably existed might have been redressed. But the country had lost the habit of political action, and it failed to seize upon this favourable conjuncture, which rapidly passed away. Ere long the Russian democratic press began to attack the aristocratic organisation of the Baltic communities, the ponderous corporations of the cities, and the knightly assemblies disintegrated into the several estates. Herzen, who at that time ruled supreme over public opinion in Russia, called upon the Government to clear out all this mediæval rubbish, and to restore to the original proprietors, the peasants, the soil, which the Germans had taken from them. Intimidated by these attacks and frightened by the difficulties of reform, the Conservatives remained passive; and it was not until the year 1862 that, at the Livonian diet, formal propositions were introduced for remodelling the constitution, for placing the administration of justice on a better footing, for abolishing antiquated privileges, and for establishing a closer union between the three provinces. But the propitious moment for effecting a reform, at once liberal and yet maintaining the autonomy of the provinces, had been allowed to slip away. The internal difficulties which had to be overcome were great; the boundaries between mere class privileges and national privileges were often exceedingly awkward to determine. Was it not to be feared that if the gentry gave up the right to elect the judges, the State would press in and send Russian judges unacquainted with the local circumstances? The Lettish peasants, the special favourites of the Russian democracy, had made great progress; serfdom had been abolished among them more than a generation before the measure was thought of in Russia; but were the lower classes sufficiently advanced to be entrusted indiscriminately with the suffrage? Upon what footing was the reform of the borough corporations to be established? were all the Russian heterodox handicraftsmen to be admitted to a share of municipal power in the provinces? Was it not necessary to insist upon the repeal of the Russian

laws which were introduced against the provincial charter, and entitled the Orthodox Church alone to convert to its creed those who did not belong to it? But would not such a demand be ill received at St. Petersburg? These instances may suffice to give an idea of the internal and external difficulties with which the Baltic reformers had to struggle. But before they had come to a conclusion, an event took place which changed the whole aspect of things in the Empire. The Polish revolt, which broke out in January 1863, not only frustrated the only serious attempt towards reconciling Poland with the Russian rule which had been made since 1832, but completely annihilated the sympathies of the Russian opposition for Poland. In the first years of the new era the cause of the oppressed sister-country was in decided favour among young Russia. Both had languished under the old system, they both had combated a common adversary. But when the insurrection broke out and rapidly spread into Lithuania; when the dangers of an intervention from the Western powers and a foreign war became threatening, Russian patriotism awoke, and with the instinct of self-preservation, claimed before all things to save the unity of the Empire. Hitherto the question had been, whether more or less liberal concessions ought not to be made to the Poles; the point now became, whether Russia would have to recede behind the Vistula and to give up not only the important frontierland which she had conquered seventy years ago, but also the neighbouring Lithuanian provinces? Whilst Herzen, Bakunin, Ogareff, and other London exiles passionately took up the cause of Polish independence, the national party, led by Michaël Katkoff, the editor of the 'Moscow Gazette,' declared that the time was past when Russia could play at liberalism and cosmopolitanism. In the presence of a danger which menaced to reduce Russia to a Grandduchy of Moscow, every patriot had but one duty—namely, to save the State; freedom without a country was but an empty phantom.

'The Russian Empire,' wrote Katkoff, 'is a reality which has been built up laboriously during a century and a half, and has obtained a place among the great powers of Europe; the maintenance of this State is the basis and the hope of all liberal Russian plans for the future. It is foolish to speak of the future world-wide sway of a Panslavonic empire, and at the same time to break into ruins that State which is the sole personification of Slavonic ideas. The name of citizen will henceforth only belong to him who acknowledges this reality, who devotes all his strength to it, and who renounces all personal predilections and party schemes, until the boundaries of this Empire are secured.'

The national party was not satisfied with re-establishing the

status quo antè, they wanted to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an event as a Polish insurrection. They raised the cry 'Russia for the Russians;' they declared that the hostile or lukewarm boundary provinces must be Russianised; that their aristocratic organisation ought to be destroyed and replaced by the influx of Russian democracy. The nation, they said, was disgusted with the varnish of Western civilisation which had been forced upon it by German rulers. The country could only be regenerated by returning to those genuine national institutions which distinguish Russia from the decaying states of the West. Germany, France, and England had each in its time played a prominent part, but they were old and had outlived their fame; the times of the nobility and the bourgeoisie were past; the future belonged to Russia and to democracy. But the foundation-stone of this future was the consolidation of the present Empire; to crush the foes who endangered the national existence was therefore the first duty. The sympathetic analogy which appears to govern the destinies of the people of Russia and the people of the United States was never more manifest than on this occasion. The Poland of the one was the Southern States of the other. In both rebellion was to be extinguished with an unsparing hand because it threatened the pride of national existence, and represented the decaying influence of an aristocratic party.

Expressed with the energy of patriotic conviction, seconded by the orthodox clergy, these views soon obtained considerable weight, and Katkoff quickly acquired a more powerful sway over public opinion than even Herzen had exercised from his abode in Bayswater. The Government, seriously embarrassed by the wide-spread rebellion and the menacing language of the Western powers, saw immediately what an advantage it might reap from an alliance with this movement, by enlisting into its service the keenest passions of the people. It adopted the new programme of the 'Moscow Gazette,' and invited all patriots to take part in the national work of defending the menaced independence of the Empire. The combined forces of the Government and of Katkoff's party then addressed themselves to the pacification of Lithuania and White Russia. These provinces, which now form the Russian governments of Kowno, Grodno, and Vilna, had lived under Russian rule till the middle of the sixteenth century, and had once belonged to the Greek Church. They were then conquered by Poland, and the upper classes became thoroughly Polish and Catholic; whilst the peasantry, reduced to strict serfdom, remained faithful to their national and orthodox traditions. In the up-

rising of 1862, the Lithuanian nobility made common cause with the Poles; the streets of Vilna and Grodno witnessed the same revolutionary demonstrations as those of Warsaw. From that moment the Russian war-cry became 'Recovery of the original Russian character of the Lithuanian lands'; 're-establishment of the Russian peasants in their rights as legitimate possessors of the soil, and disfranchisement of their oppressors, the Polish nobles who had re-kindled the fire of rebellion.'

We cannot follow here the consequences to which this policy led; we cannot trace the history of that terrible system by which Muravieff undertook to restore the Russian character of the Western provinces, and how the same system was introduced by degrees into Poland. It may suffice to say that up to this day the success of the experiment of trampling down by brute force a nation of more than five millions, remains undecided. The Polish revolt is noticed in this place, as an essential element in the question before us, simply because the national excitement which it provoked was soon directed against the institutions of the Baltic provinces.

This may seem strange at the first glance, as these provinces had not shown the slightest sympathy for the Polish rebellion, nor could they be expected to do so, having themselves had ample experience of the evils of Polish rule in former times, and the German element in these provinces being even more uncongenial than that of Russia to the Polish character. But it must be remembered that the turn which Russian public opinion took under Katkoff's guidance was directed to the annihilation of all non-Russian institutions in the Empire, and to the establishment of one compact Russian peasant State. The Moscow school regards it as the task assigned by Providence to Russia, to crush the aristocratic elements in Lithuania and Poland as well as in the rest of the western provinces. In the name of this principle war was declared against the Swedes in Finland and against the Germans in the Baltic provinces. The Finnish peasants were to be the lords of Finland; Letts and Esths the undivided masters of Livland, Esthland, and Curland. The original inhabitants of both countries were represented as cruelly oppressed by the landlord class, and desiring to be saved by the Russian democracy. The peasants were promised a general division of land. After the example of Lithuania, all the occupiers were to be transformed into proprietors, and the estates of the nobles were to be divided among the tenants and day-labourers. But this was not all. Individual property in the soil itself was to

disappear, the equal right of all to an equal share of the land, the communistic system of tenure which prevails in Russia, is proclaimed to be the world-redeeming message, destined to solve the social question before which the outworn societies of Western Europe stand helpless and despairing.

We are indebted to Dr. Eckardt, in his work entitled 'Modern Russia,' for the most accurate and authentic account we possess of the land tenures of Russia, which we strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers. Suffice it here to say that by ancient custom, which has been more extensively applied since the abolition of serfdom, all the common village lands are periodically distributed every ten or twelve years between the families constituting the village community, in which alone the property is vested. The tenant or occupier has no more than a limited temporary right in the land he tills; the noble or landlord has no rights over these common lands at all. The consequence is that the tenant has no interest in improving the land he occupies in this manner; and as the village is collectively responsible for its dues, the industrious and wealthy pay for the idle and the indigent. By this Russian rural system the essential conditions of property in land are destroyed. Neither landlord nor tenant is interested in the improvement of the soil, and the consequence is that, since the abolition of all forced labour, there has been a frightful deterioration of the husbandry of the Empire—the peasants living on tracts of ground without either the rights or duties of property.

But neither the Finnish nor the Baltic peasants showed any desire to participate in a system which seemed to them fatal to the interests at least of those who had anything to lose. They had indeed been serfs, and had suffered much in former times from their masters; but those times were gone, and they were emancipated long before the abolition of serfdom had been proclaimed in Russia. They had now become peasant-farmers and proprietors, and they lived on the very best terms with their former lords. Agriculture was in a prosperous state; the Diets advanced money for improvements, particularly for draining the marshy soil. When therefore the Moscow party promised them a new agrarian era, under a system diametrically opposed to that to which they owed their present state of progress, they naturally asked how it was that in the Baltic provinces, where personal property in the soil prevailed, land fetched thirty times and more the price of what it sold for in Russia, where agrarian communism was practised? They knew and saw that in the neighbouring Russian provinces

where the principle of equal and periodically-renewed distribution of the soil is established, the peasant cannot raise himself above the level of his fellow-brethren, that no advantage accrues to him by industry and intelligence. Why then should they adopt a tenure which seems inevitably to cast a blight on all national agriculture wherever it exists?

It is possible that the new gospel of Russian democracy found a favourable reception among the Lithuanian peasants, to whom the estates of their former masters were distributed by Muravieff; if a man has nothing, he will not reject a doctrine which places something within his reach. But by the same reason the Lettish and Finnish peasant was not allured by the bait offered to him, and the Moscow press has hitherto vainly endeavoured to convince him of the advantages of the Russian system. Their daily clamour for an agrarian revolution in the Baltic provinces has indeed done great harm to the landed interest, because the incessant assurances of the Russian papers that the Imperial Government was about to act on their principles created numerous perturbations in the existing conditions of property, particularly after two unusually bad harvests. But in consequence of the urgent representations of the Governor-General, Count Albedinsky, that the sweeping measures advocated by Katkoff and his disciples would throw all the agrarian relations of the provinces into bottomless confusion, the Government remained passive. The result of the communist campaign against the tenure of land in the Baltic provinces has therefore thus far been to connect the peasants more closely with the nobles and the larger landowners for the defence of their common interests, and this state of feeling will probably continue, unless a forcible confiscation takes place.

The second attack of the Muscovite press was directed against the Lutheran Church and the German schools in the Baltic provinces. The capitulation of 1702, by which Livland and Esthland had become members of the Russian Empire, guaranteed to them the right of Protestant worship, whilst in all the other provinces the Orthodox Church alone was recognised. The Russian code, the Swod, forbids members of the Greek Church to pass over to any other religious community; mixed marriages are to be solemnised exclusively according to the orthodox rite; a Lutheran or Catholic priest who admits a member of the Greek Church into his community loses his benefice. Proselytism is punished by banishment to Siberia; the Greek Church alone has the right of converting to its creed those who do not belong to it.

Till 1838 these intolerant enactments were never applied to

Finland and the Baltic provinces; but at that time they were introduced in spite of the undoubted and established privileges of the people, and a Greek bishopric was founded in Riga for the express purpose of conversion. Promises of every kind were held out to those who would pass over to the Orthodox Church—exemption from military service, remission of taxes, free grants of land in Southern Russia, free education of the children at the expense of the Crown, and advantageous employment in the public service.

It is not surprising that many of the poorer classes were deluded by these prospects, particularly as there had been a famine in 1840, and great destitution prevailed in the country. Misled by the deceitful promises of Russian itinerant preachers, about 100,000 of the poorest Letts and Esths passed over to the 'Foreign Church,' as they called it, in order to purchase a better future. These deluded people had to pay dearly for their apostasy; none of the promises made to them were fulfilled, and they found themselves excluded from the educational institutions of their Lutheran brethren. Living in the midst of a Protestant country, they were separated by their nationality from the Russian people, whose crude system of worship soon became disgusting to them; and the Greek priests showed a contemptuous indifference to their fate when once they had been enrolled as members of the Orthodox Church. They had contracted an obligation which they soon found it difficult to shake off. Nevertheless, a mighty reaction soon occurred, the converts poured in crowds to the secular and religious authorities of the country, imploring to be received back into the Lutheran Church; but they were met by the inexorable law that whoever belonged to the Orthodox Church could not leave it again. When the requests and remonstrances of this conscience-troubled multitude met with a flat refusal, the indignant proselytes declared that nothing at least should ever compel them to attend the service of the Orthodox ritual. The Lutheran clergy being forbidden under severe penalties to administer to them the sacramental rites, they thronged in disguise to the Lord's Supper. They introduced a sort of civil marriage amongst themselves, and baptised their own children. The government resorted in vain to means of persuasion and violence, but it was at last obliged to let the matter drop, and to check the misplaced zeal for conversion which had produced such deplorable results. The law against mixed marriages remained in force, however, and in spite of all the representations of the Russian governors, children were torn forcibly from their parents who wished to educate them

as Protestants. At last, in 1864, the Government tacitly allowed the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces freedom of confession with regard to children born in mixed marriages. The Moscow press attacked this decision as a wilful injury done to the most sacred interests of Russia and her Church; and in spite of the complaints of the wretched converts, who vainly implored permission to return to their original creed, the Russian party never ceased to complain of the oppression of the Greek Church in Livland. The Greek clergy opposed a passive resistance to every concession, by refusing to perform the marriage ceremony between persons of the Orthodox and the Lutheran faith; and in the following year the Government sanctioned this refusal as against the Lutherans. In 1867 the Orthodox Archbishop of Riga publicly insulted the Lutheran Church in a pastoral letter which put the whole country in commotion; but he was simply translated to a bishopric in Southern Russia. But a Protestant clergyman was deposed from his office because many years before he had censured the worship of pictures. In like manner, the Lutheran Bishop of Livland, Dr. Walter, having ventured to allude in a sermon to the necessary and natural Germanisation of the Letts and Esths, was immediately deposed. The national party is constantly endeavouring to prove that the interests of the Empire demand the degradation of the Lutheran Church in the Baltic provinces to the position of a tolerated heresy, which it holds in the rest of Russia. They therefore encourage different sects which have recently appeared, particularly the Baptist immigrants, who, molested in Prussia, have come in considerable numbers to Curland.

Especial zeal was displayed against the German tendency and character of the Baltic school-system. Russian schools were established, not only in Riga, but in other towns, where scarcely any Russian population exists, and in all national schools instruction in the Russian language is rendered obligatory. The provost of the University of Dorpat, who is at the head of the educational department in the provinces, has been coupled with a Russian colleague, specially appointed to watch over the interests of the Russian language—i.e., its extension, and the gradual extinction of German in the schools. The University itself, as one of the strongest bulwarks of German civilisation and Protestantism, is of course an object of particular hatred to the Moscow party. No pains are spared to undermine it, and to transform it eventually into a Russian institution. The natural consequence of these principles is that the introduction of Russian language in the

Courts of law and in the administrative departments is demanded in the name of equality and progress. The old law of the country, confirmed by the capitulation of 1702, distinctly established a purely German administration. Even a decree of 1845, regulating the civil administration of the Baltic provinces, acknowledged that public affairs were generally to be transacted in German, except that in the parish vestries the prevailing local idiom—i.e. the Esthnic or Lettish language—was to be adopted. In 1850, for the first time, the Emperor Nicolas prescribed that in all transactions of the Government authorities the Russian language was to be introduced. This decree remained a dead letter, because not one in fifteen of the civil functionaries could speak or write Russian. In 1867 the edict of 1850 was renewed; henceforth only persons conversant with the Russian language were to be appointed as officers of the Crown. The Governor-General notified that for the future letters written in Russian would alone be received by the public authorities. This notification was sent in Russian to the senates of the cities, to the local courts and justices of peace, who in their turn sent back these rescripts, because they could not understand them. After much dispute the Government was obliged to give way so far as to send a German translation with the original text. In St. Petersburg, indeed, men were not wanting, able to discern how deeply the forcible introduction of a difficult foreign language must disturb all private and public interests, and injure the transaction of business. They saw that it was impossible to enforce such a system from the want of a staff of officials who could speak and write the Russian language; and they knew that it was equally impossible to introduce into the Baltic provinces the ignorant and corrupt functionaries of the interior of the Empire. But these more moderate men were few and isolated, whilst Katkoff's party numbered numerous adherents at the head of affairs, and exercised great influence. The remonstrances of the moderates and the indignant protestations of the Baltic population have alike been overruled; and thus one by one the intelligent and highly-deserving Baltic statesmen have been removed from the higher posts and replaced by Russians who know nothing of the country. When the magistrates and the Diets complained of breach of privileges, their addresses were answered by severe rebukes or not received at all. The Baltic press was restricted from any effectual defence of the interests of the country; for whilst the press of Moscow had unlimited liberty of attack, the censorship was maintained in Riga, Dorpat, and Reval. The provincial newspapers

could therefore only answer their opponents so far as the Russian censor would allow it, and whoever resorted to foreign journals was declared a traitor, conspiring with Count Bismarck to sever the provinces from the Empire. For the Esthnic and Lettish prints there is only one censor in the three provinces, the manuscripts of all books, papers, prayer-books, &c., edited in those languages, must be sent to Riga, to receive his imprimatur.

How long the Baltic provinces will be able to stand this siege of the democratic party, backed by the autocratic authority of the Czar, nobody can tell. They have little to hope for from foreign intervention. Sweden, which would have a right to interfere as a party to the peace of Nystadt, by which the privileges of the provinces were confirmed, has neither the power nor the interest to quarrel with so dangerous a neighbour for such a cause. Prussia has no right to interfere, but looks of course with pain at this war of extermination against a German race; nevertheless she is anxious to remain on good terms with Russia. It is however remarkable, that Peter the Great, after the peace of Nystadt, claimed a vote in the German Diet at Ratisbon, because he had become sovereign of a province which belonged to the Empire and had never ceased to do so; and the time may come, perhaps it is come already, when the Germans will seek to resist this odious persecution of the property, the religion, and the language of their northern brethren. But the final issue of this struggle will depend mainly on the internal policy of Russia. Whilst railways are progressing, agriculture is fast retrograding in the Empire. The communist tenure of land and the system of temporary distribution of holdings, above described, was possible only as long as the peasants were serfs and could be forced to work in the fields by their masters. But now being free to do as they like, they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starvation; the rest of their time, which formerly belonged to the masters, is spent in the brandy-shops. Drunkenness is increasing in frightful proportions. The peasant moreover knows that his bankruptcy does not place *him* in embarrassment, but the village; according to the communist system, the community, not the individual member of it, is responsible. This is enough to check all assiduity and improvement. The nobility is nearly ruined; it has lost immensely by the abolition of serfdom; and the highest wages will not induce the peasants to undertake the regular cultivation of the lands of their former lords. In short, if the picture drawn by Dr. Eckardt and the other writers before us

is correct, Russian landed society is in a state of moral and economical dissolution, which sooner or later must produce a terrible crisis.

To this disordered society, instead of trying to cure the dangerous disease which consumes its best forces, the Moscow party is preaching a crusade against the heterodox boundary provinces. Five millions of Catholic Poles, two and a half millions of Protestant Swedes, Germans, Finlanders, Letts, and Esths, are to disappear, in order to realise the Emperor Nicolas' shipbooth, one God, one Czar, one language. We doubt the success of the experiment, even though it be attempted by all the power of the Court of St. Petersburg, backed by the enthusiasm of the Russian democrats. The absorption and assimilation of nationalities is one of the slowest and most difficult processes in history. It has not been accomplished in these islands. It has not even been accomplished in France. Least of all can it be effected by persecution or by the brute ascendancy of an inferior over a superior and more civilised race. But the nationalities against which the Moscow press declares war in the name of democratic progress, stand on a much higher level than the Russian people. Professor Schirren, in his able answer to Juri Samarin, who accuses the Baltic provinces of conspiring against Russia, says with perfect justice:—

‘Our culture is our conspiracy: we have always been faithful to the Emperor; we have never shrunk from the greatest sacrifices, even when they were required of us in support of a bad system; we even are willing to be Russified if you can do so by legal means, and by convincing us of the superiority of your intellectual culture; but we protest against the method which you adopt. As long as you have nothing to offer but an agricultural system, which would turn our country into a wilderness, a Church which sanctions the most abject Cæsaro-papism, and as long as you have no other means of propagandism but brute force, we shall maintain our institutions and our autonomy to the very last. We have not been incorporated by conquest, but by a bilateral contract, by which the country acknowledged under certain and well-defined conditions the Russian Czar as its master, whilst he solemnly promised to maintain these conditions. Our ancient privileges were confirmed by the Capitulation of 1702, which is published in the general collection of Russian laws, which has been acknowledged by all the Emperors of Russia, and which, up to this day, forms the only basis of our political relation to the Russian Crown. You may induce the Government to violate our rights, and we may be obliged to submit, but whilst obeying the ascendancy of force we shall never cease to protest against it. What you attempt now has been equally tried by Polish and Swedish kings—both in their turn the most powerful rulers in Eastern Europe; we have been

obliged to give way for the moment, but our right proved stronger than the power which had curbed it.' We are convinced that also in this century it will be strong enough to outlive your aggression. The inhabitants of a country which for seven hundred years has lived under German influence, cannot in a few years be transformed into Russians; you may cripple the strength of an aged tree, you may cut it down, but you cannot transplant it like a sapling, nor compel it to produce another kind of fruit by compulsory grafting.'

The rage which Schirren's pamphlet provoked in the Moscow press, compelled the Government to dismiss him from the professorship of history in Dorpat, but his answer has never been refuted.

The respectful petition which the Diet of Livland has lately addressed to the Emperor, enumerating the violations of the constitution and praying for its re-establishment, has received a negative answer. The country is obliged to suffer in silence, and bide its time, but no pressure will extort from it a voluntary abandonment of its right. The people of the Baltic provinces are confident that the experiment of Russifying by compulsion five different nationalities must in the long run prove a disastrous failure and recoil on its authors. They maintain that their cause is that of Western civilisation, against Russian barbarism, to which the theories of Herzen and Katkoff have only given a superficial varnish, and they answer to every new aggression of the Moscow fanatics, 'You may oppress us, but 'you will not subdue us.'

ART. III. — *The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V. designed by Martin Heemskerck in M.D.LV, and now illustrated with Portraits, Prints, and Notes.* By Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, Bart. London, and Edinburgh. Privately printed for the Editor. 1870.

THE sale of a rare copy of Boccaccio, commemorated in enthusiastic language by Dr. Dibdin, sufficed to give a name and a celebrity to the Roxburgh Club, which owed its origin to that circumstance. In like manner the Philobiblon Society, one of the younger associations formed in Britain for the encouragement of a taste in choice books, and consisting of a small number of the most distinguished book-collectors of the present day, may boast that it possesses in this volume a proud and lasting claim to distinction, which it owes to the liberality and learning of one of its most accomplished members. To them chiefly, if not exclusively, has this magni-

ficient volume been distributed. The number of copies struck off was necessarily limited; and as it will probably remain for ever one of the rarest and most precious literary treasures of the present age, we gladly avail ourselves of the permission of the Editor to make known to the public that portion of its contents which can be appropriated by a Review. The volume itself, a splendid folio, emblazoned even on its covers with the black and gold of the Imperial escutcheon, and enriched with innumerable prints and devices, reproduced by modern ingenuity and science with entire precision and completeness, must, we fear, remain hid from the sight of mortals in the guarded libraries of the curious, and beyond measure rare even amongst them. But its literary and historical merits, though somewhat eclipsed by the gorgeous exterior and countless illustrations which surround them, are of no common importance and interest; and these at least we are at liberty to transfer in part to our own pages.

The author of the well-known volumes on 'Art and Artists in Spain' and of the 'Cloister Life of Charles V.,' has left no insignificant mark in literature. To great accuracy of historical research and an extensive acquaintance with the elder writers of Spain and Italy, in the noblest age and style of those countries, Sir William Stirling Maxwell unites many of the most essential qualities of an original writer—a keen discernment of character, a quaint humour tinged with wit, and an exquisite refinement of style. Everything which we owe to his pen bears the stamp of exact knowledge and unwearyed labour. The love of letters has not only been to him the recreation of an active life and the ornament of a great position, but it inspires him with higher objects than those of dilettanti authorship; and if circumstances had confined him more closely to the field of literature, we might have obtained from his assiduous culture a more abundant crop of judicious criticism or of historical inquiry. As it is, we hope that his long-promised life of Don John of Austria is not far distant from its completion, and that even his care will at last be satisfied that no further additions can be made to it. Meanwhile under the unassuming title of 'Notes' to these triumphs and portraits of Charles V., he has given us what might be termed in other hands a series of chapters from the life of the great Emperor, and we are convinced that they will not lose their interest, if we venture to detach a portion of them from the highly-wrought frame in which it has pleased him to present them to his friends. We shall therefore in the course of this article borrow more largely than we are wont to do from books acces-

sible to the public, and our principal object is to make our readers acquainted with some passages, at least, from a work of singular interest, which must be to most of them as little known as if it were still in manuscript.

The Triumphs or Victories of Charles V., by Martin Heemskerck (to which we shall presently refer) form but a small portion of the illustrations in this extraordinary collection. Every known engraving of Charles to which access could be procured, from the prints, books, medallions, seals or coins of the 16th century, has been reproduced in this volume in the original size and with scrupulous accuracy. The portraits of the Emperor alone are about forty in number, most of them being in the Keir collection. They commence with the graceful outline of the stripling of sixteen who, at that age, somewhat irregularly assumed the title of King of Castile, and they continue in a series of increasing interest until they reach the climax, and paragon of the art of portraiture in a head by Van Kessel, taken from Titian's equestrian picture of Charles at Mühlberg—the Dux et Imperator—resplendent in arms, majestic as Hamlet's father, and breathing with imperishable life. In our judgment that portrait (at Madrid) ranks with the three or four finest things that painting has given to the world. These portraits

‘Represent Charles in the various stages of life, as a boy, a lad, in the flower of his manhood, and in his premature old age, up to the date when—

“With age and cure and maladies oppress,
He sought the haven of conventual rest.”

In most of these we find the expression of gravity and severity, tempered with gentleness, and as he advanced in life, the trace of pain and disappointment calmly endured. “the good face, the constant look,” remarked by Ascham in 1551 as he stood by the Emperor's dinner-table and watched his progress from sod beef to capon. We have him both in his armour of parade and in his robes of state, and in the plain attire of his everyday life, which he frequently persisted in wearing when splendour would have been more appropriate;—the little round felt hat and short cloth cloak in which he entered Paris on the 3rd of January, 1540, riding between the Dauphin in cloth of silver, and the Duke of Orleans in cloth of gold, to the great disappointment of the ladies; or the cloth cap and doublet which in the following year, when he made his entry into Milan, no less grieved the ladies of that city, who had expected to see him in embroidered mantle and jewelled crown. From the curious seal or medallion on the disruption of the League of Schmalkalden, we may infer that during the campaign of 1546–7 he commonly wore a round hat with his armour, and that this was probably the kind of headgear which, at Naumburg he took off,

during a shower, and sheltered under his cloak, preferring to sit bare-headed in the rain rather than to spoil a new hat.*

To them Sir William has added innumerable devices of an age pre-eminent in heraldic allusions as well as in art; and other likenesses of many of the persons alluded to in the text. The production and multiplication of such a book, costly and laborious as it even now is, would in any other age have been impossible. It is due to the ingenious application of photography to stones for engraving and to copper and zinc plates, chiefly under the direction of Mr. Stephen Ayling, and, in part, of Mr. James Ramage of Edinburgh. The printing of the plates was executed by Mr. Waterston of Edinburgh. To all these gentlemen the highest credit is due, for they have given us literal facsimiles of the original engravings and woodcuts, not distinguishable from the originals, except, perhaps, in the copies of the finest copper-plate engravings of Heemskerck himself.

Martin of Heemskerck, who took his name from the village near Haarlem, where he was born in 1498, was neither a great artist nor a very interesting person. But the fate of the numerous engravings from his designs, and more especially of these 'Victories,' has been extraordinary. It is probable that the first idea of them occurred to him at Rome in 1536, when he was employed to 'decorate with trophies of the African campaign a great arch which spanned a Roman street on the occasion of the visit of Charles V. to Pope Paul III., after the conquest of Tunis. But the 'Victories' themselves were first published by Jerome Cock of Antwerp in 1556; they went through five editions; they were admired by Philip II., who caused them to be wrought in tapestry, and also to be copied on vellum with such a high degree of perfection that this work (now in the British Museum) was long ascribed to Giulio Clovio alone; they were engraved by Coornhert, one of the most interesting personages of that illustrious period of

* One of these prints deserves at least a passing notice; it is that executed in 1550 by Æneas Vico, of Parma, and described with care by Doni in his 'Declaration' made at Venice in the same year. It is the chef d'œuvre of the artist, who was considered the first engraver of copper-plates of his day. The plate was shown to Charles, who having taken it into his hand, and leaning against a window, expressed a wish that many prints on paper should be taken from it, which, the plate being already gilt, could not be done. Hence the great rarity of the work, which has been reproduced in this volume, and also in another work, a fac simile of Doni's 'Declaration,' printed for Sir William Stirling Maxwell in 1868.

Dutch history; and they have now, in our age, been reproduced in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired.

The history of the copies ascribed to Giulio Clovio is itself a romance. The precious volume was bought in 1815 by Mr. Woodburn in Paris from a dealer, who said he had obtained it from a French cavalry officer, who brought it from the Escorial. It passed into the Grenville Library, where it was hailed with rapture by the connoisseurs of the day, who at once declared that 'as it had no superior' it must be the work of Giulio Clovio. But the fact is, that the whole evidence of its origin and transmission is loose and uncertain. No such volume is mentioned by Los Santos, Ximenes, Ponz, or any writers on the collections of the Escorial. There is no proof that it ever was there at all. Vasari says nothing of these 'Victories' in his life of Clovio. Dr. Dibdin himself remarked that the drawings 'partake too much of the Flemish, character;' and, in short, Sir William Stirling Maxwell sums up the discussion by a judgment that, although these copies on vellum are admirable works, yet that they essentially belong to the art of the Netherlands, and cannot be ascribed to Giulio Clovio at all. However this may be, they undoubtedly prove that the highest honour was paid to Heemskerck's designs, from which they do not materially differ.

As we have already said, the engraving of the 'Victories' is the work of Coornhert—a man remarkable for his skill in art, and for his disciples, Goltzius, Galle, and Jacob de Gheyn (to the first of whom we owe the splendid print of his illustrious and venerable master)—but far more remarkable for the part he played or would have played in the age of the Reformation—a broad Churchman between contending creeds and catechisms, a man of peace and law in the days of Orange and Alva. Bayle, who had a genuine sympathy for freedom of thought and independence of character, has recorded almost all that is known of Coornhert in an article of his dictionary, but Sir William repeats the story from original sources with so much truth and force, that we must pause to borrow it.

'Coornhert was born of a good family at Amsterdam in 1522. In his youth he travelled to Spain and Portugal, and on his return, marrying against his father's will, he was compelled to obtain a livelihood by becoming steward to Renaud van Brederode, Baron of Vianen. Not liking this life, he settled in Haarlem and supported himself and his wife by his graver.

'The theological disputes which now disturbed the Netherlands engaging his attention, and exciting his interest, he taught himself, at his leisure hours and the age of thirty, Greek and Latin, for the purpose of reading the works of the Christian Fathers in the original; and he

afterwards executed several translations from the works of classical writers, with so much force and eloquence that he is considered as one of the founders of the literature of the Low Countries. His religious researches and meditations led him to take up a middle position between the Church and her assailants. He stood almost alone in advocating perfect freedom of thought and speech, and in protesting against the dogmatism which pronounces oracular judgments on speculative questions, and seeks to enforce these judgments by pains and penalties. Holding himself aloof from all the sects of the day, he raised his voice against the monstrous assumptions, as well of Luther and Calvin as of Rome. He had arrived at the conclusion that no trustworthy interpretation of the Bible had yet been given; and he therefore advised that Christians should unite in some provisional and very simple form of worship, in which the Scriptures should be read, but no authoritative code of doctrine set forth, in a reasonable Interim of the broadest and least dogmatic kind, to remain in force until it should please God to raise up in his Church a new apostolic teaching, which all men might recognise. Admitting that the Protestant leaders had done good service by exposing and rebuking Popish errors, he maintained that each of them, in his own practice, lent his authority to the gravest error of all, the suppression of liberty of conscience; and, consciously or unconsciously, was bent on setting up a new papacy in favour of his own opinion. His words of wisdom met with the response that might be expected in an age of crass ignorance and fierce fanaticism. The new many-headed papists made haste to prove their affinity with the old, and to justify, by punishing, the strictures of Coornhert. He was soon engaged in a controversy, on the one hand with the Calvinist Beza, and on the other with Lipsius, during one of that learned man's periodical fits of Roman Catholicism. The reformers of Delft, hoarse with denouncing Granvelle and the Spanish Inquisition, raised their voices against Coornhert, and expelled him from their town. At Haarlem he was more justly appreciated, and was for some time secretary to its magistracy. He was frequently sent on official business to wait on the Prince of Orange, and gained the confidence of that great statesman and his chief partisans. In 1566 he was mainly concerned in drawing up the Remonstrance, presented to the Regent Duchess of Parma by Count Brederode in the name of the nobility of the Netherlands; and he wrote the first manifesto of Orange, entitled "Advice to the Netherlands." His religious and political principles bringing him within the grasp of the law, he was for a while imprisoned at the Hague, whence, on his release, he retired to Cleve, and lived there by the profits of his graver. When better times came, he returned to Holland, and was employed as secretary to the Estates of that province. But on endeavoring to obtain some mitigation of the insolence and exactions of the anti-royalist troops, he incurred so much odium as a favourer of papists, that he was again driven into exile at Emden. In 1581, being once more in Holland, when the exercise of the Catholic religion was forbidden, some of the leading adherents of the old faith at Haarlem induced him to prepare a petition to the Prince of Orange, setting forth their grievances. The petition was referred to the Estates. These

friends of liberty thereupon sent for its subscribers and its author, and compelled the subscribers to cancel their signatures, and the author to tear up his own handiwork.

‘Leader of a forlorn hope, Coornhert was filled with much of the aggressive spirit which belongs to the position. He displayed no less enthusiasm in favour of moderation and common sense than many of his antagonists brought to the support of the now forgotten dogmas which they desired to fasten upon the consciences of mankind. . . .

‘He was living in Tergou in 1589 when the Synod of South Holland met in that town. The inveterate controversialist immediately offered battle, to the reverend body in a letter which the divines returned, desiring him to address the Estates. He was busy on a translation of Erasmus’s Paraphrase of the New Testament, and had nearly completed it, when he was seized with the illness of which he died at Gouda on the 29th October 1590.

‘Coornhert was a man of many and various accomplishments, who took a singularly far and clear-sighted view of the requirements of the world, and of the tendencies of human thought. A scholar, a poet, a philosopher, and a politician, he appears to have sustained the life in which he played those various parts by the modest gains of the graver which has brought his name within the scope of these pages. Forty years after his death a friendly hand was found to collect his multifarious writings into three folios, and to write his life. From this biography we learn that he was one of the most amply reviled men of his day. Erasmus himself hardly fared worse at the hands of theologians of all camps and colours. Judas, Theudas, uncircumcised Goliath, new Muchiavel, semi-pagan, semi-idiot, are only a few of the names with which he was honoured.

‘After the dust had for several ages rested on him and his works, his little treatise on “Good Breeding” has been again given to the world, with a new and appreciative notice of his life, in which he is called “the first of popular moralists, perhaps the only true and logical Protestant of his time, the vigilant soldier of the freedom of the Netherlands, and the most genial, the oldest, and the most powerful, of the reformers of the Dutch tongue.”’

As we propose to follow our author in this excursion wherever it is his pleasure to lead us, the next subject which invites our notice is that of the devices and arms of Charles V., here imperially exemplified. The two-headed, and even three-headed eagle, of the united Houses of Austria and Burgundy is conspicuous on every page, and Sir William reminds us that this voracious bird suggested one of the few recorded pleasantries of Charles. Luigi Alamanni, a Florentine poet, whose Muse had not always paid court to Cæsar, for his patron was Francis I., had been sent by that King in 1544 to negotiate the peace of Cresp. Each sentence of the wearisome harangue it was his business to recite to the Emperor began with, ‘The Eagle.’ ‘The Eagle’ was become the king not of birds, but of men,

and so on. Charles took advantage of a break to interpose two lines from one of Alamanni's own poems,

‘L'Aquila grifagna,
Che per più devorar due becchi porta.’

Nothing abashed, the poet-orator continued his harangue. ‘In other days,’ said he with infinite address, ‘I wrote as a poet to whom fiction was permitted, and I now speak as an ambassador in the sober language of truth.’ The Emperor was so pleased with his readiness and spirit that, on rising to go to dinner, he placed his hand on his shoulder, and paid him a compliment.

The personal devices of Charles are still more interesting than his eagle:—

‘His usual and favourite Device was one of the most famous inventions of its class when such inventions were held in high esteem, in the age when, “the noble gentlemen of Europe, in adorning their glorious triumphs, declared their inward pretensions, purposes, and enterprises, not by speech or any apparent manner, but shadowed under a certain veil of forms or figures,” and when it was the fashion for men of all degrees to clothe in symbolic shape their sympathies or antipathies, their sorrows, joys, or affections, or the hopes and ambitions of their lives. It consisted of a pair of columns, usually surmounted, the dexter with the double or mitred imperial crown, the sinister with a closed royal crown, with the motto *Plus ultra*, or sometimes *Plus outre*, *Noch weiter*, *Più oltre*, *Mas allà*, according to the language of the country in which it was employed. The columns, or, to use the scientific dialect of Alciato and his fellow emblematisers, the body of the device, represented the Pillars of Hercules, the twin rocks of Calpe and Abyla rent asunder by the hero, which stand sentinel at the western gate of the Mediterranean; the motto, or soul, pointed to the new world beyond the Atlantic, over which the House of Austria, in right of the crown of Castile, claimed universal sway.

‘The invention of this device is ascribed by Paolo Giovio to Luigi Marliano, a Milanese, who, after having been for some time physician to the young king of Castile, took orders, and was promoted to the bishoprics first of Ciudad Rodrigo, and afterwards of Tuy. In bestowing upon Marliano his second mitre, Charles V. is recorded to have held out hopes of still further advancement by saying, ‘I will give more than this for the sake of the excellent *Plus ultra* you gave me.’ The ingenious prelate seems to have attended to his own interests more than his episcopal duties, for although he was bishop of Tuy from 1518 to his death in 1521, he never set foot in the diocese. Over and above his other virtues, says Giovio, Marliano “was a great mathematician, and devices of this kind, lively, illustrious, and neat, come not from the shop of gloved cats, but from most acute masters.” *

* ‘Giovio's words (*Dialogo*, p. 22) are—“Queste simili imprese suegliate illustre e nette, non escono della bottega di gatte inguantate,

"Of a truth these columns with their motto, considering the happy acquisition of the West Indies, which transcends all the glory of the ancient Romans, admirably satisfy, in themselves the eye, and in their meaning the mind, of all beholders."

"This imprese," says Ruscelli, "which has long been made so glorious all over the world, I leave both in its form and in its words, as it has been everywhere published. But I may say that the great Emperor, whose device it was, did not apply to it the words *Plus ultra*, but *Plus oultre*, which are Burgundian or French words. So read, they are fitting and elegant. But to say *Plus ultra* is neither good Latin, nor is it any other language; it being well known that in pure Latin these two words, *Plus* and *Ultra*, cannot be conjoined any more than *Plus Apud*, *Plus Ante*, *Plus Citra*, *Plus Extra*, *Plus Inter*, or *Plus Super*. It is no great wonder, indeed, that Italian or other painters or sculptors, understanding neither Latin nor Burgundian, should have made the device speak in their own way, and that taking *Plus* for Latin, they should have taken *Oultre* for a blunder, and corrected it into *Ultra*."

Ruscelli seems to have doubted Giovio's account of the authorship of the device. As editor of one of the reprints of Giovio's book, and a writer on Impresses who had himself made considerable use of it, he must have known that Giovio attributed the invention to Marliano. But he not only, in the above passage, passes over in silence the name of the Bishop of Tuy, but, elsewhere, seems to disallow his claim by remarking that "it is not clear" whether the Emperor's device "was the work of that supreme Prince himself, or whether it had been put into his mind by God, in augury of his becoming master of new worlds unknown to the ancients," and of the career in which "he surpassed the achievements, the virtues, and the glory of all other princes."

One pre-eminence the Device of Charles V. may claim, that of being the sole survivor of its countless and fanciful brotherhood. Of the Amorous and Military Impresses of Giovio, the Illustrious Impresses of Ruscelli, the Heroical Devices of Paradin, the vast repertory of Papal, Imperial, Royal, and Princely Symbols of Egidius Sadeler, the more select English Impresses of our own Camden, there is hardly one except the Pillars and *Plus ultra* which has remained familiar to the eyes of nineteenth-century men. The most famous of these inventions are now to be found only in old books or buildings, or in buildings or books which seek to revive the associations of the past. Granada and Toledo, Lisbon and Coimbra, in their proud chapels and monumental convents,

"ma d'argutissimi Maestri." S. Daniel (Sheet B, last leaf) renders them—"Commonly these picked *Imprese* spring not of light brains but of rare wittes;" preserving the general sense of the passage, but suppressing the image of the *gatte inguantate*. "Puss in gloves" is a figure of Italian speech, for which another most reverend prelate, eminent in proverbial lore, the Archbishop of Dublin, has been good enough to suggest 'Tom Allthumbs,' an old colloquial representative of unhandiness, as the nearest English equivalent.

still display the Ox-Yoke and the Arrow-Sheaf of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Sphere of Emanuel. The Salamander of Francis and the Crescents of Henry enrich the gay friezes and the carven panels at Chambord and Fontainebleau. In Vignola's exquisite halls, at desolate Caprarola, the Arrow and Butt and the Thunderbolt recall the restless ambition and the various fortunes of the Farnese. The numberless Devices of the Medici, the Yoke of Leo X., the Three interlaced Rings of Cosmo, the Ring and three Feathers, white green and red, of Lorenzo, the Falcon and Ring of Pietro, the Sun and Crystal Ball of Clement VII., the Comet of the gay and gallant Cardinal-Hippolito, the Rhinoceros of the wretched Duke Alessandro, still linger in the inlaid work and delicate frescoes of the palaces and villas that fringe the Arno, or hang on the brow of Fiesole. In our own New Palace of Westminster much well-smutted sculpture tells in ponderous Portcullis and bossy Rose of the royal lines of Plantagenet and Tudor. But whether addressing the solitary stranger or the busy crowd, these venerable symbols speak to unlearned eyes in a dead and forgotten language.

‘To the Pillars and *Plus Ultra* of Charles V. fate has accorded a longer span of life and a fuller measure of fame. Adopted by all his successors in the Spanish monarchy, and used as an adjunct of the royal arms, the columns of Hercules, tagged with their bad Latin, have long formed a distinguishing feature of the coinage of Spain.* Of all children of the mint, the Pillar Dollar has perhaps had the freest course from China to Peru, and has been the most honoured symbol of the wealth, and the most active agent of the commerce, of mankind.

‘There is another Device which Charles V. is said to have chosen for himself and sketched with his own hand, under circumstances which ought to render it illustrious amongst emblems. The story, it must be confessed, rests only on the authority of Anton-francesco Doni, a contemporary Italian writer, whose veracity is perhaps not unimpeachable, and who lost no opportunity of flattering the great. But the Emperor was dead before the anecdote was committed to writing, and nearly three centuries passed before it found its way to the press.

“See now,” says Doni, “what the great Emperor, the unvanquished Charles V., did when his majesty had against him the sea, and the weather, and fortune, in the heavy rain and cruel tempest which assailed him at Algiers. So soon as he was gotten on shipboard, with as much of his army as he could save, he set himself to draw a branch of coral, and with his own hand wrote upon the rock on which it was lashed and beaten with the waves, *Resisto*. As coral can be hurt neither by the lightning nor by the waves of the sea, under this figure he would show that in every fortune he was most constant and bold.”

This last-mentioned *Impresa* is now, we believe, first made known to the world from a manuscript in the possession of the author. †

The title of Emperor in the sixteenth century had still about

* ‘They are on the coins of the present revolutionary government.’

it a grandeur in which no secondary monarch shared. Francis I. and Henry VIII. were kings of no common mould and power, but Emperor there was but one, and the Fleming Charles, combining in his own person the inheritance of Burgundy, Spain, Austria, and the Indies, with the choice of the Holy Roman Electors, filled the loftiest throne and enjoyed the broadest sway that has fallen to the lot of any son of man. 'The office,' says Sir William, with even more than his wonted pungency, 'was surrounded with august and venerable associations which we can now but imperfectly recall. Heir of the universal sway of Rome, the holder of it claimed to be the suzerain of all earthly kings. First and oldest of European dignities, its very name had a sound of majesty, which it has lost since it has been vulgarised by Muscovite and Corsican, by black men and brown men in the New World, and, worst of all, degraded by the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine itself, in the meaningless title of Austria, and the bloody infamy of Mexico.' With all this grandeur and greatness, and with the singular fortune which attended Charles in most of his enterprises, it is not uninteresting to contrast his bodily infirmities. The following curious details have been collected from various sources, for the most part little known.

'Charles V. never enjoyed robust health, and while still in the prime of manhood, was troubled with asthma and gout. His ailments were very generally attributed to his habits of over-eating—habits which often attracted the notice of the ambassadors accredited to him, and were mentioned in their despatches and reports. He was just turned of thirty when his confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, wrote to him to urge him to leave off eating fish, which always disagreed with him, and added, "I am told that your chest can often be heard farther off than your tongue." Subsequent letters from the same honest counsellor contain many similar warnings, one of which closes with these words: "If your Majesty will give the reins to your appetite, I tell you that your conscience and bodily health must go down hill." The gout attacked him when he was little past thirty, and from his thirty-eighth year was the tormenting companion of his busy and troubled life. In 1549 the French ambassador Marillac wrote to his master Henry II. that the Emperor could not last long—that "he had a downcast jaded look, pale lips, a face rather like that of a dead than a living man, a lean and withered neck, a feeble voice, short breath, a very bent back, and legs so weak that he could hardly crawl, with the help of a staff, from his chamber to his dressing-room."

'Towards the close of 1550, Roger Ascham, secretary to the English ambassador, saw Charles V. at Augsburg, and thus recorded his impressions:—"I have seen the Emperor twice, first sick in his privy chamber at our first coming. He looked somewhat like the parson of Epurstone. He had on a gown of black taffety, and a furred night-

"cap on his head—Dutch-like, having a seam over the crown, like a great cod-piece. I saw him also on St. Andrew's Day, sitting at dinner at the feast of the Golden Fleece; he and Ferdinando [King of the Romans] both under one cloth of estate; then the Prince of Spain; all of one side, as the Knights of the Garter do in England. . . . I stood hard by the Emperor's table. He had four courses; he had sod beef—very good, roast mutton, baked hare; these be no service in England. The Emperor hath a good face, a constant look; he fed well of a capon; I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chamber. He and Ferdinando eat together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The Emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine."*

Marino Cavalli, ambassador of Venice at the imperial court in 1551, describes the Emperor in his fifty-first year, as "in very bad health on account of the fits of gout which torment him horribly all winter, and sometimes at other seasons. The doctors say the disorder has begun to attack his head, and being there might cut him off suddenly. He has been also many times afflicted with asthma; and were it not for careful diet and medicines he would not now be alive, and every one says that his life will be short."

Early in 1554 his health and spirits were so much shaken that the French ambassador at Constantinople was instructed to inform Solymán the Magnificent that his great Christian rival had lost the use of an arm and a leg; that he was utterly unfit for business, and spent his time in taking watches to pieces and putting them together again: that he was gradually going out of his mind; and that his sister, the Queen of Hungary, permitted him to be seen only at the far end of a long gallery, where he showed himself sitting in his chair, and looking more like a statue than a man. In spite, however, of apparent incapacity, he that year succeeded, greatly to the chagrin of France, in adding the crown-matrimonial of England to the many diadems which were to be worn by his son Philip. But in writing to Mary Tudor to thank her for agreeing to become his daughter-in-law, he was obliged to use the hand of the Queen of Hungary, his own being disabled by gout.

At his abdication of the sovereignty of the dominions of Burgundy, on the 25th of October, 1555, he was able to ride his mule from his lodge in the park at Bruxelles to the palace where the ceremony was held in the great hall. In walking to his place he was observed to support himself on his staff, as well as on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, on whom he leaned when he rose to speak; and in the middle of his speech he was obliged to sit down to rest.

* "Letter, dated Augsburg, 20 Jan. 1551, to Edward Raven, in *The Whole Works of Roger Ascham*. London, 1864-5. 3 vols. 8°, part i. letter cxvii. pp. 243-271. The passage quoted occurs at p. 267, and the letter is a very graphic journal of the writer's observations from the 3d of Oct. 1550—the date of his leaving England for Germany."

‘On Palm Sunday 1556, he received the Admiral de Coligny, ambassador of France, for the truce between Philip II. and Henry II. The Frenchman and his brilliant following, who nearly filled the small room in the Imperial lodge, found Charles dressed in a citizen’s black gown of Florence serge, and a Mantua bonnet, sitting beside his black writing-table. When the letter of the French king was put into the Emperor’s hand, it was with some difficulty that his gouty fingers broke the broad official seal. “What will you say of me, my Lord Admiral?” said he; “am I not a brave cavalier to break a lance with; I, who can hardly open a letter?”

‘The Venetian ambassador, Badoer, who saw him soon afterwards, reported that he found him “in very good bodily health, and more “cheerful in his eyes and movements than I had ever seen him before.” But during the eleven months which elapsed between his abdication and his embarkation for Spain, he was frequently confined to bed; and his general condition may be judged of by the assurance given by himself to an Italian visitor, whom he wished to persuade of the reality of his removal to Spain, which had been much doubted:—“I will “certainly go, even if I have to be thrown on shipboard like a wool-pack.”’

Our limits forbid us to dwell on the memorable scene of the capture of Francis I. at Pavia, admirably related from the Chronicles of Sandoval; but the portraiture of the age of Charles V. would be incomplete without the following graphic sketch of his great rival, as he appeared on the morning of the battle.

‘The King of France in his armour went about from squadron to squadron, and he wore over his mail a surcoat of brocade and brown velvet chequer wise, with many F’s embroidered thereon in velvet on the brocade and in brocade on the velvet, and with cords of gold and brown silk. On his helmet he wore a great yellow and brown plume, the feathers drooping down to the horse’s flanks, and from the midst of them rose a brown pennon with a red salamander, having above it a great gilt F, and round it the words, “*Ista vice et non plus*,” which means, “This time, and no more.” This motto he bore because he thought on that day certainly to make himself lord of Italy.’

Everybody knows the result, which has been described by Sir William with great animation, down to the liberation of the King. The celebrated *mot* attributed to Francis, ‘*Tout est perdu fors l’honneur!*’ has unfortunately evaporated under the touch of M. Fournier and modern inquirers. The truth is, that the captive King was allowed to write to his mother a letter of some twenty lines, in which the words occur, ‘*de toutes choses ne m’est demouré que l’honneur et la vie qui es/ sauve.*’

We pass over the sack of Rome by the Constable, and the death of that personage, which forms the third of Heemskerck’s

subjects, and proceed to the siege of Clement VII. in St. Angelo, admirably and humorously described in the following passage :—

‘ The castle of St. Angelo was strong enough to afford the sovereign Pontiff a tolerably secure refuge from the tumultuous fury of the Roman people, but not strong enough and not sufficiently provided to stand a regular siege. It was, however, several days before the Prince of Orange could recall from the delights of the sack troops enough to invest the place. The siege, when formed, was languidly carried on; and for four weeks, at a given hour of the night, Benvenuto Cellini, who was set as chief artilleryman over the four guns in the Angel battery, the highest in the fortress, continued to discharge three of them and light three beacon-fires, in sign to the friends of the Papal cause that the castle still held out. Clement VII. had fair grounds for expecting relief from the army of the League. The Duke of Urbino commanded that army; and the Signory of Venice, whose general the Duke was, peremptorily ordered him to rescue the Holy Father, even at the risk of a battle. Urbino therefore detached Guido Rangone with the Papal troops to take post at Montemario, three miles from Rome, he himself leading the rest of his force thither by another road. For a few hours Rangone’s welcome banners were seen from the Castle of St. Angelo, but the Pope had the vexation to see them again disappear to the northwards. Meanwhile the unfortunate Pope was left to the recreations of watching Cellini bisect swaggering Spanish colonels with his swivel gun, or superintending the same artist in the melancholy process of breaking up Papal and Medicean jewels, melting the gold, and sewing the gems into the Pontifical body-clothes. Whatever the jealousies and the treacheries of the rest of the garrison, the bold sculptor, if we are to believe his own story, at least did his duty. By the accuracy of his gunnery, and his fertility in shifts and surprises, he astonished both friend and foe; and having already killed Bourbon, he very nearly did as much for Orange, wounding him severely in the face and killing the mule on which he was ambling round the trenches.

‘ From the day when he entered St. Angelo, Clement, while in frequent communication with the army of the League, had been more or less engaged in treating or intriguing with the enemy. On the 7th of May he sent for Gattinara, imperial commissioner attached to the army, and had many interviews with him during that month; the artillery and harquebus practice going on on both sides unabated. Repairing to one of these consultations, Gattinara received a ball through his right arm, which disabled him for some time from using his pen. Clement was plainly in a state of abject terror, willing to purchase his safety at the price of any humiliation. He was wholly oblivious to what was due to the dignity of his crown and the justice of his cause. Three months had scarcely passed since he had made eight months’ truce with the Emperor, but the Imperial troops had nevertheless sacked his capital, outraged his cardinals and prelates, stabled their horses in the Vatican and St. Peter’s, and were now besieging his own sacred person in St. Angelo. But instead of remonstrating with the

Emperor's representatives against this flagrant breach of faith, his language was that of a man who had offended and wronged a powerful master, and desired forgiveness and peace on any terms. In the presence of thirteen cardinals the poor man, who called himself God's viceroy upon earth, was not ashamed to tell Gattinara, at their first meeting, "that since fortune, on which he had too much relied, had brought him to this pass, he would not think of any resistance, but was content to place his own person, his cardinals, and his state, in the Emperor's hands," and with tears to beg for the commissioner's friendly mediation with the captains of the army.

The object bearing of Clement towards the Imperial commissioner is scarcely explicable except on the supposition either that he had himself violated the conditions of the eight-months' truce, and was therefore precluded from using the language of injured innocence, or that he desired to keep secret his hopes of relief by the army of the League. These secret hopes, if indeed it had been possible to conceal them from the knowledge of Gattinara, he was at last obliged to confess. The terms of the surrender of the castle had been virtually agreed upon the day before Urbino reached Isola and the banners of Rangone appeared on Montemario. The commissioner urged the completion of the transaction, saying that the Imperial troops would wait no longer. Unable to invent further pretexts for protracting the negotiations, Clement then owned that he had advices that the Confederates were at hand, and asked for six days' respite, promising if not relieved within that time to complete the capitulation. Gattinara somewhat contemptuously replied that the Imperial army being always victorious had no fear of the relief being effected; and he warned the Pontiff that its leaders might take such an answer for a rupture of the parley, and immediately storm the castle. Clement and his Cardinals "greatly bewildered sat gazing on each other," and asked for a quarter of an hour for consultation. A wrangle ensued between the French faction, who were for waiting at all hazards for succour, and those in whom fear of the German and the Spaniard was stronger than faith in the power and goodwill of Urbino. But the demand for six days being persisted in, Gattinara carried that answer back to Orange and his captains. The trembling churchmen had the satisfaction of discerning that the threatened assault was a mere flourish of the civilian mediator. Orange indeed ordered the digging of a new trench across the approaches to the castle, to render evasion or succour impossible. But even for this purpose it was found not very easy to muster a sufficient number of the soldiers, demoralised by licence and plunder, nor was it effected until it had been ascertained that Urbino's army was close to the city.

The capitulation finally took place on the 6th of June.

The chief conditions imposed on the Pope were the payment of 300,000 crowns, of which one-third was to be paid within six and one-sixth within twenty days, hostages being given for the rest; the surrender to the Emperor, for a time, of St. Angelo, Civita Castellana, Civita Vecchia, and Ostia, and the cession, in perpetuity, of Parma and

Piacenza; and full pardon to the Colonnas, with restoration of their estates and dignities. On the fulfilment of these terms, Clement and his Cardinals were to be allowed to retire to Naples; but until then they were to remain prisoners at St. Angelo.

Whatever were the real feelings of Charles V. on hearing that his army had sacked Rome and held the Pope to ransom, he affected to receive the intelligence with grief and horror. He stopped the rejoicings which were taking place on occasion of the birth of his first-born, he went with all his court into mourning; by his order prayers arose at the altars, and processions thronged the aisles of the great Spanish churches, in hope of obtaining from heaven for the Pope that deliverance which Charles himself could at any moment have given him by a stroke of his pen. To the princes, his allies, he wrote disclaiming all knowledge of the intentions of Bourbon, and disowning and condemning the acts of his troops, adding, in the letter to the King of England, that "albeit he supposed the thing to have happened unto the Pope by the just judgment of God, he would so use the matter that this same calamity should be the beginning and occasion of the health of the Commonwealth."

The Spaniards having taken possession of the Castle of St. Angelo, the person of the Pope became the charge of Don Fernando de Alarcon, as the Spanish officer of highest rank, a veteran who had been distinguished by his valour and conduct in the wars of the past century, when the Moors were driven from Granada and the French from Naples, and who, in the recent campaign, had had the custody of Francis I. In the fortress in which, in an evil hour, Clement VII. had sought what he believed to be temporary shelter, he had to suffer an imprisonment of seven months, enduring always the pains of degradation, uncertainty, and fear, and sometimes unexpected hardship and peril. The fine imposed upon him was, on one pretext or another, raised from 300,000 to 400,000 crowns. Church-plate was melted, and red hats and other dignities were sold, but the proceeds fell short of the required sum. Difficulties presented themselves in the fulfilment of other stipulations of the treaty. Ostia was held by Andrea Doria, then in the service of Francis I., and Civita Castellana was in the hands of the League, and neither would acknowledge the capitulation. Famine prevailed at Rome, and asses' flesh was served at the Pontifical table. After the famine came a pestilence, which raged in the castle with effect so deadly that Alarcon removed the Pope for some weeks to the Belvedere of the Vatican.

The humiliation of Clement VII. was so complete that the animosity of even his hostile Cardinals began to soften to pity. Their hatred of the Pope yielded to their fears for the Papacy. The keeper of the keys of heaven and hell locked up in his own house and screaming from the windows for help which never came, was a spectacle which it was their interest to remove from the gaze of the wondering world. Cardinal Colonna, chief of the Spanish party, lately the Pope's arch-enemy and the hereditary friend of Alarcon, thought to turn that friendship to the advantage of the captive. If the veteran would aid or wink at the Pope's escape, the Cardinal was authorised to promise him

two red hats for his brother and another relative at his choice, and 30,000 crowns for himself. Alarcon refused the bribe, doubled his vigilance, and forbade his officers and men to accept any of the presents with which their prisoner endeavoured to win them to his wishes. This inconvenient fidelity did not lose the brave Castilian the favour of the Pontiff, who always acknowledged the courtesy and kindness with which his jailor fulfilled his disagreeable duties. Alarcon did not approve the policy of the master whom he served so well. Regarding the imprisonment of the Holy Father with the feelings partly of a politician and partly of an old Christian who had fought against the Moor, he used his best exertions to bring it to an end. "It is an unseemly thing," he wrote to Don Hugo de Moncada, "and it gives the Emperor a bad name, and causes the very stones of Christendom to rise against him . . . I believe the Pope, as a man, has deserved at God's hands all he has endured; but as to the place of God which he fills, that, in my opinion, ought to be treated with more respect."

'The Pontiff's release seems in the end to have been mainly owing to the apprehensions of the Emperor, when he discovered that as Alarcon wrote many other men thought, and that his own attempt to hoax God and man about his share in the captivity of his Holiness had been only partially successful. Catholic Europe began to be shocked at the Holy Roman Emperor keeping Christ's Vicar in durance, and all Europe to be alarmed at the rapid growth of the imperial power. Henry VIII. had already broken off his friendly relations with Charles, and allied himself to Francis I. Don Hugo de Moncada, the new Viceroy of Naples, was therefore ordered to Rome, to conclude, for the second time, an arrangement for the Pope's liberation. He came on the 31st of October, and was engaged in the business for several weeks. From some of the harder conditions of the capitulation, especially that which imposed retirement into the enemy's power at Naples, the Pontiff bought relief with more gold, which he obtained by a further sale of the Roman purple. Difficulties, distrust, and disloyalty marked the progress of the negotiations, from their commencement in May to their close in December. Everything, to all appearance, settled, the 9th of December was fixed for the Pope's restoration to liberty.' But on the night of the 8th Clement put on an old cloak and slouched hat, and the pack of a pedlar, and in that disguise, eluding the notice of the sentinels, stole out of the castle. At a postern of the Vatican he found a swift horse and a single attendant, placed there, it was said, by his old enemy Cardinal Colonna; and riding all night, he made his way to Orvietto. Rome was not relieved of the remains of the army of Bourbon until the spring of 1528, the occupation having lasted ten months. Nor was it till the 6th of October in that year that Clement, pale, sick, and dejected, returned to his ruined and desecrated capital, over which, at the moment of his entry, burst a storm of unusual violence, which was followed by extraordinary floods.

'In the winter of 1529 the Emperor and the Pope met by agreement in the Papal town of Bologna, and Charles piously kissed the foot of his late prisoner. Peace was made between them at the price

of the liberties of unhappy Florence, which the imperial troops were sent to reduce to obedience to the vile yoke of the Medici. They passed some weeks together in apparent cordiality, and on the 22nd and 24th of February 1530, the crowns of the Roman Empire and of Lombardy were placed on the brow of Charles by the hands of Clement.'

Although Charles V. passed his life in arms, and war was the chief business of his reign, it must be confessed that his military talents added little to his fame.* He was not at Pavia, when his more chivalrous and martial rival, Francis, surrendered his sword to Lannoy. He was not at Rome when Bourbon sacked the city, and the Pope became the prisoner of the Emperor. It was not till 1532 that he for the first time took the command of a great army against Solymán the Magnificent, and, although the result of the campaign was successful, it was not marked by any great achievement. The expedition against Tunis was, perhaps, the most brilliant of his personal exploits, for he vanquished Barbarossa, and set free 20,000 Christian slaves. But he failed at Algiers, and the close of his reign was marked by reverses which sometimes threatened the personal safety of the Emperor. There is, therefore, a sort of arrogance in the title of a work like that of Heemskerck; and the chief victories of Charles V. were due to his generals and to his knowledge of mankind more than to his own prowess.

The great contest of his life was not so much in the wars of honour and political rivalry which he waged against France and the Turk, as in the memorable struggle against the Protestant League. Although in 1545 and the following years the physical strength of Charles was abated by his infirmities, and the idea of a premature abdication had already

* There is, however, a tradition that in his boyhood he was more addicted to arms and sports than to severer studies; and Sir William has exhumed from an old Saxon chronicle by one David Chytræus, the following characteristic anecdote:—'In 1547, Charles V. sent for Lucas Cranach the elder, who was then in attendance on his master, the Elector John Frederick, in order that he might see a picture which the painter had just finished. It was there, in his camp before Wittenberg, that the Emperor asked Cranach if he could tell him how old he was when a portrait of him, by Cranach, then in his cabinet at Mechlin, was painted. "Your Majesty," said the painter, "was then eight years old, and looking about you as boys will, your tutor, to keep your attention fixed, hung up a fine sword on the wall. You never turned your eyes away from it, and I was able to finish my picture." Before he took his leave, the loyal Saxon pleaded for his captive master, and received a gracious reply as well as a present.'

occupied his thoughts, he displayed in those campaigns an energy and a skill not shown in any of his more youthful expeditions. He temporised as long as possible with the chiefs of the Reformation in Germany. His policy towards them—even towards Luther and his followers—was not marked by the intolerant bigotry of his less glorious son. The Protestant form of worship was tolerated in the Imperial camp. But he was resolved to vindicate the authority of the Empire and to defend the unity of the faith. Several of the princely families of Germany, already Protestant, and subsequently most attached to the Protestant cause—Joachim of Brandenburg, Frederick the Elector Palatine, even Maurice of Saxony, had been prevented by his diplomacy from joining the League. It consisted mainly of Electoral Saxony, Hessen, Württemberg, and the Imperial cities. The mustering place was at Ulm; and the Protestant army assembled 70,000 or 80,000 foot, 10,000 horse, and 130 guns. Had they attacked the Emperor at once, before the Papal and Spanish troops joined him through the Tyrol, the result might have been different. Charles, aware of his danger and resolved to meet it, declared, ‘Dead or alive, I remain in Germany.’

‘Although sorely troubled by his old enemy the gout, the Emperor went everywhere and saw everything. Sometimes he had to use a litter, but he was most commonly on horseback, riding with his right foot supported by a cloth bandage instead of a stirrup. One day, near Solten, it appeared that the enemy were about to attack him in force, and the Duke of Alba was preparing for a battle. “If they want to fight,” said Charles, “I am sure I desire it no less,” and, calling for his cuirass and arm-pieces, he caused them to be fastened on as he sat in the saddle, being unable to alight without great difficulty. One bitter snowy night, during a forced march, he was still on horseback at midnight; and once, he took the command of the troops ordered to support a night attack led by Alba. The attack was not made, because the enemy had been forewarned; so the Emperor passed part of the night wrapped in a wolf-skin cloak in a covered cart, and returned to the camp with his soldiers before the dawn of a winter’s morning. When the army was encamped, he was always riding about, observing its discipline and condition, or exploring the adjacent country. At the dinner-hour he would halt and make his meal with the nearest regiment. The pious soldiery of Spain were sometimes edified by seeing, through the tent-door, left open on purpose, their Emperor kneeling in prayer before a crucifix. In spite of his infirm health, he neglected none of the arts of a popular general; and the historian of the League confessed that in times of “so great danger, the Emperor’s heart and “courage was wonderful good, and not only declared no token of fear “himself, but also boldened others exceedingly.”

‘As autumn faded into winter, the weather became very severe.’

Heavy rains soaked the ground, and flooded the rivers, made quagmires of the roads, checked the passage of supplies, and produced much disease and misery in both camps. Frost of unusual intensity followed; sentinels were frozen to death on their posts, and frost-bitten noses and eyes, fingers and toes, were rife in both armies. Each host hoped that the other would be broken up by the hardships common to both.

The chief command of the Imperial forces was vested in the Duke of Alva—not then the sanguinary zealot who was stained with the blood of the Netherlands, but a young captain of thirty-eight, known for his skill and energy in war, his loyalty to the House of Austria, and even for his taste in the polite arts. The Imperial army consisted of 35,000 foot, and between 3,000 and 4,000 horse. Again, after the so-called bombardment of Ingolstadt, the Emperor owed his safety to the hesitation of his enemies; and their subsequent division and retreat left him at liberty to open his communications with the Low Countries. But that retreat was the result of Charles's diplomacy. He had suborned Maurice of Saxony to betray the cause of his family and his faith by a promise of aggrandisement at the cost of his nearest kinsman; and it was the perfidious attack of Maurice on Electoral Saxony which compelled John Frederick the Elector reluctantly to separate from his allies, and march back to defend his own territories. The separation was fatal; the theatre of war was transferred from the Danube to the Elbe; and John Frederick stood alone in his encounters with the forces of Spain and the Empire. The result was the destruction of his branch of the House of Saxony for many generations, and the extinction of the League. The final contest, and the most memorable day of the life of Charles, was reserved for the following year, when on the 24th of April, 1547, after the battle of Mühlberg, John Frederick of Saxony was, like Francis and the Pope in former days, brought a prisoner to the Imperial camp.*

Sir William Stirling Maxwell has illustrated the tenth of Heemskerck's plates which represents this scene, with extracts from the Commentaries of Don Luis de Avila, translated into English by one John Wilkinson, and published in London in 1555. The rarity of the book and the spirit with which it tells that heroic tale, leads us to think the narrative will not be read without interest.

* Heemskerck gives us no design of the battle of Mühlberg, but only of the surrender of John Frederick after his defeat. Sir William has supplied this deficiency by re-producing a very fine engraving of the passage of the Elbe, by Eneas Vico, from the collection of Alfred Morrison, Esq.

“The Elector, whose army was much scattered over his own territory and Bohemia, was neither prepared to meet them nor disposed to believe in their approach. He himself was now at Meissen, a town which he had taken from Duke Maurice, with about 6,000 foot, and 2,000 or 3,000 horse. Upon hearing that the enemy was in motion, he broke down the bridge of Meissen, and slowly retired along the right bank of the Elbe, towards his capital of Wittenberg. In that stronghold, at Gotha, and other fortresses, he possessed resources by which, in the opinion of Avila, he might have protracted the war for years. To cut him off from these places was the present object of Charles, who had therefore intended crossing the river at Meissen, and bringing him to a battle. But having arrived within three leagues of Meissen, and learning that the Elector had retired, the Emperor determined to follow the course of the stream and the Saxons, and cross the river lower down at Mühlberg. On the evening of the 23d of April, he was informed that John Frederick was in that town. He therefore pushed on, and during the night halted on the bank opposite to Mühlberg.

“‘This,’ said Avila, ‘is the Elbe, so often named by the Romans, and so seldom seen of them.’ It is here about 300 paces wide, and the right bank, on which stands the mill and village held by the Saxons, is much higher than the left, on which the Imperialists were posted. The left bank was not only low and flat, but quite open, there being no cover except a small low wood, at some little distance from the water’s edge. The stream was usually spanned by a boat-bridge, but the Saxons had divided it into three parts, and drawn it over to their own side. They had also thrown up a low breastwork on the bank to cover their artillery. On the morning of Sunday, 24th of April, the country was enveloped in so thick a fog, that it was eight o’clock before objects could be discerned. The Imperial engineers were early at work getting ready their pontoons under cover of a strong body of arquebusers, and posting some guns amongst the trees. As soon as the troops could see, a brisk interchange of fire took place. The Spaniards, encouraged by the presence of the Emperor, approached the edge of the stream. The Saxons, to reply the better, manned their boats and pushed towards the centre. The Spaniards, not to be outdone, waded into the water up to their waists, and after a while succeeded in driving the boats back to shore with many killed and wounded, and the rest of the crews crouching down to avoid the bullets. Meanwhile the engineers, finding that they were short of pontoons, ten gallant Spaniards stripped themselves naked, and swimming with their swords in their teeth, boarded, captured, and brought across several of the enemies’ boats, in spite of the efforts made by the Saxons to set them on fire. A miller, whose horses had been seized by the people of the Elector, out of revenge volunteered to show the ford, and the light cavalry had safely passed, each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind him, before the enemy became aware of the necessity of disputing the passage. Avila, who rode with his master, has thus described the manner in which Charles crossed the Elbe:—“Then the Emperor and the King of the Romans, with their esquadrons, came to the river. The Emperor rode upon a dark dun Spanish horse, presented by

"Monsieur de Rye, his first Chamberlain. He rode in white armour gilt, having no other apparel but a broad band of taffata crimson, and a Dutch morion, a demilance like a javelin in his hand. He rode as they write of Julius Caesar when he passed the Rubicon speaking these notable words. . . . So . . . the Emperor did take the water, following the milner who was our guide. He did take the way more upon the right hand, above in the stream, than the horsemen which were past before. The ground was hard, but the deep was above the knees of most of the horsemen, and in some places they did swim a little stretch. In this sort we passed the river, the ford extending 300 paces. The Emperor commanded to be given to the guide two horses and 100 crowns." Nor were the stout swimmers who had captured the Saxon boats overlooked. Some weeks after, the Emperor, because amongst great things he would not forget the little, commanded to be given to the soldiers the which did swim to get the barges, to every one a garment of crimson after their fashion and thirty crowns with the advantage of their banners," which probably meant promotion in their ranks. One of them, Alonso de Cespedes, attained the grade of captain, and after much hard fighting in various parts of the world, was slain in the Morisco rebellion in the Alpuxarras, and obtained the honours of biography as the Castilian Hercules.

Mühlberg was then evacuated by the Saxons, and the bridge being completed, the Imperial infantry, heavy cavalry, and artillery, passed the Elbe in the afternoon. The apathy of the Elector, in this crisis of his fortunes, is as inexplicable as it was disastrous. He would not believe that he had to do with the Imperial army, and persisted that the enemy was a mere flying party belonging to Duke Maurice. He had therefore sent on, early in the morning, the main body of his infantry towards Torgau, and went to hear a sermon in the church. His devotions and breakfast done, he got into his carriage, and, with an escort of cavalry, took the road to Torgau and Wittenberg, leaving the battle upon which his crown depended raging along the Elbe in his rear.

Having crossed the river, "the Emperor," says Avila, "with a high trot as men of arms may suffer, followed the way after his enemies, in the which way he found a crucifix standing as it is commonly used. It was shot with a hackbut in the midst of the breast. This was of the Emperor so abhorred, that he could not dissemble his ire. Seeing so vile a deed, he looked up toward heaven and said, 'Lord, if it be thy will, thou art of power to be revenged.' These words spoken, he rode out through the plain and open field."

His light cavalry and such infantry as had crossed the ford, led by the Duke of Alba and Duke Maurice, immediately pushed forward in pursuit of the Saxons. Alba was clad in white armour, with long white plumes floating from his helmet far down his back, and he was mounted on a white Spanish horse. Maurice, on learning the movements of the Elector, sent a trumpet after him to summon him to surrender to the Emperor; but John Frederick, unshaken in his delusion that he was dealing merely with his audacious kinsman and a handful of troops, replied that these were words to amuse an invalid with.

Alba overtook the Saxons about four in the afternoon. The Elector, at last aware of his danger, drew up his infantry on the edge of the wood of Lochau; where they might have been expected to resist, for some time at least, an onset of horse. But after the first volley, they gave way and fled into the wood, and the battle became a rout and a slaughter; a disaster attributed by some to a panic amongst the soldiery, by others to treason amongst the officers. The Elector, conspicuous by his huge bulk, clad in black armour striped with white, and mounted on a strong grey Friseland charger, did his utmost to rally the fugitives. But he was soon surrounded by the hussars, wounded in the left cheek, and forced to surrender his sword, which, however, he would give up only to a German. Two thousand Saxons were slain; eight hundred were made prisoners with their prince; and twenty-one guns were taken. The loss of the Imperialists was about fifty men.

The Emperor had meanwhile entered the wood with the King of the Romans and their staff. Avila, in a passage which is corroborated by other writers, but with which Heemskerck's design does not agree, describes the meeting, of which he was an eye-witness, between the victorious Emperor and the captive Protestant chief:—

“Now we being in the midst of the wood, the Emperor being there staid; and commanded the men of arms to recoil, for all went so dispersed and out of order that the winners and losers were ruffled together; wherefore he would make sure the victory if any inconvenience should succeed to them that went before. The Emperor and King came together, which verily showed the courage of a king. The Duke of Alba came from the chase, in white armour gilt, and a band of red, upon a bay horse, without any other garnishing but of the blood of the wound he brought. The Emperor received him joyfully, and not without cause; and there being, it was said unto the Emperor that the Duke of Saxony was taken and his prisoner, pretending to be the principals, two men of arms, Spaniards of those of Naples, and three or four light horsemen, Spaniards and Italians, one Hungarian, and a captain Spaniard. The Emperor commanded to bring him, and so he was brought before him. He came upon a griseld horse, in a great shirt of mail, and thereupon a pair of black curates, being bloody of a wound that he had in his left side. The Duke of Alba came upon his right hand and presented him unto the king. The Duke of Saxony would alight on foot, taking off his glove to him, touched the Emperor by the hand after the manner of Almayne, but the Emperor would have neither the one nor the other. Then he being bareheaded said, ‘Most mighty and most gracious Emperor, I am your prisoner.’ To this the Emperor answered, ‘Now ye call me Emperor; this is another name than ye have given me in times past.’ And this he said, for when the Duke of Saxony and the Landgrave did lead the camp of the League they would write him in their letters but Charles of Ghent. To these words the Duke of Saxony made no answer, but hunched up his shoulders, and hanged down his head with a countenance like worthy to be blamed as a barbarous, bragging, proud man as he hath been.”

This campaign was the most brilliant of Charles's military life, and this moment the most triumphant of his reign.

'Quod in cœlis Sol, in terrâ Cæsar est,'

to quote another of his mottoes.' As if to leave him in solitary grandeur to fill the stage of Europe, Francis I. died some twenty-five days before the battle of Mûhlberg was fought. All hope of support from France to the disaffected Princes was at an end. The Confederacy was broken up and crushed. Its chiefs were reduced to the condition of captives, dragged along in the train of their conqueror. The authority of the Emperor was for the first time asserted and established within the Empire to a degree which reduced its feudal constitution to a shadow of the past. Charles, it must be said, used the power of his rank and the power of his sword with the utmost arrogance and harshness. He was pitiless and unforgiving to his antagonists; he was secret and ungenerous to his friends. A stern selfishness seemed to have entire possession of his soul, as if the vast pre-eminence which had been accorded to him above all men had indeed raised in him a sort of belief in the superiority of his own nature. If, however, that dream of superhuman greatness passed over him, he was rudely awakened from it by the pangs of disease, defeat, and disappointment.

Before we quit this important passage in the life of Charles, to which Sir William has contributed numerous particulars from contemporary writers, previously but little known, we are tempted to transfer to our pages his very remarkable sketch of the two great rival Saxon Princes.

'In his brief career Maurice had the singular fate to be, within a very few years, feared and hated above all other men, first, by the Protestants, and next by the Catholics, to whom he had done, in turn, the most signal injuries and services. Born in the birth-time and cradle of German Protestantism, and nurtured in a hotbed of the fiercest Lutheran 'zeal, he held to the Lutheran faith with the languid adherence of a politician of a later age. His father, Henry the Pious, had been disinherited for his Protestantism by his elder brother Duke George the Rich, who left his states to the King of the Romans. The Elector John Frederick maintained Duke Henry in his hereditary rights by force of arms, and becoming the guardian of his children, also protected the minority of Maurice. Brought up in the Elector's house, Maurice married the daughter of Philip, Landgrave of Hessen. In taking arms, therefore, against the Protestants, Maurice was deaf to the calls of blood, obligation, family alliance, and religion. His conduct was rendered still blacker by its cool and deliberate treachery. Although he had always declined to join the League of Schmalkalden, he contrived to retain to the last moment the confidence of its chiefs; "he was ready with his counsel, and promised his aid to help forward their

"enterprise;" and the Elector of Saxony had even confided his states to the keeping of the man by whom they were soon after seized, in obedience to an Imperial order, procured it was believed by himself. The excuses urged in behalf of Maurice were, that his bringing up in the Elector's court was none of the best; that he "had always plenty of drink, and as much scant of good teaching," and that the guardian "chopped and changed lands as he listed," with the ward, "which thing," the ward "much disliked, and oft complaining, could never obtain remedy therein."

'Having been the Emperor's chief ally in crushing the League of Schmalkalden, Maurice became in a few years the soul of a new Protestant confederacy, which checked and humbled the Emperor at Passau. Personal interest being his guiding principle of action, it is only his genius that fascinates the student of his life. Resolved to be the chief prince of his house, he was willing to reach the Electoral throne by the aid of the Emperor and his foreign troops. But he was deeply mortified by the Emperor's treatment of his father-in-law the Landgrave of Hessen, treatment for which Maurice, though he had protested against it, was generally held responsible in Germany, and which he therefore resented as a personal injury and affront. "The strange soldier" and the Spaniard, although he had used them for his own purposes, he hated with the hatred of a German; and when, biding his time, he found an opportunity of vengeance, "he took such matters in hand, and brought them so to pass, as he recovered the love of his countrymen, and purchased such hate of his enemies as the Spaniards took their displeasure from all others, and bestowed wholly upon Duke Maurice."

'Within the few last months of his life, this petty prince had measured arms or wits with the four greatest powers in the world, the Pope, the Emperor, the French King, and the Turk, "and had won praise against them all four." He had chased the doctors of the church from their council-chamber at Trent, the Emperor from his fireside at Innsbruck; he had checked Henry on the Rhine, and the Pashas of Solymán on the Danube. The Imperial general Castaldo, who was "not wont to say better, or love any men more, than he should, specially Germans and Protestants," wrote of Maurice that "he had marked him well, and of all men that ever he had seen, he had a head to forecast the best with policy and wit, and a heart to act upon it with courage and speed, and also a discretion to stay most wisely on the very prick of advantage." Of no leader could more be said than was said of Maurice, that he was "so witty and secret, so hardy and ware, so skilful of ways both to do harm to others and keep hurt from himself, as he never took enterprise in hand, wherein he put not his adversary always to the worse."

'Cut off at the age of thirty-two, he is one of the few men of whom it may be reasonably said that his life and his death affected the fortunes of his race and country. Had he been the leader of the League of Schmalkalden, instead of a captain in the opposite camp, the House of Austria might have been driven out of Germany in 1546, and the triumph of the Reformation then assured. Had his life been extended

to the ordinary span, he might have completely repaired the disasters which he himself had mainly brought upon Protestantism, and as the guide and supporter of the tolerant Maximilian, he might have altered for several ages the melancholy complexion of German history.'

His sketch of the close of the life of John Frederick is equally interesting, the more so as from him descended the late Prince Consort, and consequently the future reigning House of England.

'John Frederick of Saxony remained in captivity for five years, led about in the train of the Emperor, from Germany to the Netherlands, and from the Netherlands to Germany, in weary land journeys, or in barges up and down the Rhine. In 1548 he refused to accept, or to recommend to his people, the religious compromise known as the Interim, and was in consequence for a while treated with some harshness and deprived of his books and preachers. It was during those years of evil fortune that he earned his title of Magnanimous. Writing of the deposed Elector in the fourth year of his durance, Ascham described him as "noble, courageous, constant, one in all fortunes, "desired of his friends, revered of his foes, favoured of the Emperor, "loved of all. He hath been proffered of late, as it is said, by the "Emperor, that if he will subscribe to his proceedings, to go at large, "to have all dignities and honour again, and more too. His answer "was from the first hour, and is still, that he will take the Emperor "for his gracious sovereign lord; but to forsake God and his doctrine, "he will never do, let the Emperor do with his body what he will." He was with Charles at Innsbruck in 1552, when Maurice so nearly "caught the fox in his den" on the 10th of May, and he accompanied his hard-pressed captor in his famous midnight flight across the Alps to Villach. Set at liberty on the 2d September 1552, he and the Emperor parted at Augsburg with expressions of mutual esteem. At Gotha and Weimar he was received by his people with transports of enthusiasm, with psalms of thanksgiving, and processions of maidens wearing garlands of the Saxon rue, the badge of the ducal house. "He is such a lover of learning," says Ascham, writing in 1552, "as "his library, furnished with books of all tongues and sciences, passeth "all other libraries which are yet gathered in Christendom. . . . And "as he doth read with diligence, even so he can report with such a "memory whatsoever he doth read, and mainly histories, as at his "table on every new occasion he is accustomed to recite some new "story, which he doth with such pleasure and utterance, as men be "content to leave their meat to hear him talk; and yet he himself is "not disdainful to hear the meanest, nor will overthwart any man's "reason. He talketh without taunting, and is merry without scoffing, "deluding no man for sport, nor nipping no man for spite." During his imprisonment, Ascham further tells us, "he won such love of all "men, that the Spaniards now say they would as gladly fight to set "him up again as ever they did to pull him down; for they say that "he is wise in all his doings, just in all his dealings, lowly to the "meanest, princely with the biggest, and excelling gentle to all, whom

"no adversity could ever move, nor policy at any time entice to shrink from God and his word." When Maurice was killed in 1553, John Frederick petitioned that his states and dignity might be restored to him. A family arrangement was made, whereby the Electorate was to return to the Ernestine line on the failure of the male issue of Augustus, successor and brother of Maurice. That event has not yet happened; but scions of the despoiled Ernestine house sit, or will sit, on three of the royal thrones of Europe. John Frederick died on the 3rd of March 1554, in his fifty-first year, a few days after his faithful consort Sybilla of Cleve, and was laid beside her at Weimar.'

It does not fall within the scope of this work, or of the present article, to dwell upon the contests of the declining years of Charles V. They were marked by troubles and reverses which probably heightened his desire to transmit the burden of government to his son; and they are not celebrated by Heemskerck or by the numerous biographers of the great Emperor among the triumphs of his reign. But the concluding scene of it, his abdication, is an event at once so singular and so dramatic, that Sir William Stirling Maxwell has devoted to it the concluding portion of his own labours, and in this portion of his work he has thrown a fresh and vivid light upon a scene repeatedly described by other historians, and he has illustrated it by the reproduction of engravings of the time which bring the whole august ceremony before us. We shall, therefore, transcribe his narrative of this transaction.

'Charles V. touched the imagination of his contemporaries and of posterity more keenly by the manner of his exit from this world's stage than by any other act of a long and enterprising reign. His surrender of his crowns cannot be said to have had any influence on the affairs of Europe, because the foreign policy of Spain was during his life directed as much from Yuste as from Brussels or Valladolid. Yet the abdication was an event so novel and dramatic, that even now it is more famous than any other incident of a life passed at the very fountain-head of great affairs.

'The idea had been in the Emperor's mind long before it took the shape of a definite resolve; and he seems to have spoken no more than the truth, when he told his audience, on the day of its accomplishment, that it was "no sudden matter, nor a determination of to-day or yesterday." The Venetian ambassador at his camp in 1546, Bernardo Navagero, mentioned it in a despatch as a rumour of that day. At Yuste, the Emperor reminded St. Francis Borja that he had confided it to him at Monzon in 1542, and he told another visitor, Lorenzo Pires, the Portuguese envoy, that he had conceived it so long ago as 1535 when he returned to Naples triumphant from Tunis. It was at the same hour of success that he detected the first streak of silver in his chestnut locks. In life's high noon, it is rare to find successful men thus taking thought for the evening of their days.

' The first steps taken by the Emperor towards his retirement occurred early in 1554, and consisted in transmitting plans and orders for an addition to the Jeromite convent at Yuste, in Estremadura, which he had chosen for his retreat. Philip, on his way to meet his English bride, visited the place in May by his father's desire. When the Prince of Spain was receiving the hand of the Queen of England at Winchester, the Emperor was at the head of his army, watching the proceedings of the superior French forces with which Henry II. had invaded the province of Namur. Charles left his camp on the 17th of August and never again took the field. His desire was to hold his abdication early in 1555, but the supposed pregnancy of Mary Tudor, and afterwards want of money, detained Philip in England. He did not reach Bruxelles till the 8th September. The abdication was then fixed for the 14th October, and for that day the deputies of the estates and cities of the Netherlands were summoned to the capital. The day came, but the ceremony was postponed, to the discontent of the deputies, who finding living at Bruxelles inconvenient and expensive, petitioned that they might no longer be kept waiting. The 25th was then named for the solemnity; and on the 21st the Emperor held a chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, announced his approaching abdication, and proposed that the King of England should become chief of the Order, on being invested with the sovereignty of the dominions of the House of Burgundy. The proposal being put to the vote, was unanimously agreed to, and Philip being called in, received the congratulations of his knight-companions. On the same day the Emperor filled up a great number of vacant civil and ecclesiastical appointments.

' For some months Charles had been rehearsing the part of a retired monarch. In 1554, he had fitted up for himself a house, recently purchased at the north-east end of the park, somewhere between or near the present Park Theatre and the palace of the Belgian Chambers. It was a building of one storey, reached by a flight of ten or twelve steps. The Emperor's apartment consisted of two rooms, each of 20 or 25 feet square, painted green, the walls and windows being adorned with his coat of arms and his columns and *Plus outre*. From the bed-room a passage led to a small chapel where he heard divine service.

' From this modest dwelling Charles set forth on the afternoon of the 25th October. Dressed in a long black gown, and wearing his badge of the Golden Fleece, he rode a small mule, and was attended by the King of England, Emmanuel Philibert the Duke of Savoy, and other personages. Crossing the park, they rode to the ancient castle of the Dukes of Burgundy, standing on the brow of Coudenberg, the Cold hill, and looking over the city clustered round the splendid spire of its old town-hall below. This old residence all perished, except its chapel, in the great fire of 1731, when the Archduchess-Regent narrowly escaped with her life. The site is now occupied by the Place Royale, with its church of St. Jacques de Coudenberg. Its old park has been in part covered with buildings, and in part turned by Maria

Theresa into the fine urban garden, known as the modern park of Brussels.*

'On alighting at the palace, the Emperor went first to the room he had been wont to occupy, and afterwards to the Council Chamber, where his sister, Mary, Queen of Hungary and Regent of the Netherlands, the King, the Duke of Savoy, and the Knights of the Golden Fleece were assembled. The doors communicating with the grand hall were then thrown open. The grand historical room had been carefully prepared by the Queen for the occasion. The walls were hung with splendid tapestry called the tapestry of the Golden Fleece, in which the looms of Flanders had depicted the story of Gideon. A dais, raised six or seven steps from the floor covered with rich carpets, occupied the west end of the hall and extended as far as the two fire-places. On this dais were placed the throne and canopy worked with the arms of Burgundy and three arm-chairs. In this same hall, somewhat more than forty years before, on the 5th January 1515, Charles, then in his fifteenth year, had been presented by his Aunt Margaret to a similar audience, as reigning sovereign of the Netherlands. He was then a lad of fifteen. He now came before his subjects in premature old age, his left hand holding a staff, and his right leaning on the shoulder of the young Prince of Orange, William the Silent of future history. At his entrance, the whole assembly rose uncovered and bowed. Charles returned their salute, and after he and other royal personages and the Knights of the Fleece had taken their places, he ordered the Electors to be seated.'

Two very complete narratives exist of the proceedings of that memorable day, and of the speeches delivered, the one in a despatch from Sir John Mason, Queen Mary's envoy, to the Secretary of State, Sir William Petre; the other in a despatch from Federigo Badoer, the Venetian ambassador, to the Seignory. Sir William has printed them both, and reproduced the remarkable engravings by Francis Hogenberg, which bring the scene before us. Mason's despatch is here printed for the first time from the copy in the Record Office (Mary, Vol. VII. No. 428), which ought to have been published in the Calendars. It differs materially from the account of the Emperor's speech given by Robertson from Fabian Strada. We regret that our space renders it impossible for us to insert it here. But we are tempted to give the narrative in a still more attractive form. There exists in the *Cancionero General*, printed by Martin Nucio at Antwerp in 1577, a Spanish ballad or romance, which describes the scene so faithfully that Sir William conjectures that the writer may

* The site of the castle and the exact spot of earth on which the abdication took place was probably within a few yards of the present Hôtel de Bellevue at Brussels, so well known to all travellers.

have been one of the spectators who filled the lower end of the hall; and although it has no pretensions to lofty poetic excellence, and is in fact a 'venerable rhyming gazette,' the spirit with which it records this great event in popular language has lost nothing, as it appears to us, in Sir William's translation.

'In Bruxelles Emperor Charles abode, fifth Cæsar of the name;
Weary with life's long toil was he, and rack'd with gout his frame;
His cheek was pale, his step was frail, seldom he crossed the door,
He could not rule as he had rul'd in the good days of yore,
Nor meet the French in field and trench as he was wont to do,
When o'er the Flemish border the lily'd banner flew;
Wherefore he had devis'd and dealt to lay the burden down
Of pomp, and power, and majesty; of sceptre, orb, and crown;
And all his world-wide heritage, and all his sword had won,
To give unto Don Philip now, his dear and only son,
Don Philip, King of England, who that noble realm had brought
Back to Christ's faith from heresy by rebel Luther taught.

So Cæsar and the English King in Bruxelles town were met,
And paction was between them made, and time of signing set;
The year of grace one thousand was, five hundred fifty-five,
The famous year that saw the morn of this great deed arrive,
Friday, October twenty-five, thrée afternoon, the day
And hour, when Cæsar sign'd and seal'd his diadems away.

'At Bruxelles, in the ancient hall within the castle gate,
Where valiant Dukes of Burgundy erst kept their royal state,
Upon the dais richly dight, beneath the canopy,
The throne was set, and all a-row stood chairs of honour three,
Fair Flanders' looms had spread the walls with storied hangings o'er;
And Cæsar and Don Philip came, with trumpets blown before,
With Mary, Queen of Hungary, high lady wise and wight,
And Savoy's Duke of iron mould, and many a lord and knight
Of broad Brabant and proud Castille, great chiefs of war and peace,
Grave magistrates of towns and states, and knights of Golden Fleece.

'Then Cæsar sat upon his throne with calm and gracious mien,
And right and left on either hand, bade sit the King and Queen;
And near the Queen the Duke was set, and down below, the floor
Scarce held the folk that throng'd to see, a thousand souls and more.
So when the heralds silence call'd, the whispering hum was still,
And rose the Chancellor of the Fleece to speak the Emperor's will;
In weighty well-grac'd words he said how Cæsar's Majesty
Would pass the evening of his days from broil of battle free,
And giving to Don Philip now his royal place and state,
Will'd that his loving people's will the gift should consecrate.

'Then slowly, when the Chancellor ceas'd, the Emperor arose,
And told of all his toils at home and wars with foreign foes,
How twice to heathen Barbary his Christian flag he bore,
And now eleven times had pass'd the stormy ocean o'er,

And how one passage more, the twelfth, for him did yet remain,
 If God should grant his sole desire, to end his days in Spain.
 From his first hour of royal power it had been his endeavour
 Justice to mete and right to do with equal balance ever ;
 But if in absence, or by chance or frailty led astray,
 Wrong he had done, he pray'd them all to pardon him that day :
 And so he bade them all farewell, and left them to his son,
 Their lord, whose rule in other realms the people's hearts had won ;
 This witting, he, for such a son, could joyfully lay down
 The sacred trust he else had kept, of sceptre, sword, and crown ;
 And last of all, in earnest wise three things he did commend
 Unto their care, and bid them hold in honour to the end :
 Their holy faith, their country's peace, their duty to their lord,
 Who lov'd them, and would win their love : this was his parting word.

' Then rose the King unbonneted, and stood before the throne,
 And for his father's gracious words, and grace and favour done,
 Gave thanks ; and humbly kneeling down he sought to kiss his hand,
 But Cæsar threw his arms about his neck and bade him stand ;
 And many a tear was shed the while by loving sire and son,
 And by the Queen, and Duke, and knights, and nobles every one.

' Next for the Cities and Estates a learned jurist spake,
 And told the Emperor how well they were content to take
 His hopeful son their lord to be ; whereon Don Philip bade
 The reverend Lord of Arras speak, who courteous answer made.

' Then last the good Queen Mary rose, of her long reign to tell,
 And bid in fair and gentle speech her people all farewell ;
 Foremost of lands to make their land—for this she still had striven,
 And now for faults and errors past she sued to be forgiven.

' In courtly words th' Estates replied they mourn'd to see her go,
 But with them still was law her will, and she would have it so.
 Wherewith the goodly company arose and went their way
 As evening fell ; and so the King became our Lord that day.'

The tradition adopted by Robertson from Van Meteren, that Charles had reserved to himself after his abdication an income of 100,000 ducats or crowns, and that on his arrival at Burgos he was embarrassed by a delay in the payment of this moderate allowance, is not confirmed by any of the documents connected with the surrender of his dominions. Indeed, although he abdicated the sovereignty of the Low Countries in 1555, and that of Spain and Sicily in January 1556, it was not till the spring of 1558, about eight months before his death, that he laid down the Imperial Crown and ceased to be ' Cæsar semper ' Augustus.'

' The renunciation of the Imperial dignity was not communicated to the Electoral college at Frankfort until the 24th of February, 1558. On the 12th of March, Ferdinand I. was formally recognised as the

successor of Charles V.^o The tidings that there was a new Emperor reached the Vera of Plasencia when its wide woodlands were in the first verdure of May. The fact was conveyed to the recluse at Yuste in a short letter from his son the King, then in the Netherlands, and it gave him much satisfaction to learn that he was really at last, what the Leaguers of Schmalkalden had called him twelve years before, plain Charles of Ghent. "His Majesty," wrote the Secretary Gaztelu to the Secretary of State at Valladolid, "was much pleased with the King's letter, though it was very short; and seeing that it advises him of the renunciation of the empire, he has given me orders that the letters henceforth, written to you and to other persons are not to be headed with the word Emperor, or any other title, and he has also told me that two seals with his arms are to be made, according as they were painted in the paper herewith enclosed, without crown, fleece, eagle, or anything else, and sent hither as soon as possible." In this letter, the usual heading "The Emperor" was omitted, and Juan Vazquez de Molina was addressed in the superscription, not as heretofore "my secretary," but "secretary of the council of the King my son," a somewhat late and unmeaning change of style, seeing that all the servants of the crown had been, by law, the servants of Philip since the 16th of January, 1556. The seals with the arms, shorn of their Imperial and royal ornaments, were made and sent to Yuste; but in spite of the injunctions of Charles, his children and other correspondents continued to address him in the old way as "his sacred Cæsarean Catholic Majesty."

At the funeral-rites which were performed in his honour at the close of 1558 in the great cities of his wide dominions, the long array of titles which indicated his power, and the accumulation of heraldic blazonry which belonged to his blood, were restored to him. The procession which passed on the 29th of December from the palace at Bruxelles to the church at St. Gudule, and the services afterwards performed in those majestic aisles, were amongst the most imposing pageants of their time. In that procession a splendid galley was wheeled along, heaving on its mimic sea, and spreading to the wintry breeze sails inscribed with a catalogue of the achievements of the dead Emperor, and banners and pennons embroidered with his armorial bearings and emblematical devices. Hope with her anchor stood at the prow; Faith with her crucifix sat beneath the mainmast; and on the lofty poop Charity displayed her flaming heart. Upon the sides and on the stern of the vessel were twelve richly-bordered compartments, within which the Emperor's principal victories were painted. Over these pictures, twelve Latin verses, in letters of gold, gleamed along the architectural bulwarks of the galley. They may be thus translated:—

"Not craving lust of fame, nor thirst for gold,
Nor love of sway, to labours manifold
Thee, Cæsar! spur'd; 'twas pious care alone
For all mankind that sent to lands unknown
Thy ships with messengers of Christ, to pour
Baptismal streams o'er many a heathen shore.

Nor didst thou bate of hope till launch'd from Spain,
 Guided by thee, Religion cross'd the main,—
 Whilst Neptune, and his dripping Triton train,
 Made smooth her path across the billowy plain,—
 To gild the golden lands with brighter ray
 And Indian souls benighted fill with day."

'Rising out of the sea behind the galley were two rocks crowned by the Pillars of Hercules, which bore this distich in Latin :—

"The columns of great Hercules thou tookest for thy sign;
 These, monster-queller of our age, of right indeed were thine."

The inscription on the splendid monument of the Escorial, raised to him by his son, is in the following words:—

"HUNC LOCUM SI QUIS POSTER. CAROLO V. HABITAM
 GLORIAM RERUM GESTARUM SPLENDORE SUPERAYERIS,
 IPSE SOLUS OCCUPATO, CETERI REVERENTER ABSTINETE."

"Thou alone of the children of Charles V. who shalt surpass the glory of his actions take his place: ye others reverently forbear."

But it was not, says Sir William, only in pulpit panegyric or in pompous epitaph that tributes to the Emperor are found. The homage which he received from those who followed his fortunes was equally accorded by those who feared his power and strove to foil his policy. 'Christendom,' said the Venetian Cavalli in 1551, 'has seen no prince since Charlemagne so valiant or so great as this Emperor Charles.' The traditional worship of his memory remained fresh in the evil and degenerate days of his house. 'It is our maxim in the Council of State,' said the second Don John of Austria, his son's great-grandson, and in 1679 Prime Minister of the last Austrian King of Spain, 'always to consult the spirit of our great Charles V., and in every difficult crisis to consider what he would have done, and endeavour to do the like.' The greatest artists, the most illustrious historians, have vied with one another in preserving the likeness of his person and the record of his achievements. Nor is it a small addition to his fame that in this our age, the taste, the learning, and the munificence of a Scottish gentleman, aided by the arts of the nineteenth century, should have raised this literary monument to his greatness.

ART. IV.—*Hereditary Genius: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. London: 1869.

‘WE often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical; the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and in his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition; since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favour of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered; and we ought to inquire not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, &c., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary. Until something of this sort is attempted, we can know nothing about the matter inductively; while, until physiology and chemistry are much more advanced, we can know nothing about it deductively. These considerations ought to prevent us from receiving statements which positively affirm the existence of hereditary madness and hereditary suicide; and the same remark applies to hereditary disease; and with still greater force does it apply to hereditary vices and hereditary virtues, inasmuch as ethical phenomena have not been registered as carefully as physiological ones, and therefore our conclusions respecting them are precarious.’*

This passage, from the work of a writer of vast knowledge and acknowledged intellectual power, is chiefly remarkable as affording an instance of the extraordinary manner in which love of paradox, and an aversion for the commonplace, and a desire to say something new on all subjects, will sometimes divert a mind of so high a class from the straightforward but trodden road of truth. Mr. Buckle’s determination not to adopt the ordinary belief in hereditary influences in human physiology was akin to the determined scepticism with which Sir Cornwall Lewis set himself to reject all ancient record outside the pages of classical and Bible history, and all evidence that human beings had attained the age of a century.

* Buckle, ‘History of Civilisation,’ vol. i. ch. 4.

We quote it now, not in any disposition to triumph over the obstinate incredulity which was Mr. Buckle's weakness, as over-credulity is that of others, but in order to introduce the decisive answer with which Mr. Darwin disposes of all such negative theories, and establishes on scientific grounds the doctrine already so firmly rooted in popular belief of 'heredity' of talent, or rather of mental conformation.*

'Some writers, who have not attended to natural history, have attempted to show that the force of inheritance has been much exaggerated. The breeders of animals would smile at such simplicity; and, if they condescended to make any answer, might ask what would be the chance of winning a prize if two inferior animals were paired together? They might ask whether the half-wild Arabs were led by theoretical notions to keep pedigrees of their horses? Why have pedigrees been scrupulously kept and published of the short-horn cattle, and more recently of the Hereford breed? Is it an illusion that these recently improved animals safely transmit their excellent qualities even when crossed with other breeds? Have the short-horns, without good reason, been purchased at immense prices and exported to almost every quarter of the globe? . . . In fact, the whole art of breeding, from which such great results have been attained during the present century, depends on the inheritance of each small detail of structure. But inheritance is not certain; for if it were, the breeder's art would be reduced to a certainty, and there would be little scope left for skill and perseverance.'

After giving some remarkable instances of hereditary personal marks and deformities, Mr. Darwin proceeds:—

'When we reflect that certain extraordinary peculiarities have thus appeared in a single individual out of many millions, all exposed in the same country to the same general conditions of life, and, again, that the same extraordinary peculiarity has sometimes appeared in individuals living under widely different conditions of life, we are driven to conclude that such peculiarities are not directly due to the action of the surrounding conditions, but to unknown laws acting on the organisation or constitution of the individual; that their production stands in scarcely closer relation to the condition than does life itself. If this be so, and the occurrence of the same unusual character in the parent and child cannot be attributed to both having been exposed to the same unusual conditions, then the following problem is worth consideration,

* We are bound to add, that Mr. Buckle's incredulity in this matter has been shared by minds of a more philosophical order than his. The 'school of Montpellier,' in French physical science, was opposed to the doctrine of 'heredity' as well as to other notions implying the existence of congenital mental peculiarities. See the writings of two of its distinguished pupils, Lourdath and Virey, commented on, and answered, in the remarkable work of Prosper Lucas, '*Traité physiologique et philosophique de l'hérédité*,' 1847.

as showing that the result cannot be due, as some authors have supposed, to mere coincidence, but must be consequent on the members of the same family inheriting something in common in their constitution. Let it be assumed that in a large population a particular affection occurs on an average in one out of a million, so that the *à priori* chance that an individual taken at random will be so affected is only one in a million. Let the population consist of sixty millions, composed, we will assume, of ten million families, each containing six members. On these data, Professor Stokes has calculated for me that the odds will be no less than 8,333 millions to one that in the ten million families there will not be even a single family in which one parent and two children will be affected by the peculiarity in question. But numerous cases could be given, in which several children have been affected by the same rare peculiarity with one of their parents; and in this case, more especially if the grandchildren be included in the calculation, the odds against mere coincidence become something prodigious, almost beyond calculation.*

Mr. Darwin here vindicates the popular belief in the heritable character of physical peculiarities in a manner which clenches, as it were, the demonstration, by showing that an ingenious and complicated art has been created and carried to a high pitch of perfection, is based on no scientific principle—for no philosopher has as yet shown, or even indicated, the latent causes or laws of such transmission from parent to offspring—but simply on experience as familiar to the ancients as to ourselves; as familiar to one race of mankind as to another; as familiar to the cottage dame who registers the sayings and doings of the families of her gossips, as to the antiquary who traces family features and coincidences in the history of the Bourbons, or the Stuarts, or in the pages of the British peerage. The whole subject, in the impressive words of Sir Henry Holland, forms only one chapter, and as yet a dark one, in the philosophy of 'the great mystery of generation. The transmission, not merely of life, but of likeness, from parents to offspring, involves and includes every question on the subject. It would be futile to raise a difficulty as to a part, when the whole is inaccessible to our inquiry. While we find cause for wonder at the transmission of resemblances from parent to offspring, we must admit the wonder to be equal that there should be ever deviation from this likeness, and that such deviation should be so little governed by any apparent rule or law. The one-case is in reality as great a miracle to our understanding as the other.† And hence, to recur once more

* Variation of Animals and Plants, vol. ii. ch. 12.

† Medical Notes and Reflections.

to the language of Mr. Darwin, 'we are led to look at inheritance as the rule, and non-inheritance as the exception.'

Before we proceed to the more direct purpose of our inquiry, let us, by way of giving an instance which shall illustrate both the transmission of remarkable physical peculiarities and the importance which attaches to its investigation, cite a remarkable episodic passage in Mr. Galton's inquiries. Nothing is more familiar to our ordinary experience and comment, quite irrespective of philosophical research, than the notion that fertility is hereditary in particular families, especially among the females. That to marry into such or such a family is a probable way to insure a numerous issue, is what we may call elementary knowledge of the gossip order. Now if the virtue of fecundity be hereditary, the contrary defect, sterility, is certainly likely to be so likewise. And Mr. Galton, remarking, as others have done, the notorious fact of the rapid extinction of British peerages, was led to suggest a cause for it which had not, so far as we are aware, been noticed before, and which seems to go some way towards accounting for it. The subjects chosen for his analysis in this instance are the descendants of thirty-one judges who obtained peerages, 'and who last sate on the Bench 'previous to the reign of George IV.'

'In order to obtain an answer to these inquiries, I examined into the number of children and grandchildren of all the thirty-one peers, and into the particulars of their alliances, and tabulated them; when, to my astonishment, I found a very simple, adequate, and novel explanation of the common cause of extinction of peerages stare me in the face. It appeared in the first instance, that a considerable proportion of the new peers and of their sons married heiresses. Their motives for doing so are intelligible enough, and not to be condemned. They have a title, and perhaps a sufficient fortune, to transmit to their eldest son; but they want an increase of possessions for the endowment of their younger sons and their daughters. On the other hand, an heiress has a fortune, but wants a title. Thus the peer and heiress are urged to the same issue of marriage by different impulses. But my statistical lists showed, with unmistakable emphasis, that these marriages are peculiarly unprolific. We might, indeed, have expected that an heiress, who is the sole issue of a marriage, would not be so fertile as a woman who has many brothers and sisters. Comparative infertility must be hereditary in the same way as other physical attributes; and I am assured it is so in the case of the domestic animals. Consequently, the issue of a peer's marriage with an heiress frequently fails, and his title is brought to an end.'

After proceeding to illustrate these propositions by a list of every case in the first or second generation of the law lords, taken from the English judges (who last sate on the Bench

previous to the close of the reign of George IV.), where there has been a marriage with an heiress or a co-heiress, he sums up the result as follows:—

‘1. Out of thirty-one peerages, there were no less than seventeen in which the hereditary influence of an heiress or co-heiress affected the first or second generation. This influence was sensibly an agent in producing sterility in sixteen out of these seventeen peerages, and the influences were sometimes shown in two, three, or more cases in one peerage. 2. The direct male lines of no less than eight peerages, viz. Colepepper, Harcourt, Worthington, Clarendon, Jeffreys, Raymond, Trevor, and Rosslyn, were actually extinguished through the influence of the heiresses; and six others, viz. Shaftesbury, Cowper, Guilford, Parker, Camden, and Talbot, had very narrow escapes from extinction owing to the same cause.’

Mr. Galton traces the same cause of decay through the family history of statesmen-peers, and proceeds:—

‘The important result disclosed by these facts, that intermarriage with heiresses is a notable agent in the extinction of families, is confirmed by more extended inquiries. I devoted some days to ransacking Burke’s volumes on the extant and on the extinct peerages. I first tried the marriages made by the second peers of each extant title. It seemed reasonable to expect that the eldest son of the first peer, the founder of the title, would marry heiresses pretty frequently; and so they do, and with terrible destruction to their race . . .

‘I find that among the wives of peers, 100 who are heiresses have 208 sons and 206 daughters: 100 who are not heiresses have 336 sons and 284 daughters . . . One-fifth of the heiresses have no male children at all; a full third have not more than one child (male child, we suppose, though this is not specified); three-fifths have not more than two. It has been the salvation of many families that the husband outlived the heiress whom he first married, and was able to leave issue by a second wife.’ (Pp. 131–138.)

We will contrast the results thus obtained with those produced by a little investigation of our own. Sovereign princes are, as a rule, unlikely to marry heiresses. This particular impediment to fertility is not likely to exist among them. They usually intermarry with females of their own hereditary rank, belonging, therefore, to families free, like their own, from this special cause of sterility. Now a slight examination of the *Almanac de Gotha* gives us, for twenty-nine European sovereigns (nearly all those of the old reigning houses) ninety-six brothers and sisters (of whole blood), or nearly three apiece. In other words, four children is the average issue (as far as these figures show) of the marriage of a hereditary sovereign. But the number is a good deal larger if, as we suspect, the *Almanac* is not particular in recording the names of royal

brothers and sisters who died infants. Putting the general result at five births to a marriage, we arrive at the fact that the number of births in sovereign houses is greater than the average in the most prolific country of Europe (4·8 in Belgium, according to Maurice Block). And as there are many circumstances connected with Court life which would naturally militate against the multiplication of children, we may pretty fairly infer that the cause of this phenomenon is the hereditary profligence of the families which thus intermarry.

But if incredulity like that of Mr. Buckle on the subject of hereditary qualities is very unphilosophical, it is necessary, nevertheless, to be on our guard against the opposite extreme. The predisposition of most writers is to the credulous side. They find instances of 'inheritance' everywhere. In the pursuit of their favourite theory they neglect the thousand causes of deviation which modify and interfere with the results of nearness of blood. There is no limit to the capacity of philosophers of this description for admitting extraordinary stories. No old nurse, who descants on the wonderful congenital signs and tokens, physical and mental, which she has noticed in the course of her business, is half so romantic on the subject as an anthropologist fairly mounted on his hobby. No wonder, therefore, if works of history and philosophy are full of the most absurd instances, based on no evidence at all or the most insignificant, of marvellous likenesses and transmitted specialties of temper and character; or that the most extravagant political theories are every day founded on certain supposed congenital qualities of people whose ancestors are asserted, on very shadowy evidence, to have been once upon a time Saxons or Celts, Latins or Slaves, in countries where intermixture by marriage has prevailed for many centuries. We take up, almost at hazard, a specimen of this kind of popular triviality from a recent publication, in which we have found, nevertheless, some matter of interest and value on this as well as other cognate subjects. Dr. Elam, in 'A Physician's Problems,' cites as a proof of hereditary tallness 'the numerous gigantic figures, both of men and of women, met with in Potsdam, where for fifty years the guards of the late Frederick William of Prussia were quartered.' Not having ourselves remarked this tendency to lofty stature in the civil population of Potsdam so far as our observation has extended, and remembering that 'the late King Frederick William,' if by that name is meant the sovereign who delighted in gigantic guardsmen, has been dead a hundred and thirty years, we must be content to wait for farther elucidation. In the meantime we quote a still more

astounding statement from the pages of that repertory of marvels, the 'Anthropological Review.' 'Two gentlemen were introduced to each other who had such an extraordinary resemblance that a stranger could hardly distinguish the one from the other. Upon tracing their genealogy back, it was found that they were descended from the same ancestor of five hundred years before. No intermarriage had occurred in the interval, one line having lived in England and the other in Canada!' From whence we learn, among other matters, that Canada has been peopled by Europeans for five hundred years. We cannot refrain from drawing on the stores of Dr. Elam for another specimen of the kind of evidence which the partisans of heredity think it worth their while to adduce. It relates to a young man, born and bred in France, who had never heard English spoken until he came to England, where he had lived only two years. This gentleman, to the surprise of his interlocutor, was heard to pronounce the name 'Thistlethwayte' accurately and readily, a name which, Dr. Elam truly observes, no thoroughbred Gaul who ever lived could possibly articulate. It turned out that the speaker had enjoyed the advantage of an Irish grandmother on the mother's side, whom he had never seen! Such idle frivolities as these—and most works on the subject are full of them—go some way to account for the scepticism of judgments like that of Mr. Buckle, and tend to lower the prevalent philosophical spirit of this nineteenth century to that which characterised the early days of the Royal Society, when the book of nature was like a newly opened volume studied by children.

But we have detained our readers too long from Mr. Galton's own exposition of the problem which he proposes to solve. The proof of the inheritableness of corporeal qualities is no doubt easier than that of mental; but the fact is not more certain. The phenomena of inherited insanity alone would, unhappily, leave no doubt on this point in the mind of any unprejudiced observer. 'Some writers,' to quote once more Mr. Darwin, 'have doubted whether those complex mental attributes on which genius and talent depend, are inherited, even when both parents are thus endowed. But he who will read Mr. Galton's able paper* on hereditary talent will have his doubts allayed.'

'I propose (says Mr. Galton) to show in this book that a man's

* The paper thus referred to appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for 1855, and has been expanded into the work now before us.

natural abilities are derived by inheritance, under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of the whole organic world. Consequently, as it is easy, notwithstanding those limitations, to obtain by careful selection a permanent breed of dogs or horses gifted with peculiar powers of running or of doing anything else; so it would be quite practicable to produce a highly-gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations. I shall show that social agencies of an ordinary character, whose influences are little suspected, are at this moment working towards the degradation of human nature, and that others are working towards its improvement. I conclude that each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and maintain that it is a duty we owe to humanity to investigate the range of that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise towards ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future inhabitants of the earth. . . . The general plan of my argument is to show that high reputation is a pretty accurate test of high ability; next to discuss the relationships of a large body of fairly eminent men—namely, the judges of England from 1660 to 1868, the statesmen of the time of George III., and the Premiers during the last hundred years—and to obtain from these a general survey of the laws of heredity in respect to genius. Then I shall examine, in order, the kindred of the most illustrious commanders, men of literature and of science, poets, painters, and musicians, of whom history speaks. I shall also discuss the kindred of a certain selection of divines and of modern scholars. Then will follow a short chapter, by way of comparison, on the hereditary transmission of physical gifts, as deduced from the relationships of certain classes of oarsmen and wrestlers. Lastly, I shall collate my results; and draw conclusions. . . . There is one advantage left to a candid critic in my having left so large a field untouched; it enables me to propose a test that any well-informed reader may easily adopt who doubts the fairness of my examples. He may most reasonably suspect that I have been unconsciously influenced by my theories to select men whose kindred were most favourable to their support. If so, I beg he will test my impartiality as follows: Let him take a dozen names of his own selection, as the most eminent in whatever profession and in whatever country he knows most about, and let him trace out for himself their relations. It is necessary, as I find by experience, to take some pains to be sure that none even of the immediate relatives, on either the male or female side, have been overlooked. If he does what I propose, I am confident he will be astonished at the completeness with which the result will confirm my theory. I venture to speak with assurance, because it has often occurred to me to propose this very test to incredulous friends, and invariably, so far as my memory serves me, as large a proportion of the men who were named were discovered to have eminent relations as the nature of my views on heredity would have led me to expect.' (Pp. 2-5.)

The system of proof thus suggested is wrought out by Mr. Galton, first, by a double 'classification' of men of note—

'according to their reputation,' and 'according to their natural gifts.' As to these last, he maintains that 'analogy clearly shows there must be a fairly constant average mental capacity of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and that the deviations from that average—upwards towards genius and downwards towards stupidity—must follow the law that governs deviations from all true averages.' He tabulates 'ability' in a very curious manner, dividing mankind into a certain number of 'grades,'—for which we must refer the reader to the work itself (pp. 14–35) as the demonstration could not be made intelligible by extracts. One of his casual observations as to the abundance of unrecognised ability in the world, is worth noting from its conformity with general experience, though not bearing directly on his demonstration:—

'I may mention a class of cases that strikes me forcibly as a proof that a sufficient power of command to lead to eminence in troublous times, is much less unusual than is commonly supposed, and that it lies neglected in the course of ordinary life. In beleaguered towns, as for example during the great Indian mutiny, a certain type of character very frequently made its appearance. People rose into notice who had never previously distinguished themselves, and subsided into their former way of life, after the occasion for exertion was over; while during the continuance of danger and misery, they were the heroes of their situation. They were cool in danger, sensible in council, cheerful under prolonged suffering, humane to the wounded and sick, encouragers of the faint-hearted. Such people were formed to shine only under exceptional circumstances. They had the advantage of possessing too tough a fibre to be crushed by anxiety and physical misery, and, perhaps in consequence of that very toughness, they required a stimulus of the sharpest kind to goad them to all the exertions of which they were capable.' (P. 48.)

This preliminary work completed, Mr. Galton proceeds to furnish us with the 'tables' which constitute the chief result of his very laborious, if not to us quite conclusive, researches. For his plan of 'notation of kindred,' which is the key of this part of the book, we can only refer the reader to the book itself (p. 50). It must be mastered before the reader can pursue the subject. He then 'tabulates' the judges of England since the restoration of 1660, statesmen, commanders, literary men, men of science, poets, musicians, painters, divines, not to mention certain more eccentric specimens of greatness, namely, senior classics of Cambridge, 'oarsmen,' and 'wrestlers'; assigns to each name in his lists all the distinguished relatives whom he can find who come within the limits of his system of notation, and thence draws the general conclusion of his labours. 'The theory of hereditary genius, though usually scouted,' he says

in his preface, 'has been advocated by a few writers in past as well as in modern times. But I may claim to be the first to treat the subject in a statistical manner, to arrive at numerical results, and to introduce the "law of deviation from an "average" into discussion on heredity.' Now, for reasons already given, we must differ from Mr. Galton at the outset on one point, which has not been without importance in his manner of dealing with the subject. So far from the doctrine of the influence of heredity on genius (using this last word in the loose sense in which Mr. Galton is here using it, as to which more presently) being 'usually scouted,' we imagine that there is no doctrine more usually admitted. Among philosophers there may be a few paradoxical Buckles; among mankind in general there is, as we have said, no appearance of doubt on the subject. That such and such a person belongs to a 'clever family' is as perfectly received a mode of expression as that he belongs to a tall family or a fair family; and no one doubts the influence of the congenital tendencies common to the race in the one case more than the other. Now it is this singular misconception on Mr. Galton's part—this idea that he has the popular prejudice to fight against, instead of having it fighting on his side—which has induced him very much to overstate his case, and to press as evidence on his side many a circumstance which will not bear the stress laid on it. For nothing is clearer than that the children of clever persons have advantages over others in the way of education, emulation, conscious and unconscious imitation, which are quite distinct from any supposed tendency in the blood itself. Dr. Elam, indeed, carries this notion so far as to believe that powers acquired by industry in one generation become hereditary in the next. 'The development of the intellectual faculties of the parents' (as he expresses it) 'renders the children more capable of receiving instruction.' Without going this length, let us merely put the case of two children of equal abilities, born respectively from an inferior and a superior couple in point of intellect. The strongest advocate of 'heredity' must surely admit that this is not an impossible case, allowing for the doctrine of 'variation.' In such a case we may be quite sure that the latter—the child of clever parents—has a much better chance of being well instructed, and through such instruction of becoming 'eminent,' and filling a place in statistical lists after Mr. Galton's fashion, than the child of the other pair. Here, then, is one great cause which evidently militates against the compilation of any such lists of more than a very general and superficial value.

The next qualification of the doctrine of hereditary talents as proved by statistics, is this: that in a great number of cases a father who has made his way in the world has advantages for bringing forward his sons and other relatives in the career of life beyond what are possessed by others who have not thriven in the same way. A successful family, therefore, means a family of which the members have taken good care of themselves and of each other, rather than one of which the members one by one achieved success according to their deserts. 'I have shown,' says Mr. Galton, 'that social hindrances cannot impede men of high ability from becoming eminent. I shall now maintain that social advantages are incompetent to give that status to a man of moderate ability.' Now this, begging our author's pardon, is a position which it is possible no doubt to maintain, but utterly impossible to prove. In fact the ordinary experience of every day abundantly confutes it. We may work out tables (as Mr. Galton has done) of men who have attained certain positions in life—judges, bishops, and so forth—and then we may point to them as instances of 'ability.' But in point of fact we know that both judges and bishops, especially the latter, do constantly attain these positions without any display of *exceptional* ability at all. They reach them by a thousand turns of fortune and vicissitudes of favour. Any classification which includes all these as 'eminent' men is objectionable from extreme generality. Any reasoning which deduces from such classification a theory of hereditary ability is subject to the double fallacy, first of assuming eminence as a test of ability, which is at best a most imperfect one; secondly of selecting one presumed cause of success—peculiarity of blood—where many more obvious and probable causes of success are discoverable.

The truth is that the success in life which leads to distinction is due to two causes, the one consisting in natural aptitude or ability, the other in surrounding circumstances. Even if it be possible to refer the former condition to the laws of descent, who shall attempt to calculate the variations of the latter? Who shall say how often talents of a high order are repressed by penury, by the want of education, by the drudgery of life? We cannot agree with Mr. Galton that men endowed with a certain amount of genius always force their way to the front ranks of society. For one who succeeds, a hundred, perhaps not inferior in natural gifts, fail and perish by the way. Like the seed of the sower, much of it falls on rocky ground.

'The world has never known its greatest men.'

And if this be true in one sense, it is not less certain that

many of those whose names are rescued from oblivion owe their celebrity to favourable opportunity, to patronage or family influence, or to what is termed good fortune, quite as much as to their natural gifts. Mr. Galton asserts, taking the names contained in the 'Men of the Day' for his text, that in this country about one man in 4,000 rises to eminence. But to prove his point he should show that the nameless majority start from the same level as the small minority who leave a name behind them. That is notoriously not the case.

Let us make our meaning clearer by a very simple instance. There is no part of his labours on which Mr. Galton relies with so much evident complacency as the analysis of the relationship of the 'judges of England between 1660 and 1865.' They form, he says, 'a group peculiarly well fitted to afford a general outline of the extent and limitation of heredity in respect of genius. A judgeship is a guarantee of its possessor being fitted with exceptional ability. . . . In other countries it may be different to what it is with us; but we all know that in England the Bench is never spoken of without reverence for the intellectual power of its occupiers.' Sweeping assertions: but let these pass, and let us assume, as perhaps may safely be assumed, that to be the parent, child, or relative of a judge is to be the parent, child, or relative of a clever man, in a majority of cases sufficient to constitute a rule. That the relatives of clever men are clever is therefore proved in this way: about 112 judges (it is difficult to give the number exactly, as from Mr. Galton's method of compiling his lists there is a good deal of repetition) have had somewhat more than 250 relatives, ascending, descending, and collateral, sufficiently famous to appear in Mr. Galton's catalogue; though, it must be confessed, he seems to be a little hard-driven for instances when he resorts to such specimens of intellectual power as 'General Sir William Draper, the well-known antagonist of Junius,' and 'Queen Anne,' whom her Hyde descent places in the category. But, on looking a little closer, a specialty soon makes itself observed, which throws a considerable shadow of doubt over the whole exemplification. Out of these 250 clever relations of judges more than 100 have been lawyers themselves. Now, unless we are to assume, not only that talent is hereditary, but that the special talent of the lawyer is hereditary also, this is certainly rather a startling result of the general doctrine. And it does in truth point out distinctly how small a share hereditary talent—of which we do not in the least deny the reality—bears in the total mass of the causes which lead to worldly success. For every one

knows that the law is among the most hereditary professions. And judges have a somewhat better chance of pushing on their sons in their own profession than other lawyers have. The favour of a father cannot secure a continuance of briefs to a man who is positively a fool, but short of this it can do a great deal. One of the earliest names in Mr. Galton's list of judges is that of Atkyns. There have been four judges of the name and (let us just note in passing) nobody, except a law student or a painstaking county antiquary, ever heard more than the name of any of them. These Atkynses are credited with seven or eight remarkable relatives, but of these there is only one who was not a lawyer, and he was reader of Lincoln's Inn. The whole list has the unmistakeable character of a snug little family party of jobbers, rather than that of a galaxy of genius. The combined houses of Finch and Legge—somewhat better known to fame—furnish us with eight distinguished lawyers against two distinguished in other ways, although one of these—'Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood'—is forced into the list, only under the somewhat far-fetched denomination of 'grandmother's nephew to Sir Heneage Finch,' and that 'doubtful.' The Lytteltons count six lawyers against one solitary personage qualified as 'Speaker of the House of Commons,' but who was probably in his youth a lawyer also. Now it is surely unnecessary for us to repeat, that to suppose that all these successful wearers of the forensic gown owed their fame and achievements to certain congenital peculiarities of their race would be about as wild as to suppose that they derived them from the 'contagion of the gown' itself.

The same important modifications of our author's general conclusion are deducible, more or less, from the lists which he gives of persons distinguished in other lines. Though there are few such close hereditary corporations as that of the law, yet the same trades' union spirit exists in many more. Taking up the chapter of literary men, we find that all the eminent members—forty-seven in all—of the races of Boileau, Roscoe, Grotius, Von Schlegel, Seneca, Swift, Taylor of Norwich, Taylor of Onger—have been literary men: that is, they have one and all written books, good, bad, or indifferent. Now, did the principle of hereditary talent by itself account for the phenomena, these forty-seven would have dispersed themselves over a great variety of careers, and achieved their victories in many different ways. That they all took to writing is a proof, not that they were influenced by physiological causes predisposing them to write, but that they possessed certain

tendencies that way from education, emulation, habit, or the simple necessity of living in the easiest mode to which the family connexion with booksellers invited them; and in this way many, who have really no claim to eminence at all, obtain from external circumstances a place in the list. When we are told by ancient chroniclers that there were eight tragic poets in the family of *Æschylus*, our rational conclusion is, not that there is a hereditary instinct for writing tragedies, but that writing tragedies had become in that family a hereditary occupation, which is a very different thing.

The same inherited professional aptitude, so to speak, is observable in a considerable, though less, degree in the families of divines. What small interest a clergyman may possess lies mostly in the Church itself, and his son takes to the university and the pulpit more naturally than another, and more easily attains in it something which in a catalogue may pass for distinction. Generally, it is observable that the hereditary character of professions, or a tendency to the caste system, has been in England a characteristic of quiet times, when generation succeeded generation with little disturbance of ordinary routine. It was very marked in the tranquil century from the English to the French Revolution; somewhat less so in the troubled days which preceded, when unaided talent and audacity had better chance of making their way to the front; much less so in our own time, when the spread of commercial wealth and that of general education have brought forward in the professions a more considerable proportion than formerly of new men.

But perhaps the most singular instance in Mr. Galton's book of the propensity to push a favourite fancy to the wildest extremes—unless we are really to read it as a piece of grave irony on his own preceding lucubrations—is to be found in his chapters on 'oarsmen and wrestlers.'

'I propose (he commences) to supplement what I have written about brain by two short chapters on muscle. No one doubts but muscle is hereditary in horses and dogs, but humankind are so blind to facts and so governed by preconceptions, that I have heard it frequently asserted that muscle is not hereditary in man. Oarsmen and wrestlers have maintained that their heroes spring up capriciously, so I have thought it advisable to make inquiries into the matter. The results I have obtained will beat down another place of refuge for those who insist that each man is an independent creation, and not a mere function, physically, morally, and intellectually, of ancestral qualities and external influences.'

He accordingly 'tabulates' certain eminent oarsmen of Newcastle, where he assures us that 'a perfect passion for rowing'

‘pervades large classes,’ and of North-country wrestlers; and shows, what no doubt is very easy to show, that there are a good many families in which rowing powers and wrestling powers are very common. But how far does this contribute towards proving his case of physical inheritance? Surely the propensity of son to imitate his father, and younger brother to rival his elder, in that line of muscular exertion of which each has the exhibition every day under his eyes, is quite sufficient to account for the phenomenon without more recondite natural causes. That a ‘Clasper’ should take to the oar on the Tyne, and a ‘Tinian’ go in on every occasion for the belt at Penrith, is not a matter involving deep physiological secrets. We should be easily convinced that a muscular parent often produces a muscular son by the law of nature. But that the law of nature implants in successive generations aptitude for exerting muscle in rowing or wrestling respectively, is a much rasher proposition. How far is this kind of classification to descend? Does stroke oar inherit his special quality from a paternal stroke oar? And are ‘bows’ for the most part in possession of pedigrees showing that their ancestors have regularly become glorious in the occupation of the same seat of the boat? The incredulous are not likely to be converted by exaggerations such as these.

Thus far we have been only endeavouring to show that Mr. Galton does rather harm than good to the opinion which he advocates, by the extreme minuteness of tabulation through which he seeks to establish it. When we are seriously told that the fact of a Lord Chancellor’s son becoming a judge, or the son of a successful author writing a book, is to be taken as proof that ‘est in juvenis, est in equis patrum virtus,’ we naturally draw back from a conclusion so absurdly opposed to what we know from common study of life of the connexion of cause and effect in such matters. We remain, however, not the less convinced of the fundamental truth of the theory; nor do we deny, after witnessing the extraordinary success with which the statistical method has been applied to inquiries into human conduct and propensities, that the key of this enigma may not be found one day in statistics likewise; but we cannot say that Mr. Galton has discovered it, or approached to the establishment of a system, although he has succeeded in propounding much matter of interest in a desultory way.

But we are only on the threshold of a more important, and far more difficult problem. ‘The arguments,’ says Mr. Galton, ‘by which I endeavour to prove that genius is hereditary, consist in showing how large is the number of instances in which

'men who are more or less illustrious have eminent kinsfolk.' Here the key-words of the inquiry are used in a permissible and popular, but certainly not a scientific, sense. What is the meaning of the word 'genius' and of the word 'eminent'? As to the second, Mr. Galton, as we have seen, considers that for his purposes anyone who has attained a post of distinction, or become known to the public as a man of action or of letters, may be termed 'eminent.' Perhaps for the very general object of this inquiry such a rough definition may be admissible. As to the first, he deals with it in his ingenious chapters on the 'classification of men according to their natural gifts,' in which, as we have already said, he draws up a table of eight grades of natural ability, whether in respect of general powers or of special aptitudes; and endeavours to apply the conclusions at which he has arrived respecting hereditary influences to each. We prefer, for our own part, a looser and less pretentious mode of classification, being satisfied that this is one of the many subjects connected with 'anthropology' on which the commonest source of error is the attempt to particularise overmuch. And we must premise that we are about to use common words in their popular sense only, for the purpose of being commonly understood, and without too close attempt at philosophical accuracy.

When we speak of intellectual gifts, and especially such as we are disposed to think congenital and not acquired by industry, we commonly use three special words to designate them: Ability, Talents, Genius. By ability we think is commonly meant—and in that sense we intend ourselves to use the word—an adaptation of the mental faculties to achieve success in any task in which they may be engaged. By talents, a special adaptation of the faculties to succeed in this or that pursuit. Let us observe an eminent lawyer conducting a case, or, still more appropriately, conducting a succession of cases one after another. To do this in a masterly manner requires Ability of the very highest order. It does not necessarily require Talent of any kind. Oratorical talent is of value to a great lawyer, but it is not essential. The gift of memory (which we rank as a 'talent') is of still more value; but it is not absolutely essential either. The grasp of mind which seizes the bearings of a complicated question, the comprehensive intellect which follows out the motives and meanings and conduct of men into their remotest processes, the eye of generalship which perceives the exact moment at which certain resources are to be made available and certain dangers avoided; these constitute the higher qualities of the lawyer, and these, taken together, illus-

trate our notion of Ability. And Ability, in this lofty sense, is not less sure of supremacy in other great intellectual pursuits of a complicated kind—statesmanship, military command, the conduct of a bank, the management of a railway, the *quicquid agunt homines* of that order which taxes the faculties the most—than it is in courts of justice. Nor is sheer Ability, in truth, less predominant in literary pursuits. It maintains its place, as against those special faculties which we call talents, in perhaps a preponderating amount of instances. The historian, the philosopher, the essayist, nay, the man of science, where that science is not merely the fruit of special observation, but is of the higher and architectonic order, all these—supposing that their powers have not been so great as to receive by common consent the designation of Genius—triumph in their several departments through their ability. Nay, in the imaginative domain of poetry itself, the man of ability, if he is in earnest, can find and maintain a place of his own, if not in the highest rank at least among the foremost; as many a great work in English and still more in French and Latin verse remains to testify.

By Talent we mean a special aptitude, which may be consistent with very imperfect adaptation of the mental faculties to general use. Thus we speak of the talent of the artist, musician, arithmetician, poet, and so forth; often, to the surprise of the multitude, found in combination with general inferiority of intellect, sometimes almost with imbecility. Ability, on the whole, plays a far greater part in the world than Talent; but it is to talent, nevertheless, that we are indebted for most of what ministers to our higher intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, and redeems life from its commonplace character.

Now assuming the theory of heredity to be well founded, it becomes a question of some nicety which of these two great qualities, ability or talent, comes most frequently within its law? A question not very easily answered, for both are frequently, so to speak, sporadic; manifesting themselves when sudden occasion calls for their development, and retreating, as it were, into obscurity as soon as the occasion for that development has passed by.

We believe it will be found, on the whole, that ability is more frequently hereditary than talent. Numerous cases of what commonly passes for hereditary talent are not really so. They arise from other causes than the influence of blood. They are especially subject to those influences which M. Lordat calls ‘didactic.’ If we find a father and a son possessed of the

same special gift—that of playing the fiddle, for instance, or portrait-painting—the first and most obvious conclusion, as we have seen, would be, not that the son has ‘followed his profession because he is instinctively drawn to it,’ as Mr. Galton would have it, but that the son, possessing fair aptitude, has been carefully instructed in his particular line by the father, or has followed him by natural imitation. But no teaching by the father, no industrious imitation by the son, can convey Ability, in the sense in which we have used the word. And, therefore, when we find not only father and son, but whole families, as is often the case, distinguished for general ability, we have probably the most striking corroboration of the theory of heredity which can be found; far more cogent than those instances of mere special gifts, supposed hereditary, which most writers on the subject, including Mr. Galton as well as M. Lucas, are apt to employ as affording the readiest means of demonstration.

Our English society, so eminently aristocratic, furnishes a great repertory of facts of this description. No one who has read our histories—no one who has even studied the peerage—no one, indeed, who has mixed much in society—will be likely to question the fact that whole families are often so gifted in this way that it is an uncommon circumstance to find an absolutely commonplace personage among them. And another remarkable proposition we would venture to advance on the evidence of public notoriety only, without anticipating contradiction—no man of ability was ever the son of a couple of fools. But it is noteworthy also, in how very many cases this general high average of ability in a family seems to be accompanied with a powerlessness to rise still higher than that average. Every one of us—we appeal again to general observation—must be conversant with cases of families in which almost every member is clever, but not one very clever. None rises much above the average, though few or none seem to fall below it. And one remarkable instance of the kind we will cite from history as an explanation of our meaning rather than a proof, as single instances prove nothing. The Grenville family were for two or three generations a great power in our state. They had every opportunity of success in the line of politics which could be given to mortals. Several of them were ‘distinguished,’ almost all of them were ‘able,’ men. And a curious similarity of turn and temperament seemed to unite them all. But not one was *very* able. No Grenville ever said or did a thing particularly worth remembering, if we except the unlucky author of the ‘American Stamp Act.’

But when Grenville ability became crossed with the loftier qualifications inherited through the blood of Pitt, the result was of a very different order.

Perhaps it is no mere indulgence of the imagination to point out, as a singular instance of pertinacity of family type, the fortunes of the famous house of Fairfax. The Parliamentary general left no male issue; and, through marriage with the heiress of Colepepper, his collateral successor acquired a vast estate in Virginia, extending from the shores of the Potomac to the Alleghany. His descendants have multiplied in that region of the United States.* The present Lord Fairfax is a physician at Baltimore. Now, for these last two hundred years, they seem to have retained among them the leading qualities which characterised the chief of the name—a chivalrous turn of mind, military aptitude, and religious zeal. Irving attributes a good deal of the character of General Washington, as formed in early life, to his familiarity with his relations, the Fairfaxes, especially William, ‘a man of liberal education and intrinsic ‘worth,’ who lived at Belvoir, the wooded promontory which projects into the Potomac immediately south of Mount Vernon. He is described as an eccentric personage, who had retired into the wilderness from some disappointment in love, but retained much of courtly manners. In the late civil war, all the numerous Fairfaxes adopted eagerly the side of the South, except one—and he was the officer detached by Captain Wilkes to arrest Mason and Slidell. The younger members took up arms, mostly as privates, and deeply imbued with that spirit of warlike puritanism of which Stonewall Jackson was as exalted a type as the original Thomas Fairfax himself. One, Eugene, fell at Williamsburg—‘a devoted Christian.’ Another, Randolph Fairfax, is the subject of a beautiful and touching piece of biography by the Reverend Philip Slaughter, of Richmond. He entered Jackson’s army as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery at the age of eighteen. The letters of this gallant youth, chiefly to his mother, are models of simple, unconscious enthusiasm. He was of the Episcopal Church, and well known among his comrades—among whom a similar zealous temperament largely prevailed—by the well-worn New Testament which was his constant companion in the bivouac, after his prayer-book—only second in his estimation—had fallen into the hands of the Yankees with his luggage. He had no doubt of his cause, or of the means to ensure victory. ‘I think,’

* See Mr. Clements Markham’s recent Biography of the General, p. 409.

he writes, 'the fate of the country is now in the hands of the 'praying people, and though I cannot see how or when, I 'believe God will certainly answer the prayers of His faithful 'people in the land.' He was killed on the spot by a fragment of shell, in the battle of Fredericksburg.

We cannot long pursue inquiries into the subject of hereditary mental powers and propensities in families, without entering on that obscure province of it which has lately received the name of Atavism—the tendency in individuals to reproduce the peculiarities, not of the parent, but of the grandparent, or some remoter ancestor. Observation on this head seems as yet to have failed, not only in laying down rules, but in accumulating sufficient examples for the elements of a theory. But that some such exceptional law of nature does exist seems to be the general opinion of physiologists. There is one rather remarkable instance of Atavism—if we shall not be deemed too fanciful in so terming it—in the annals of great European houses. No modern royal house has exhibited such a general preponderance of natural ability as that of Hohenzollern. But it seems to produce alternately—generation after generation—men of imaginative temperaments, not to say visionaries and eccentrics, and men of clear practical intellect. And thus the throne has been ascended, for nearly two centuries, alternately by an able ruler and by what the Germans call a Phantast. Frederick William the First, indeed, combined to a certain extent both characters. He was a man of strong mental energy, yet withal of an eccentricity approaching to madness, and full of strange crotchets. 'His wild imagination drove him hither 'and thither at a sad rate,' says his panegyrist Mr. Carlyle, who considers that his mania for collecting and propagating tall guardsmen was a whim of genius. His son, Frederick the Great, was gifted with as keen and unencumbered an intellect as ever was owned by mortal. Frederick William the Second, who succeeded his uncle, was an *illuminé*, a dreamer of dreams, what would now be called a Spiritualist. His son, the warrior King of the Coalition against Napoleon, inherited the sound practical character of his grandfather, though of course much inferior in mental power. And the son of this last, the late Frederick William, reproduced the type of the Visionary—an amiable enthusiast, whose well-meant efforts at constructing a romantic mediæval Church and State in the clouds we all remember. At his death ensued another break in the direct succession; and, we may dispense with pursuing the analysis farther.

Now, as we have already observed, we conceive talent—special

aptitude of the mind for special purposes—to be undoubtedly heritable, though less frequently inherited than general ability. We will not dwell on the cases of families of painters, musicians, mathematicians, and the like, to which we have already referred as somewhat questionable; because they may really be due to a combination of other causes; still, these are too numerous and well authenticated to be disregarded as writers like Mr. Buckle would disregard them. Every one's knowledge of his neighbour's family history will more or less corroborate them. And so will popular tradition respecting great houses everywhere. The 'esprit des Mortemars' was proverbial in France. 'There is an old saying in our county of Cornwall,' observed the poet Lord Lansdowne, 'that a Trelawney never wanted courage, nor a Godolphin wit, nor a Granville loyalty.' There is among us at this day a ducal family of which the members in one generation, while in other respects persons of ability, are specially distinguished by one not very common faculty—aptitude for numerical calculation; developing itself, according to their several temperaments, in lavish statistical argument on public affairs, in the mastery of complicated accounts, and at the whist-table. Another very distinguished house might be named, in which a predominant spirit of contrivance has displayed itself, through successive generations, in large speculations, in the 'management' of the Cabinets of the last century, and in the government of a railroad in this. In cases like these, hereditary idiosyncrasy furnishes the only explanation, unless we are determined to regard them as accidental. A musician's son may take to music from education or imitation. But when a family talent for calculation or for construction takes wholly different directions in different members, this persistence of special qualities can only be accounted for, if at all, by physical causes: 'non hæc sine numine divûm eveniunt.'

This would perhaps be the natural stage of our inquiry for entering into the question of the relative physical influence of the father and mother in the formation of the character of children. But no part of the subject is as yet so obscure, or so little illustrated by anything like copious induction. The popular notion that distinguished men owe most to their mothers does not seem to meet with much favour from physiological inquirers. The only doctrine which has been boldly propounded on the subject seems to be that of the mystic Jacob Böhme, who reveals to us that in the formation of children men contribute the soul and women the intellect. Mr. Galton has arrived from his tables at the somewhat overdrawn conclusion

that the ratio of distinguished kinships, through male and female respectively, is almost identical in his five first columns—namely, in the cases of judges, statesmen, commanders, men of literature, and men of science; and is as seventy to thirty, or more than two to one, in favour of the male side. ‘The only reasonable solution which I can suggest,’ he adds, ‘besides that of inherent incapacity in the female line for transmitting the peculiar forms of ability we are now discussing is, that the aunts, sisters, and daughters of eminent men do not marry, on the average, so frequently as other women’ (p. 328). The reasons for which he thinks may be, first, that such women do not so readily meet with mates up to their own mark; the second, less complimentary, that they are apt to be ‘shy and odd,’ and also ‘dogmatic and self-asserting, and therefore less attractive to men.’ He however infers from his records ‘that it appears to be very important to success in ‘science’ that a man should have a clever mother.’ But inasmuch as he adds that he ‘believes the reason to be that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from ‘the ordinary narrowing partisan influences of home education’ (p. 196), it is clear that he is here ascribing to the mother a didactic influence, and not that of blood,—a confusion from which his speculations are, as we have seen, not always exempt. He also collects from his statistical inquiries that ‘the influence of ‘the female line has an unusually large effect in qualifying a ‘man to become eminent in the religious world;’ and believes that ‘the reasons laid down when speaking of scientific men ‘will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to divines’ (p. 276). As he somewhat quaintly adds, ‘it requires unusual qualifications, ‘and some of them of a feminine cast, to become a leading ‘theologian.’* If we were to venture on a very hesitating opinion, derived both from studying collections of facts like Mr. Galton’s and from general observation, it would be this: that ability—general aptitude—comes frequently from the

* If, however, eminent divines have as a rule been fortunate in their mothers, it does not appear that they are equally so (in all respects) in their wives:—‘The frequency with which the divines become widowers ‘is a remarkable fact, especially as they did not usually marry when ‘young. I account for the early deaths of their wives on the supposition that their constitutions were weak; and my reasons for thinking ‘so are twofold—first, a very large proportion of them died in childhood . . . ; secondly, it appears that the wives of the divines were ‘usually women of great piety; now it will be shown a little further ‘on, that there is a frequent correlation between an unusually devout ‘disposition and a weak constitution.’ (P. 263.)

mother; talent—special aptitude—more generally from the father. But for this, again, there are reasons quite independent of any ‘hereditary’ theory. Mothers, in education, contribute much to form the general character; it is chiefly the father who directs the mind to its peculiar pursuit.

This question of sexual ‘prepotence’ we must however pass by, together with another still more curious ramification of it, rather indicated than pursued by Mr. Darwin in his sub-chapter on ‘Inheritance as limited by sex’—the supposed descent of special peculiarities from female to female and male to male respectively. Let us return to the more general inquiry from which we have thus far digressed. If we admit as probable the conclusions which have thus far been suggested, namely, that Ability and Talent are both liable to be inherited, but the former more frequently so than the latter, what shall we say of that higher and finer quality to which we give the vague, but generally intelligible, denomination of Genius? Let us begin by coming to an accord as to the meaning of the name. In the first place, genius may be a kind of exceptional attribute of minds not altogether of the first order of endowment. The original, creative, faculty is in itself superior to all other qualities; but any particular development of it may be of an inferior class. Any one possessed of a fine taste for music can readily distinguish between genius in a composer and mere talent of execution. But, unless we are misinformed on the subject, there are composers of real genius who have, nevertheless, made less mark in the musical world than others not so inspired. So in literature, which affords perhaps the readiest examples. We often, and truly, speak of works of genius, still more often perhaps of writers as possessing genius, without intending thereby to express any very high amount of estimation. They have the ethereal fire which renders them a different ‘order of beings from other men; but they have misused it, or neglected it, or possessed it only in limited quantity. Mr. Beckford, the wonder of half a century ago, was a man of real genius. In his ‘Vathek,’ and still more in his *Travels in Italy and in Portugal*, there are passages of the very highest imaginative order, a sense of the picturesque approaching to sublimity. Yet no one would assign to him a very high rank in literature. His genius, though real, was fitful, and its manifestations not of an attractive kind. Richard Ford’s *Handbook for Spain* is commonly ranged on our shelves and in our minds with the rest of its useful, brick-coloured brethren. But that unpretending volume is instinct with original genius to which no other Handbook that ever was compiled makes

the slightest pretence. We have taken commonplace instances, because they suit our meaning the best. Any one can apply the doctrine further by analysing the effect produced on his mind by such literature as he is familiar with. That is, any one who has the power of finding out and appreciating genius, a faculty very far from universal. There are many spirits, not otherwise ill-provided with acuteness, to which the distinctive presence of genius, whether in literature, or art, or life, is imperceptible. Our old friend Pepys the diarist was a man of ability, and not without pretensions to taste; but he thought 'Othello' a very inferior play to 'The Adventures of Five Hours.' Nevertheless, special quality as it doubtless is, we may perhaps agree in Voltaire's definition of genius, in the inferior sense in which we are now treating of it, as being after all only a higher order of talent.

Is genius, thus understood, physically inheritable? It were bold to affirm the contrary, but the instances seem so rare that they might fairly pass, in the eyes of a sceptic, for fortuitous. Notwithstanding all the pains taken by Mr. Galton as well as by others to construct pedigrees of gifted men, we can only at present remember one clear instance of an English author of real genius belonging to a family of kinsmen remarkable for talent: it is that of Coleridge.

But if this kind of sterility or isolation be truly predicable of genius, even of that lower and more every day kind with which we have been hitherto dealing, what are we to say of the doctrine of heredity as applied to genius of the really exalted order—to those minds which subjugate our very powers of judgment, insomuch that we are compelled to own,

'That we can judge as fitly of their worth
As men can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.'

If we follow the almost unanimous voice of our instructors, we shall say that genius of this order, at all events, is absolutely kinless. True genius, say Spurzheim, Virey, Lordat, and their disciples, is always isolated. 'The extremes,' says Dr. Elam, 'are solitary; that is, do not transmit their characteristics. The lowest grade of intellect, the perfect idiot, is unfruitful: the highest genius is unfruitful as regards its psychical character: true genius does not descend to posterity. There may be talent and ability in the ancestry and in the descendants, directed to the same pursuits even; but from the time that the development culminates in true genius it begins to wane.'

To this leading truth surely all the records which we possess bear witness, although Mr. Galton, who seems by no means fully alive to this essential distinction of rank in the hierarchy of great men, tries as far as he can to include men of genius in his tables. Let us take the case of literary greatness alone, not as more remarkable than others, but as that of which examples are most at hand and least questionable. Shakspeare and Milton for England; Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau for France; Goethe and Schiller for Germany; Dante and Machiavel for Italy; these may stand, not as the loftiest names by universal assent (we decline all controversy), but as those most frequently in men's mouths when personifying the literary genius of their respective nations, and as possessing that recognised stamp of supremacy which moves us to involuntary respect whenever they are mentioned. In the case of not one of these is there the slightest evidence of genius being inherited by them or derived from them. They were mostly of quite undistinguished ancestors; none remarkable in a father, except that Milton may have derived a musical organisation from his; several died childless; of none has child or grandchild, notwithstanding the social advantages of such a relationship, attained any distinction worth noting. And if the same course of investigation were applied to the highest genius in its other manifestations, we suspect that the result would be the same. Even in the art of the painter, where kinship is so remarkable a phenomenon, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci stand alone. In music, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn left no rivals of their own race. No recorded son of men—such at least is our own judgment—ever was gifted with such genius, in his own sphere, as Napoleon I. Of all his numerous and well-cared for kindred, not one evinced anything more than a respectable amount of ability; and Flattery itself renounced in despair the endeavour to make him out any but the most commonplace pedigree.

Omitting, however, the case of sheer genius as exceptional, some may think the evidence in favour of the hereditary transmission of intellectual peculiarities so overwhelming as to dispose them to agree with Sir Henry Holland that the real subject of surprise is, 'not that a character should be inherited, but that any should ever fail to be inherited.' They might almost be inclined to adopt Voltaire's lively suggestion, that if as much care were taken in managing the breeds of men as those of animals, '*les généalogies seraient écrites sur les visages et se manifesteraient dans les mœurs.*' But there is assuredly no danger, or no hope, of the creation anywhere of such a race

of intellectual patricians. In the first place, 'mirus Amor' would very certainly render any efforts towards it fruitless by introducing his own capricious exceptions. And, in the next place, if our very elementary knowledge of this branch of physiology has established anything it is this: that from some unknown causes, hereditary peculiarities are certain to die out in time, and most likely to die out early. Such was the judgment of the ancients according to the experience of old times. The most brilliant families, says Aristotle, pass off into insanity; those of steadier ability, into idiocy. Or, as the same notion was polished into a proverb, 'heroum filii noxæ: amentes, Hippocratis filii.' 'The upward movement (le mouvement ascendant) of the high faculties which distinguished so many founders of families almost always stops short at the third generation, rarely continues to the fourth, and scarcely ever beyond the fifth,' is the judgment of Prosper Lucas. How far this apparent brevity of duration, in families, of the hereditary transmission of ability, may be reconciled with Mr. Darwin's general views of the durability of inheritance, inquiries starting from more advanced knowledge may possibly determine. But it is consistent, at all events, with one fundamental law of human nature, which limits the progress of the individual, if not of the species. Each generation inherits the accumulated knowledge of its predecessors. But the individuals of each generation inherit no increase of intellectual power. It is no more possible to add a cubit to the mental than to the bodily stature. Physical training gives health and vigour to the physical faculties; but only up to a certain point, and that a point which has assuredly been reached before. Mr. Galton's 'oarsmen' and 'wrestlers' may maintain inherited supremacy as a body; but the individual best oarsman of this generation is not, except accidentally, a better man than he of the last. Well-trained men may be stronger, swifter, more enduring, than those who are not so; but you cannot train a man to be strong, or swift, or enduring beyond a certain limit, and that a limit which we may be sure some other man has already reached. And, in the like manner, mental cultivation reaches inevitably its appointed maximum. No combination which we are entitled to conceive as possible of hereditary influences will produce an individual fitted with mental powers beyond a standard, not so definable indeed as that of bodily powers, but quite as certain. 'Es ist dafür gesorgt,' says the German proverb, 'das die Bäume nicht in den Himmel wachsen.'

- ART. V.—1. *Tableau de la Poésie française au XVI^{me} Siècle.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1828.
2. *Poésies complètes.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1869.
3. *Critiques et Portraits littéraires.* 5 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1836–39.
4. *Portraits contemporains et divers.* 4 vols. Paris: 1869–70.
5. *Portraits de Femmes.* 1 vol. 1870.
6. *Volupté.* 1 vol. 5^{me} édition. Paris: 1862.
7. *Histoire de Port-Royal.* 6 vols. 3^{me} édition. 1867.
8. *Chateaubriand et son Groupe.* 2 vols. 2^{me} édition. 1870.
9. *Causeries de Lundi.* 15 vols. 1852–60.
10. *Étude sur Virgile.* 2^{me} édition. 1870.
11. *Étude sur Jomini.* 1869.
12. *Nouveaux Lundis.* 12 vols. 1863–70.
13. *Étude sur Talleyrand.* 1 vol. 1870.
14. *À propos des Bibliothèques populaires.* 1870.
15. *De la Liberté de l'Enseignement supérieur.* 1870.
16. *De la Loi sur la Presse.* 1870.

ON a gloomy day in the early part of last November, a modest house in the little suburban Rue Montparnasse, in the Parisian capital, was the centre of great but mournful interest. One of the chief literary stars of France was extinguished. Sainte-Beuve, Senator and Academician, who had passed the greater part of his life in this quiet habitation, was dead, and about five thousand persons of all classes assembled to accompany his remains to the grave. Among the crowd were to be remarked poets, historians, novelists, critics, artists, and journalists of every grade of distinction, together with a body of Parisian students and a multitude of citizens of every class. The assemblage was perhaps the larger by reason of the directions contained in the will of the deceased. He had requested that his remains should not be taken to any church, that no religious rites should be observed, and no discourse be pronounced over his grave. Moreover, his recent speeches in the Senate had found great favour with the Liberal party, so that the funeral itself had something of the nature of a demonstration on behalf of political and religious freedom. The funeral, as conducted according to the desire of the deceased, was for that reason of more than usually

solemn import. It was but a few steps from the house to the tomb in the neighbouring *Cimetière Montparnasse*. After the coffin was lowered, and a single crown of violets deposited upon it; and after one of the executors advancing to the head of the grave had simply uttered the words, '*Adieu, Sainte-Beuve! adieu, notre ami, adieu!*' he turned to the crowd and thanked them for their attendance—the ceremony was over, and the mystery of death weighed blank upon the soul in all its dark and unadorned reality. Groups of friends and admirers, however, were observed lounging about the cemetery, discussing the life and the career of the deceased. By most of these he had been seen in the little study, which was also his bedroom, in the first story of his dwelling-house in the Rue Montparnasse surrounded by his papers and his books. The window, in front of which was his chair and table, looked towards the south and down on a small garden, planted, we think, with five trees, of which he was as proud as a lover and sympathiser with Horace and Horatian desires was bound to be. Through the window the author's favourite pigeons might sometimes be seen either flying across the garden or perched upon the sill, where they were fed daily by his hand. He was easily accessible, and that even to the poor of his vicinity, who knew him for a charitable neighbour; and few were his visitors who did not come away charmed by an interview with the homely-looking man, the marked but not handsome lines of whose closely shaven face bore during late years traces of suffering from a painful inward malady endured with patience, as well as of a lifetime of thought and study. With his black skull-cap, his composed features, and his quiet placid demeanour, he bore no small resemblance to a little somewhat stout *abbé* of the eighteenth century—a pleasant aspect and manner was indeed his habitual characteristic—yet on occasion the large eyes, somewhat *à fleur de tête*, would glisten and the full lips would curve as he would deliver himself of a *mot* or sarcasm, none the less piercing for its excessive fineness and the calmness of its delivery.

It is somewhat difficult to review comprehensively the life and literary labours of a man of so versatile and various a genius as Sainte-Beuve, whose literary activity dealt with a multitude of subjects, and produced but one work of any length; it were as hopeless to attempt, by describing the track of a bee across the countless flowers of a garden, to give a flavour of its honey, as to try to give a notice of the literary qualities of Sainte-Beuve to those who have not read his writings; nevertheless, as his literary career of nearly half a century had

points of contact and intersection with those of nearly every great contemporary writer, and as the successive phases of literary and other creeds through which he passed were in a measure common to him and to his time, some estimate of his whole activity may serve not only to render the leading points of his character more apparent, but to show also through what rapid transformations the course of French literature has passed in a single lifetime.

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve,* a posthumous child, was born at Boulogne-sur-mer, on December 23, 1804. His father held a civil appointment under Government in that town, and died in the very year of his marriage, two months before the birth of his son. Sainte-Beuve has written—

‘ Je naquis en deuil,
Et mon berceau d’abord posa sur un cercueil.’

The mournful circumstances which attended his birth probably had some influence on his nature, for Sainte-Beuve was not gay by temperament. His father had some taste as well as erudition; he left a library of books annotated on the margin with his own hand, which Sainte-Beuve did not fail to peruse with the sympathy of a literary nature and a reverent spirit—it was the only communion possible with the author of his existence.

‘ Si né dans sa mort même
Ma mémoire n’eût pas son image suprême,
Il m’a laissé du moins son âme et son esprit,
Et son goût tout entier à chaque marge écrit.’

His mother, to whose undivided care he was thus left, was the daughter of an English lady, and to her influence may be traced the predilection which Sainte-Beuve evinced for Cowper, Crabbe, and the Lake writers, whose style of poetry he endeavoured to rival in the French tongue. He received a rudimentary course of education at Boulogne, and was then removed to Paris, to the Collège Charlemagne. After a brilliant course of academical success, he repressed at first the temptations of a literary career, and commenced the study of medicine. In his first volume of poetry he sets forth, under the pseudonym of Joseph Delorme—the considerations which led him to adopt medicine as a profession.

‘ La raison de Joseph, fortifiée dès l’enfance par des habitudes sérieuses, et soutenue d’une immense curiosité scientifique, s’élève d’elle-même contre les inclinations du poète pour les dompter. Elle lui parla

* The father of Sainte-Beuve, it may be observed, wrote his name *de* Sainte-Beuve. Sainte-Beuve, however, dropped the particle. .

l'austère langage d'un père, lui représenta les illusions de la gloire, les vanités de l'imagination, sa propre condition, si médiocre et si précaire, l'incertitude des temps, et de toutes parts autour de lui les menaces des révolutions nouvelles. Que faire d'une lyre en ces jours d'orages?—la lyre fut brisée !

Nevertheless external circumstances, by which the career of so many authors has been directed to literature, came in to change the fate of Saint-Beuve. He had succeeded so far in the practice of medicine that, though poor and living an almost solitary life in a humble furnished apartment, he was named an *élève externe* of the Hospital of Saint-Louis. When M. Dubois, one of his old professors at the Collège Charlemagne, who entertained great hopes of his talents, became editor of the '*Globe*,' invited the collaboration of his former pupil, Sainte-Beuve responded by supplying some critical articles which attracted attention, and which were especially noticed by a critic of pure and refined taste—M. Jouffroy. M. Jouffroy became his friend and counsellor in the initiatory steps of the literary career which he now resolved on adopting. In 1827 the '*Odes et Ballades*' of Victor Hugo—the first outbreak of that singular genius—astonished the public, and was said to have drawn from Chateaubriand himself the epithet of '*enfant sublime*,' and to Sainte-Beuve was intrusted the task of delivering the judgment of the '*Globe*.' His criticism was favourable, but not without some restrictions in which he signalled the extravagant comparisons, the distorted metaphors and faulty diction, which have continued to characterise the productions of this gigantic but deformed writer, then about to be proclaimed chief of the Romantic School in process of formation. This article by Sainte-Beuve led to an acquaintance with Victor Hugo, and the critic submitted his own poetry to the notice and obtained the approval of the rising poet. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and Sainte-Beuve, with characteristic facility, became an enthusiastic admirer of the doctrines of the Romantic School and of the genius of its chief. He was invited to listen to the preliminary readings of Victor Hugo's drama of '*Cromwell*' and its famous preface, and became a member of the fraternity who styled themselves somewhat profanely the '*Cénacle*,' where his associates were Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and the two brothers Antoine and Émile Deschamps. Under the influence of such associations and at the suggestion of M. Daunou, an academician well versed in the early literature of France, he composed his first book, published in 1828, and called '*Tableau de la Poésie française au XVI^e siècle*.' The work was declared by the '*Revue française*' to be a marvel of criticism,

and was accepted by the chiefs of the Romantic School as a brilliant service rendered by a valuable ally to their common cause. It transported the reader back to what may be called the præ-classical period of the literature of France, to the period antecedent to Boileau and Malherbe. Not but what Ronsard and the poets of the *Pléiade* who were popular for fifty years in France may in a certain sense be called classical, since they imitated largely the ancient writers; but they reigned before the classical period of the French tongue, before the '*Enfin Malherbe vint*' of Boileau. The work of Sainte-Beuve was an attempt to find ancestors for the Romantic School in the earlier French literature, and an effort at the same time to secure the fame of Ronsard from the strange oblivion into which he had fallen after astonishing popularity. In both respects he must be admitted to have been partially successful. The shade of Ronsard certainly owes a tribute of gratitude to Sainte-Beuve, whose delicacy of judgment has selected from the mass of forgotten stanzas of the poet of the Valois and of Mary Stuart various pieces which exhibit a freshness of language and a truth of nature not to be found in similar compositions under the classical régime.

In the following year Sainte-Beuve appealed himself to the public as a poet in a volume which purported to be the poetical and literary remains of a deceased student of medicine, Joseph Delorme. The volume is well worth the attention of all who would understand the character of Sainte-Beuve, besides containing much that is undeniably of high poetic merit. No notice of Sainte-Beuve, indeed, would be complete without some account of his poetry. The poetic fibre did undoubtedly exist in him, and though what he has written never became popular, yet he succeeded at least in earning the title of poet from such poets themselves as Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and the two Deschamps, and from such critics as Jouffroy, Magnin, and Duvergier de Hauranne. Sainte-Beuve cherished with fondness to the last his early poetical productions; nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have the old poetic chords stirred within him, and no visitor could find an easier way to his heart than by giving him some token that he was acquainted with the pages of '*Joseph Delorme*' and the '*Consolations*.' In fact, we believe he looked with greater tenderness on the two volumes which contain his poetry as finally collected and revised by himself, than on all his prose writings put together. He never ceased to write verses in his leisure hours, although the failure of his last volume, the '*Pensées d'Août*,' in point of popularity

deterred him from further publication. That Sainte-Beuve nevertheless did regret his absolute restriction to a prose career was known to his friends; indeed he has not shrunk from a public avowal to that effect—*‘Le poète en moi,’* he wrote, *‘quelquefois souffert de toutes les indulgences même qu’on avait pour le prosateur.’*

Yet notwithstanding the absence of popularity, it was an honourable distinction of his career to have succeeded so far as to be admitted into fraternity by the great poets of his time, and to have satisfied in some measure the exigencies of men of severe taste. Such work cannot be looked on as failure: it always excites emulation and thought, and acts either by way of directing aspiration to new efforts or by way of warning. No writers of any eminence in France, we may be sure, have since the publication of Sainte-Beuve’s poems failed to give them consideration.

For the poetic efforts of Sainte-Beuve were indeed in great part tentative and experimental. His English descent through his mother had led, as we have stated, to his acquaintance with Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb; and his ambition was to introduce into the French language poetry of the same simplicity, truthfulness, elegance, and subdued passion drawn from natural scenery and types of ordinary life. It may be doubted, however, whether the kind of poetry which Sainte-Beuve aimed at producing is suited to the genius of the French language—certainly the moment in which he made the experiment was unfortunate. It could not be expected that poetry of so quiet a tone would make a deep impression on public attention, then fully occupied with the spiritual rhapsodies of Lamartine, the gorgeous pomp and colouring of the *‘Odes et Ballades’* and *‘Orientales’* of Victor Hugo, and the passionate vivacity of Alfred de Musset. These three poets struck notes which were sure to resound more loudly on the public ear, and to agitate the passions of the time more deeply than those to be found in *‘Joseph Delorme’* and the *‘Consolations.’*

It may be supposed that a desire to keep close to truth and reality led Sainte-Beuve to give his fictitious Joseph Delorme the condition of a medical student. This incident, however, gave M. Guizot the opportunity of classifying Joseph as a *‘Werther jacobin et carabin;’* and although Sainte-Beuve replied he was but a *‘Girardin’* at the worst, his hero still remains a *‘Werther carabin;’* for the character he has conceived is of the same family as the Werthers, Rénés, Obermann’s, Jacopo Ortis, and other imaginary beings whom

Melancholy marked for her own, and who were popular at the same time as 'Childe Harold.' The psychological condition which has been called '*le mal de Réné*,' of which they were the expression, has now died away, and perhaps is barely intelligible to the greater part of our positive generation, who, if they have any spiritual malady at all, have it of quite an opposite complexion. Therefore the sorrows, passions, and dreamy meditations of Joseph Delorme have less chance of meeting with sympathy now than in the days of his contemporaries.

Indeed, those who knew Sainte-Beuve in his later years, and the readers of the '*Causeries de Lundi*,' will find in his first volume of poetry, as well as in '*Volupté*,' indications of emotions and tendencies with which they would hardly have expected to meet in such a writer, and which the habit of continuous criticism afterwards suppressed.

However, there are two characters in Joseph Delorme. There is the consumptive student perishing with decline and excessive labour, sometimes abandoned to the promptings of despair and doubt and incredulity, and returning ever and anon to ideas of suicide, sometimes endeavouring to find refuge from the gloomy imaginations which beset him in gross and facile pleasures and in sombre misanthropy, and sometimes escaping from all the temptations both from within and without, and finding delight in the contemplation of nature, of purity, and graceful simplicity. And there is another Delorme also, the indefatigable and curious student, whose qualities remained active in Sainte-Beuve to the end of his life. We will quote one quaint and striking little piece from this volume which characterises the latter division of Delorme's nature, and affords an interesting sketch of what Sainte-Beuve may be presumed to have been in his early days of literary research. It is styled *Mes Livres* :—

'J'aime rimer, et j'aime lire aussi.
 Lorsqu'à rêver mon front s'est obscurci,
 Qu'il est sorti de ma pauvre cervelle,
 Deux jours durant, une églogue nouvelle,
 Soixante vers, ou quatre-vingts au plus,
 Et qu'au réveil, lourd encore et l'âme ivre,
 Pour près d'un mois je me sens tout perclus ;
 O mes amis ! alors je prends un livre,
 Non pas un seul, mais dix, mais vingt, mais cent ;
 Non les meilleurs, Byron le magnanime,
 Le grand Milton, ou Dante le puissant, '
 Mais tous *Anas*, de naissance anonyme,
 Semés de tout que je note en passant ;

C'est mon bonheur. Sauriez-vous pas de grâce
 En quel recoin et parmi quel fatras
 Il me serait possible d'avoir trace
 Du long séjour que fit à Carpentras
 Monsieur Malherbe, ou de quel air Ménage,
 Chez Sévigné, jouait son personnage.
 Monsieur Courart, savait-il le latin
 Mieux que Jouy ? consumait-il en plumes
 Mieux que Suard ? Le docteur Gui Patin,
 Avait-il plus de dix mille volumes ?
 Problèmes pas posés mais toujours pendants,
 Qu'à grand plaisir je retourne et travaille.
 Vaut-il pas mieux quand on est sur les dents
 Plutôt qu'aller rimailler rien qui vaille,
 Se faire rat et ronger une maille ?
 En cette humeur, s'il me vient sous la main,
 Le long des quais, en velin, un peu jaune,
 Le titre en rouge, et la date en romain,
 Au frontispiece un saint Jean sur le trône,
 Le tout couvert d'un fort blanc parchemin,
 Oh ! que ce soit un Ronsard, un Pétrone,
 Un à-Kempis—pour moi c'est un trésor,
 Que j'ouvre et ferme et que je r'ouvre encore.'

The '*Consolations*,' which Sainte-Beuve published the following year, denoted a considerable revolution in the moral order of his ideas, though the style remained the same. Joseph Delorme had exhibited a tendency to materialist doctrines; the *Werther carabin* was the pupil of Diderot and Holbach. In the '*Consolations*,' on the contrary, all materialism, all that was crude and sometimes gross in detail, had disappeared before a mystical religiosity. Sainte-Beuve has spoken of a *crise morale* having occurred at this period of his life, by which we are probably to understand some unsuccessful attachment, under whose influence he had a period of religious exaltation. Mystical *rêveries*, artistic sensations, letters to poetic friends, recollections of childhood, simple sketches of nature, form then the subject of the new volume, which was not given out like the former under a pseudonym, and yet perhaps it was less a representation of Sainte-Beuve than the first. At the most, it was the expression of a transitory stage in his moral development.

'L'impression,' wrote Beuve later, 'sous laquelle j'ai écrit les "Consolations," n'est jamais revenue, et ne s'est plus renouvelée pour moi. Ces six mois célestes de ma vie, comme je les appelle, ce mélange de sentiments tendres, fragiles et chrétiens qui faisaient un charme, cela en effet ne pouvait durer, et ceux de mes amis (il en est) qui auraient voulu me fixer et immobiliser dans cette nuance, oubliaient trop que ce

n'était réellement qu'une nuance aussi passagère et changeante que le reflet de la lumière sur les nuages, ou dans un étang à une certaine heure du matin, à une certaine inclinaison du soir.'

We shall have more to say about this constancy in inconstancy so distinctive of Sainte-Beuve's life, and upon which he looked with such complacency, and we confine ourselves here to the remark that the '*Consolations*' were regarded with different eyes by different admirers of 'Joseph Delorme.' Although it was perhaps the most successful of Sainte-Beuve's volumes of poetry, and was the most admired by such judges as Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny, the religious tone of the volume was distasteful to many, and Béranger, in a letter otherwise complimentary, could barely pardon Sainte-Beuve '*ce lambeau de culte jeté sur sa foi de déiste,*' as he expresses it, and accused him of paying compliments to the '*Seigneur,*' in the same way as the Cardinals thanked Jupiter and all the pagan gods of Olympus at the election of a new Pope. However, there is no reason for doubting that Sainte-Beuve was sincere in the '*Consolations,*' and that he had, or thought he had, at this time a mystical religious visitation. He often referred to it in after life as to something which could not last, and indeed it was but one of his various moral transformations, until he reached the final stage in which he died.

The phase of religious aspiration of the '*Consolations*' had nevertheless an enduring effect upon Sainte-Beuve's style, although it had none on his ultimate religious convictions; it probably directed his thoughts towards the project of writing a history of Port Royal; its effects are largely noticeable in his novel '*Volupté*;' and it gave him a sort of unction of diction which is noticeable when he is dealing with any topic in which it is admissible. Subsequently to the '*Consolations*,' Sainte-Beuve put forth another volume in somewhat the same strain, the '*Pensées d'Août.*' The neglect, however, into which this new effort was allowed to pass, put an end to his poetical activity in the way of publication, though it was easy at any time to awaken within him the slumbering embers into a flame, one of the most remarkable instances of which was his reply to some well-known lines of Alfred de Musset, written upon a phrase to be found in one of Sainte-Beuve's criticisms—'*Chaque homme contient un poète mort dans son âme.*'

'*Aujourd'hui,*' writes Sainte-Beuve later, '*on me croit seulement un critique, mais je n'ai pas quitté la poésie sans y avoir laissé tout mon aiguillon.*'

The early part of the critical career of Sainte-Beuve has been cast into the shade by the success of the '*Causeries de Lundi*;' nevertheless, to understand the manner in which he arrived at his later degree of perfection in criticism, it is necessary that this earlier period should be taken into account. Like Raphael and many of the old artists, Sainte-Beuve passed through three manners in his method of passing judgment on literary matters. One of the most significant of the articles which he wrote under the influence of his early romantic associations was that on Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, published in the first volume of his '*Portraits littéraires*.' This article was indeed an event in the literary history of France; it analysed anew with impartial delicacy and ability the reputation of a factitious glory consecrated by tradition and habit; and although Sainte-Beuve preserved as usual a certain moderation in his depreciatory judgment, the article nevertheless proved as prejudicial to the fame of Rousseau's artificial lyrics as his earlier criticism of the poetry of the sixteenth century had proved favourable to Ronsard. The articles on '*Boileau*,' '*Lebrun*,' and other of the past glories of French literature are conceived and executed with the same discriminating judgment and fresh spirit of appreciation. Yet although the measure of praise or blame is carefully apportioned to the subject, these criticisms must not be taken as the final expression of Sainte-Beuve's judgment on the subject of each notice. Notwithstanding their moderation, he described some of them later as being written in all the insolence of aggressive youth. The article on '*Boileau*' he considered especially as requiring very considerable modifications; and he has declared decisively that in his opinion youth cannot possess that very delicate quality, taste; the calmness of judgment at that period is too much troubled by passion, by ardours in special and sometimes extravagant directions, to allow the balance to be held by a steady and impartial hand; youth, indeed, is too *piena di se*, too confident in its own force, to observe and to reflect with due deliberation.

From this first, the aggressive manner of criticism, Sainte-Beuve extricated himself under the reign of Louis-Philippe. During the eighteen years of the prevalence of a literature which had ceased to have the quality of artistic novelty, which was now admired as well as tolerated, Sainte-Beuve's style of criticism, as represented by his articles in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' became more impartial, more neutral in tone; it was analytic, descriptive, and somewhat discursive; but as he characterised it himself, in contrasting it with his later manner,

it had the defect of not being conclusive. There was still a certain obliquity in his way of looking at his subject; the point of view chosen was not central and directly in front as in later times. The articles of this period are collected in the series called '*Portraits des Contemporains*,' to which the student of French literature will always refer with delight and instruction. All the chief writers of Sainte-Beuve's time are passed under review in these volumes. But not only are the judgments passed on his contemporaries less evenly balanced than those which he passed in the full maturity of his critical faculty, —requiring the supplementary restrictions of corrective notes, added to late editions, which signalise Sainte-Beuve's changes of literary opinion,—but the style is more involved and the diction less simple, more strained, more insidiously twisted than in the '*Causeries de Lundi*.' Prolivity of expression, discursiveness, and consequently a frequent failure of direct, logical, consecutive interest, are faults in those early literary studies which Sainte-Beuve contrived wholly to avoid after he began his '*Lundis*' in the '*Constitutionnel*.'

The revolution of 1830, indeed, brought afresh a great change in the moral and social ideas of Sainte-Beuve. He had become a proselyte anew, and that to the visionary schemes of Saint-Simon for the transformation of society, which, notwithstanding their Utopian character, enrolled among their adherents some of the most eminent intellects in France; for, strangely enough, among the early adepts of Saint-Simonism may be counted men who have since become famous, men of administrative and practical capacity, of whom M. Michel Chevalier is one, distinguished for their just application to commercial affairs of the rigorous principles of political economy. The time from 1830 to 1840 was indeed a peculiar period of transformation and transition in the life of Sainte-Beuve, for it was not until 1840 that he arrived at compressing all those vague and mystic aspirations which mark the first years of his manhood into that unchanging code of rationalism, both in politics and religion, which was the creed of the last thirty years of his life. After the Revolution of July, M. Pierre Leroux had succeeded to the editorship of the '*Globe*,' and under his auspices he laboured at the propagation of Saint-Simonian doctrines in the columns of that journal. A large sympathy with humanity and with the sorrows of his fellow-men was always characteristic of Sainte-Beuve; and he now addressed himself to the Romantic School, and invited them not to confine their energies to the domain of pure art, but to assist in the

general work of the amelioration of human social conditions. Soon after this he became acquainted with Lamennais. The ardent religious spirit of the prophet and reformer, the very proofs of whose '*Paroles d'un Croyant*' set the printers of the establishment where they were printed in a state of spiritual commotion characteristic of the time, had a strange attraction for him. It was, in fact, by his mediation that the '*Paroles d'un Croyant*' first saw the light. He now went wild with enthusiasm for Lamennais; and while under the influence of this relationship he wrote the novel of '*Volupté*,' the leading personage of which is a priest, who previous to his consecration is subject to a long and painful conflict of sensual and spiritual desires, out of which the spiritual qualities at last emerge victorious. It was at this period also that he conceived the idea of writing the history of Port Royal, which to those who are only acquainted with the latter half of his life and writings must always have appeared as an undertaking marked with some incongruity.

It assuredly is a singular fact in literary history that a writer who finished his career like Sainte-Beuve should have chosen such a subject for the greater labour of his life; and that, although the idea of the work was conceived under the influence of a certain religious mysticism, which had entirely evaporated before the author had published the first volume, he continued nevertheless to labour intermittently at his enterprise for more than twenty years, with the same devotion and the same scrupulous exactness and completeness; and that it is only in the final page—where he takes farewell of the reader after the fashion of Gibbon—that the author reveals that he has been studying this evolution of religious sentiment, this ferment and conflict of spiritual forces, with the same sort of impartial curiosity with which a naturalist might observe the doings of bees in a glass house.

If our reader has followed us so far, he will feel it time that some estimate or attempt at explanation should be made of the excessive mobility of Sainte-Beuve's nature, which has become sufficiently apparent in the course of this article.

Sainte-Beuve has been described somewhere as a soul constantly on the look-out to espouse some other soul, and then, as soon as the espousals were consummated, to have been as constantly looking out for reasons for divorce—a sort of Don Juan, in fact, of a literary kind. 'Enthusiasm and repentance,' it has been said, might form the epigraph of the collections of his criticism. A characteristic story has been told of the way in which he treated the portrait of a novelist of the

day. Sainte-Beuve having written a favourable criticism on his first novel, the author, in the first gush of gratitude, arrived with his portrait under his arm as a present to his illustrious critic. The portrait was allowed a prominent place in Sainte-Beuve's study. A second novel appeared inferior to the first; the portrait was banished to the ground floor. After the appearance of a third novel by the same author, the portrait went out of the house altogether, and was heard of subsequently as migrating from friend's house to friend's house, till it vanished in undistinguishable regions.

One can indeed hardly forbear from a smile in contrasting the modified expressions of Sainte-Beuve of later years with the signs of enthusiasm for his literary contemporaries which abound in the '*Consolations*.' Alfred de Vigny—author of *Éloa* and *Moïse* was the *chantre-élu*, the *ange*, the *séraphin*, the *apôtre* of his time. The volume itself was dedicated to Victor Hugo, whom he spoke of as '*Notre grand Victor*,' and with respect to Victor Hugo it must be noticed, that, in spite of broken ties of friendship and a change of literary opinions, he abstained in later times from all direct renunciation of the praise offered to the object of his early idolatry.

It was in the year 1835 that Sainte-Beuve began to separate himself from the Romantic School; and in this year appeared a very remarkable article from his pen, entitled '*Du Génie critique de Bayle*,' which may be regarded as a sort of literary apology for his desertion from the ranks of the Romanticists, and at the same time as a philosophic investigation into the critical nature, based on deductions drawn, we may believe, from his own experience. After setting forth that indifference was one of the chief characteristics of Bayle, he adds:—

'Cette indifférence du fond, cette tolérance prompte et facile, aiguë de plaisir, est une des conditions essentielles du génie critique. Ce génie prend tout en considération, fait tout valoir, et se laisse d'abord aller *sauf à revenir bientôt*. Il ne craint pas de se mésallier: il va partout, le long des rues s'informant, accostant, la curiosité l'allaèche, et il ne s'épargne pas les régals qui se présentent. *L'infidélité est le trait de ces esprits divers et intelligents.*'

It is hardly possible to erect infidelity into a virtue with more charming candour; but there is a sonnet of Sainte-Beuve's in '*Joseph Delorme*' in which he celebrates the satisfaction which he feels in breaking the bonds of servitude and passion; which may also in some measure be applied equally to describe the sense of delight which he experienced at recovering his inde-

pendence, and at finding himself liberated from a system of literary partisanship in behalf of principles to which he could no longer adhere:—

‘Osons tout et disons nos sentiments divers ;
 Nul moment n’est plus doux au cœur mâle et sauvage
 Que lorsqu’après des mois d’un trop ingrat servage,
 Un matin par bonheur il a brisé les fers.
 La flèche le perçait, et pénétrant ses chairs,
 Elle le suivait partout : de bocage en bocage
 Il errait. Mais le trait tout d’un coup se dégage,
 Il le rejette au loin tout sanglant dans les airs.
 O joie ! O cri d’orgueil ! O liberté rendue !
 Espace retrouvé, courses dans l’étendue
 Que les ardents soleils l’inondent maintenant !
 Comme un guerrier, mais que l’épreuve rassure,
 À mainte cicatrice ajoutant sa blessure,
 Je porte haut la tête et triomphe en saignant.’

It would be unfair to drive the deduction which might be drawn from this love sonnet too far ; but it is clear that in the early part of Sainte-Beuve’s career his judgment and admiration were liable to be rapidly and successively captivated by the various enthusiasms of his time, and that, after yielding for a while to the new impulse, his mind cooled into the reflective stage, and he looked about for reasons to establish himself in a state of dispassionate independence. His curiosity led him to wish to investigate every subject capable of interesting a man endowed with earnest literary energy, from which a certain amount of spirituality is rarely absent, and in the ardour of youth he became for a while impassioned for ideas on which he learned to look with serene indifference. Being endowed with a mind in which the critical faculties were far more active than the creative, the critical faculties at last gained complete possession of the field ; and in 1840, at the age of thirty-six, he settled down into his final stage. The age of faith with him was over—that of reason took its place ; and henceforth, although liable to be moved for a time even then to admiration too fervent to be permanent, he preserved with jealous watchfulness his integrity of judgment.

The novel of ‘*Volupté*,’ notwithstanding its many remarkable qualities, affords in our opinion sufficient proof that Sainte-Beuve was not endowed with the creative faculties necessary to constitute a writer of pure fiction. The novel may indeed be said to have been successful, since it formed a constituent part of his early claim to literary fame, and is still read ; but one novel, unless it form as great an event in literary history

as 'Paul and Virginia,' or the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' can hardly be considered as giving a title to its author to rank as a novelist. '*Volupté*,' as the writer indeed declared, is evidently a study drawn from the observation and recollections of persons and circumstances intimately connected with himself. The characters are well drawn, and have distinct individuality; many pages of psychological analysis show a minute faculty of self-examination; the description of the interior life of a seminary—in which however Sainte-Beuve was aided by Lacordaire—is eminently truthful, and is delicately touched. The language, too, is as elegant as might be expected from the pen of Sainte-Beuve, but the story lacks interest, action, passion and power. It had in its own day formidable competitors in the '*Notre-Dame*' of Victor Hugo, the '*Jocelyn*' of Lamartine, and the '*Lélia*' of George Sand, and would, we imagine, have few readers at the present time were it not that it bears the name of Sainte-Beuve on the title-page.

Sainte-Beuve's claim to take rank as a historian by his history of Port Royal is of a more serious order. The same tendency of taste is noticeable in the choice of the subject of his historical enterprise as in those of his poetry and that of his romance—a predilection for the study of characters who had wrought and striven in retirement, apart from the broad highways of the world; and that predilection, directed by the current of religious inspiration under which he wrote the '*Consolations*,' led him to choose the lives and workings of the Solitaires of Port Royal, and that surprising revival of religious faith in the seventeenth century known by the name of Jansenism.

He had long entertained the project of writing such a history, and had collected for this purpose a large quantity of materials, when in the summer of 1837 he made an excursion to Switzerland. In the course of his journey he visited some Swiss friends with whom he had been acquainted in Paris, and to them he mentioned the fact that the daily exigencies of his periodical labours in Paris arrested the progress of his work, for the completion of which a year's undisturbed application was necessary. His friends, who happened to have influence with the *Conseil de l'Instruction publique* and with the *Conseil d'État* of the Canton de Vaud, took heed of Sainte-Beuve's words, and submitted, unknown to him, a project to the authorities, which was adopted, and Sainte-Beuve was solicited to give a course of lectures for a year at the Academy of Lausanne. In the autumn he transported himself and his Jansenist books to Lausanne, and during the following

twelve months the design and structure of the work was completed in a course of his lectures, of which Jansenism was the subject, leaving the details to be afterwards filled in.

One of the most admirable points of this work is the human and literary interest which Sainte-Beuve has been enabled to infuse into a subject not possessing for the mass of readers very brilliant attractions. Indeed, when he first conceived the idea of writing the history, the enterprise seemed desperate indeed. '*Il n'y a que vous et moi,*' said Royer Collard, who himself had a good deal of the Jansenist in his nature, '*pour nous occuper de Port-Royal.*' Nevertheless, when the advocates of free and liberal thought on religious matters began to look for arms against Ultramontanism and the intrigues of the Jesuits, the subject of Port Royal came more into vogue, and then the industry and skill with which Sainte-Beuve had disencumbered his narrative of tangled masses of thorns and briars of theological controversy became duly recognised. Nor is the work less remarkable for its patient research, the abundance of the documents brought to light, and the scrupulous exactness of its facts.

It is well, assuredly, to have a complete story of this extraordinary movement, of this sort of abortive but heroic Catholic Methodism, which shook in its spiritual struggle for birth the very pillars of the fabric of Papal supremacy, which was, to the injury both of royalty and religion, more dreaded and detested by the Court than either deism or atheism, and which exhausted the wiles and energies of its aggressors when they should have been preparing for conflict with more redoubtable antagonists. The work of Sainte-Beuve fills this memorable page, and will undoubtedly hold with posterity as unrivalled a position in respect to Port Royal as the work of Gibbon does to the Decline and Fall of Rome. It is not probable that any future writer will attempt to tell again the story of Jansenism after Sainte-Beuve; nevertheless, the author's rank as a historian cannot be admitted to be so high as his rank as critic. The History of Port Royal may be allowed among histories a higher place than '*Volupté*' among novels, but it has a great similarity of character. '*Volupté*' is the story of the spiritual conflicts of a single mind. The History of Port Royal is the history of a great spiritual conflict in France for nearly a century. The narrative is thus naturally of a severe order. As most of the actions passed in the cells of anchorites and the cloisters of a convent, there is no subject for brilliant and picturesque description, no room for romance, and for the infinite

diversity of character offered by the theatre of the world. The incidents of court and camp, the movement of politics, the freedom, charm, and variety of social life, find no place here. And although under the monotonous uniforms of serge and cowl Sainte-Beuve has well delineated the different natures of such men as St. François de Sales, Jansen, St. Cyran, and St. Vincent de Paul, yet there is a family resemblance of feature; the impression conveyed to us is that of a large picture in neutral colours. This deficiency was doubtless inherent in the subject; the discursiveness, however, of the work is sometimes so great that we lose sight of the subject altogether, besides which, the tone of the narrative is not pitched deep enough to bring out the most thrilling and grave effects. There is some want of eloquence and fervid power which fails to rouse emotion, although this is in great measure compensated for by the delicacy of the language, and by refinement and truth of observation.

At the conclusion of his task Sainte-Beuve wrote, after the fashion of Gibbon, a farewell to his labours; the passage was suppressed in the first edition but included in the second, and gave no small disappointment to many of the admirers of the work. In taking leave of the *solitaires* of Port Royal, the author addresses them thus:—

‘Quelle doctrine plus artificielle que la vôtre! Vous avez toujours parlé de la vérité, et vous avez tout sacrifié à ce qui est apparu sous ce nom; j’ai été, à ma manière, un homme de vérité aussi avant que j’ai pu l’atteindre.

‘Mais que cela même que c’est peu! Que notre regard est borné, qu’il s’arrête vite! qu’il ressemble à un pâle flambeau allumé un moment au milieu d’une nuit immense; et comme celui qui avait le plus à connaître son objet, qui mettait le plus d’ambition à le saisir, et le plus d’orgueil à le peindre, se sent impuissant et au-dessous de sa tâche, le jour où la voyant à peu près terminée et le résultat obtenu, l’ivresse de sa force s’apaise et la défaillance finale et l’inévitable dégoût le gagnent et où il s’aperçoit à son tour qu’il n’est qu’une illusion des plus fugitives au sein de l’illusion infinie.’

This assuredly is one of the most mournful passages ever penned as the conclusion to a work, the result of twenty years of labour, commenced in strength, hope, and enthusiasm; the writer has come to the conviction that he is no more than ‘one of the most fugitive of illusions in the bosom of the Infinite Illusion.’ With the knowledge of this dreary conviction on the part of the writer, one cannot but marvel at the vitality of his nature, which led him at the age of forty-five to begin, as it were, a new literary career and to create

for himself a new literary product, in which he has had, and perhaps is likely to have, no rival.

The year 1840 was, as we have said, the grand climacteric of the life of Sainte-Beuve. It was in that year that he congratulated himself at being permanently healed from the pietistic malady which had ravaged him for eleven years, and which was the result of a '*grave affection morale, un grand trouble de sensibilité*,' of which we are left to discover the cause. In 1840, too, he was appointed Librarian of the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*—a post which assured his material independence. In 1845 he was elected an Academician in the place of Casimir Delavigne; and from 1840 to 1848 was, perhaps, the most brilliant and fortunate portion of his existence. He was still comparatively young, his reputation was established, his position was assured, he was the friend and favourite of some of the most distinguished men of France—among them of Count Molé; and he was a frequent visitor in the best *salons* of the time, those of the Duchesse de Broglie and of Madame Recamier, where Chateaubriand was the supreme idol, surrounded by a crowd of adorers. The revolution of 1848 came, however, and the rudeness of its shock fell hard on Sainte-Beuve, scattered his friends, broke up his associations, and deprived him of his post at the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*. The circumstances which led him to vacate his office were the more irritating from their extreme triviality. Before the revolution of 1848, Sainte-Beuve had passed from the '*Globe*' to the '*National*,' when it was under the direction of Armand Carrel, consequently he had the reputation of having been in opposition to the Government. But it appears that some time previously to 1848 the chimney of Sainte-Beuve's apartment in the edifice of the Mazarin Library was out of order, and the *fumiste*, as the workman who attends to such things is styled, was called in to set it to rights. The charge for this repair was, in the usual course of things, to be defrayed by the owner of the building, which in this case was the Government. But the charge for this smoky chimney cost Sainte-Beuve his appointment at the Mazarin Library. Amid the various disorders and exposures of the revolution of 1848, the papers of Louis-Philippe were abstracted from the Tuileries, and a list was framed from them of those who had or were supposed to have received secret-service money from the late Government. In this list Sainte-Beuve's name figured for the sum of about 100 francs, and the list was published in the '*Revue contemporaine*.' This revelation overwhelmed Sainte-Beuve with confusion and astonishment;

he was unfairly treated; he was not allowed to see the manuscript lists from which the one published was drawn; and he was unable, until some time afterwards, to identify the sum standing against his name with that spent on the repair of his chimney. Literary spite eagerly seized on the discovery; and, since Sainte-Beuve was supposed, not without grounds, to regard the revolution of 1848 as anything but a desirable change, revolutionary journalists were busy with his name. Sainte-Beuve, who loved a quiet life and hated disturbance, was unwilling to face the discredit which his enemies endeavoured to fix upon him;* with perhaps excessive timidity, he abandoned his cause, gave up his librarianship, fled from the disorders of the time, and went to Belgium, where he obtained the appointment of Lecturer on *Belles-Lettres* at the University of Liège. In this position he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand, which have been collected into two volumes.

These volumes are remarkable as an example of what Sainte-Beuve could do in the way of long and minute critical analysis. Neither in his very masterly '*Étude sur Virgile*,' published later, nor in his earlier study of Ronsard, has he given such an example of careful analytic criticism on a large scale as in his volumes on Chateaubriand. It is indeed a merciless masterpiece of literary dissection. The critic shows no lack of admiration for whatever can be admired in the author of '*René*' and the '*Martyrs*,' but the probè is thrust deeply into all the weak parts of his artistic and moral nature. The criticism is, however, too searching and too unsparing; and the writer takes a somewhat unfair advantage of his personal knowledge of Chateaubriand, and his acquaintance with the *salon* of Madame Recamier, where he had seen that once so celebrated poet and politician constantly in the last days of his life, and where he had listened before publication to pages of the '*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*.'

After his return to France in 1850, Sainte-Beuve received an offer from Dr. Veron, then proprietor and editor of the '*Constitutionnel*,' to contribute criticisms and literary articles once a week to the columns of his journal. This was indeed a

* Sainte-Beuve did not want courage. He fought a duel in his life which has been remembered from the coolness of a reply he made. When the party arrived on the ground it was raining hard. After the preliminaries were arranged, the principals took their places. Our critic took his place, with his pistol in one hand and with his umbrella over him in the other. The seconds protested. '*Je veux bien être tué*,' said Sainte-Beuve, '*mais mouillé, non.*'

decisive moment in the life of Sainte-Beuve. Long accustomed as he now was to the peaceful atmosphere and the leisurely style of writing of reviews and of history, he had to submit to the rough collisions and imperious exigencies of journalism, and to address the readers of a newspaper on topics of literature amid the seething tumult and daily warfare of political factions. It may be said that no one was so well prepared as Sainte-Beuve for the task which was then placed before him. Now that insatiable and restless curiosity, now that capacity for successive enthusiasms and successive repentances, now that inexhaustible love of letters which, all united, had led him to take interest in all literary and most social topics, stood him in good stead. Under the new trial to which he was thus subjected most men would either have sunk and succumbed, or have become as irremediably an intellectual ruin as is the case with the mass of the writers of journalism. Sainte-Beuve, thrown back on his own resources, determined that the article demanded of him should be as perfect as the limits of time and space would permit; and his life for the next few years was one of unceasing devotion to the perfection of his Monday article.

The '*Causeries de Lundi*' were thus, indeed, articles forged upon the anvil of necessity. And when one considers the enormous amount of reading and observation which is comprised within the small compass of most of these articles, one is not surprised to learn that for about five days of every week Sainte-Beuve was almost invisible even to his most intimate friends. He had always the use of a secretary from the time he commenced his series of the '*Causeries*;' and his amicable relations with his successive secretaries speak well for his geniality of nature. In the selection of a secretary he was usually fortunate. Some of these secretaries were not only men of unusual intelligence, able to render him assistance in his researches—for which he has liberally acknowledged his obligations, but became also men of letters themselves; most remained his friends till death; two were the executors of his will; and his last secretary, M. Troubat, was his residuary legatee. During, then, the first three days of each week, his secretary, sometimes assisted by Sainte-Beuve, was busy in collecting all books and documents discoverable touching the matter in hand, and in reading and commenting on them in company with Sainte-Beuve. On the fourth day Sainte-Beuve ruminated over the article already constructed in his head; on the fifth he wrote it; and on the sixth he took it down to the office of the '*Constitutionnel*,' and read it over to Dr. Veron

who, though not a man of original power himself, had a fine sense of what was likely to suit the public. Sainte-Beuve corrected the proofs at the office of the journal, and the article appeared invariably every Monday.

Such facility and regularity of literary production are, considering the quality of the work, without a parallel in literature, for the '*Causeries de Lundi*' have been saluted on all sides as immortal, and will in all probability live as long as the French language.

Thus every Monday the readers of the '*Constitutionnel*' had some new literary delicacy served up for their entertainment. The range of subject was of the most varied character—on one Monday they were able to listen to the caustic repartees of Madame du Deffand; on another they might take part in the adventurous career of Beaumarchais; on another they were introduced to the Persian poet Ferdousi; one week they might enjoy the quintessence of the biting wit of Chamfort; the next they were put face to face with the sublimity of Bossuet, or taught to sympathise with the evangelic sweetness of Fénelon. Sainte-Beuve's critical spirit was capable of ranging with equal freedom over the whole realm of French literature—from Villehardouin and Joinville down to George Sand, Thiers, Lamartine, Saint-Marc, Girardin, Nisard, and the less known writers of his own time, with occasional but rare flights into the regions of foreign history and poetry. The appreciation of their value was immediate, and M. Guizot and M. Littré are said to have remarked of them, '*Ils sont d'autant meilleurs qu'il n'a pas le temps de les gâter.*' Indeed, under the pressure of rapid production, the style of Sainte-Beuve changed very sensibly in the '*Causeries de Lundi*.' His manner has no longer the involved, oblique, and digressive character which is noticeable in his previous studies, but is rapid, direct, and decisive; his literary judgment now expanded itself into the accent of conscious maturity. We feel we are in the hands of a master of his art, while the peculiarity of his method invests his subject with minute biographic details and historic incident, which add irresistible charm to the perusal. In fact, amid all the ranges of volumes which fill our libraries, we doubt if more instructive or more delightful reading is to be found anywhere than in the twenty-nine volumes into which the '*Causeries de Lundi*' have been collected. And it must be added also that the production of such highly-finished literary essays week by week would have been possible nowhere else but in France, for nowhere else could be found so large a public with taste and sympathy sufficient to support

the courage of the artist by appreciation; and nowhere else is the personality of a writer allowed so fair and free an address to the public in a daily newspaper. The *coup d'état* of 1851 exercised, like the revolution of 1848, a remarkable influence on the career of Sainte-Beuve. As is well known, he rapidly gave in his adherence to the new Government. It is not for us here to justify or condemn his political conduct; the fact, we believe, is that Sainte-Beuve was not suited for active political life, and did not desire to take part in it, animated as he was with the conviction that politics and pure literature (in which he felt his real vocation to lie) require different capacities for their successful prosecution. Moreover he had, as we have before hinted; no love of revolutions; he desired a stable government, and that not on the selfish view alone that civil peace is more congenial to the steady development of art and literature, but from views of humanity also; for Sainte-Beuve had ready sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men, and was deeply moved by the distress which weighed heavily on the industrial portion of the population of France during the days of the short-lived Republic. He consequently rallied to the Empire; nor did he do so tacitly, but in the month of August, 1852, he published an article styled *Les Regrets* in the columns of the '*Constitutionnel*,' which made a great deal of noise, and as he flattered himself, '*porta en plein sur l'état major des salons*.' This article excited, indeed, no small degree of temporary ill-feeling against Sainte-Beuve. Of its good taste or expediency there may be much question. It was directed, under the semblance of advice, against old friends and associates who had taken an active part in the Government of Louis-Philippe, and rallied them on the inconsolable airs they had given themselves since the *coup d'état*. The caustic and subtle power of insinuation of which Sainte-Beuve was a master turned the advice into a satire. With malicious gravity and with the air of a sceptical physician, he signalled the existence of new moral maladies, *le mal du pouvoir perdu* and *le mal de la parole perdue*, and prescribed remedies for their treatment. Of its general tone a notion may be formed by the following sentence:—

'Surtout je ne puis, pour mon compte, avoir grande pitié des gens auxquels il n'est arrivé d'autre malheur inconsolable que celui de ne me plus gouverner.'

This article is believed to have had no small share in preparing for the writer the unfavourable reception which he met with on his appointment to the Professorship of Latin Poetry, at the *Collège de France*, previously to which he had passed

from the '*Constitutionnel*' to the '*Moniteur*.' The Imperial Government could not fail to reward in some way the most brilliant of the literary ornaments of its career, who had thus openly declared himself its supporter. But, as is well known, when Sainte-Beuve appeared in his professorial chair, the audience, which on such occasions is composed partly of students and partly of the general public, raised such a *charivari*, to use the French term, that the professor was obliged to desist, and thought it prudent to send in his resignation. The man who had written in the '*National*' under Armand Carrel—who was supposed, though falsely, to have been in the pay of Louis-Philippe's Government—was treated as a political apostate, and the political animosity thus set in motion found ready allies in old literary rancours long waiting for explosion.

Sainte-Beuve, not without some diminution of public favour, continued his '*Causeries*' in the '*Moniteur*,' in the '*Athénæum français*,' and the '*Revue contemporaine*;' he went back, however, for a short time, to the '*Constitutionnel*' to return again to the '*Moniteur*.' It was remarked that his manner changed again, slightly in the columns of the '*Moniteur*;' and, indeed, if a writer is, like Sainte-Beuve, at all of an impressionable nature, a different medium of periodical publication does always modify, in some way, his form of expression. The long and wide columns of the '*Moniteur*,' and the official atmosphere of the journal in this case, rendered Sainte-Beuve's style slightly more diffusive and slightly more dignified. The first series of '*Causeries*' ended in 1856, but a new series commenced in 1862, entitled the '*Nouveaux Lundis*.' In this series, Sainte-Beuve, although he does not debar himself from still exploring the ancient domains of literary interest, seems to have had at heart especially the desire to do justice to all the rising literary talents of the day. The spirit of literary curiosity and attraction for novelty was as strong in him as ever, and his appreciation of the productions of Flaubert, Feydeau, Taine, Schérer, Renan, the brothers Goncourt, Paul de Saint-Victor, Lecomte de Lisle, was as generous as it was impartial. It is rare indeed to find a veteran in literature bestowing such warm and active interest on the works of those who are in the early morning of their literary life; and though with his fine literary taste nursed on pure literary traditions, he must have strained his liberality to the utmost in the case of writers of the Flaubert and Feydeau school, yet we cannot too much admire the geniality, catholicity, vivacity of nature, and desire for literary progress which distinguished him up to the very last moments of his life.

Nothing could be more amicable than his relations with the younger members of the literary profession, who regarded him as a literary patriarch, whose smile of approval was as valuable as a diploma of rank. And further, in these later studies of his are to be found significant traces that his largely sympathetic nature had led him to reflect deeply on the most perplexing social problems of the time; as an instance of which may be noticed his studies on the writings of M. Le Play, the author of the work on the general condition of European workmen, of '*La Réforme sociale*,' and lately of a work called '*L'Organisation du Travail*.' In fact, his active spirit continued to be ever busy with new historical and social investigations up to the very day of his death. His last elaborate essay was on the career of General Jomini, in which he astonished even his intimate friends by the vigour and ease with which, at this late hour, he overcame the technical difficulties of the subject; and as a further example of his increasing interest in social matters, he was engaged immediately before his decease in enlarging into a substantial work a very remarkable paper in the '*Revue contemporaine*,' on the social reformer, Proudhon.

Such are the vicissitudes of public favour, that Sainte-Beuve, who was driven from his professorial chair by a liberal or illiberal demonstration in 1851, was at his death one of the most popular men in France. Nor are the reasons for this change at all mysterious. Sainte-Beuve, with his active progressive spirit, sympathised warmly with every form of social progress: but, as we have already pointed out, he was no friend of disorder or revolution—social change, to be beneficial in his view, should be brought about by peaceful evolution. Nevertheless, though he rallied to the Empire in 1851, and was named a senator on account of his distinguished position as a man of letters in 1865, he was painfully sensible of the almost absolute divorce which existed between the highest cultivated intelligence and political power under the Imperial system, although he was far from laying at the door of the Government the whole blame of whatever decline has taken place in French literature and art since the *coup d'état*. Indeed, as to this latter point, he was extremely sceptical whether a fresh birth of a brilliant, rich, and varied literature was possible at all in France since 1851; he imagined the causes of this decline to lie deeper than in the conditions of political power. But he censured the Government for not having made further advances towards the intellectual classes in the way of conciliation; and although he spoke but very rarely in the Senate, on one occasion he made a remarkable defence of the liberty of

public instruction, and of his friend, M. Renan, which excited the anger of the Imperial zealots among the senators to frenzy; this independent attitude of Sainte-Beuve not only gained back to him the goodwill of estranged friends, but excited the admiration of the students of Paris. The opinion of the student body of the French capital is regarded with indifference by no prominent man of letters in France; and when a deputation from the schools of Paris laid at the feet of Sainte-Beuve the homage of their fellow-students on this occasion, he regarded the demonstration with immense satisfaction, as a complete reparation of an ancient wrong. The reputation for liberalism which he thus recovered was increased by his passing shortly afterwards from the '*Moniteur*' to the '*Temps*.' He greeted warmly the new birth of liberalism signalled by the elections of 1869; and when the Chambers met after the elections, about two months before his death, he prepared a speech in which he criticised the past policy of the Imperial Government, and demonstrated the necessity of the introduction of a more liberal system. This speech he was unable from illness to pronounce in the Senate; but the draft of it was published in all the public journals. So that Sainte-Beuve died in the full odour of Liberalism, and this circumstance, together with his free-thinking opinions and the manner of his interment, combined with his popularity among the younger men of letters to give his funeral the air of a Liberal demonstration.

It remains for us to attempt to characterise the critical method of Sainte-Beuve, and indicate in what respects it seems to us defective. Some one remarked of him, Sainte-Beuve tells us, that he was '*un assez bon juge, mais il n'avait pas de code.*' To this restriction Sainte-Beuve demurred, and he has incidentally in various *Causeries* set forth the theory upon which he founded his literary appreciations. In forming his method, he was no doubt influenced in a considerable measure by the impressions left by his early scientific and physiological studies for the medical profession. He says in one of his *Causeries*:—

'La littérature, la production littéraire, n'est point pour moi distincte ou du moins séparable du reste de l'homme et de son organisation; je puis goûter une œuvre, mais il m'est difficile de la juger indépendamment de la connaissance de l'homme même; et je dirais volontiers tel arbre, tel fruit.' L'étude littéraire me mène aussi tout naturellement à l'étude morale.'

Some exception must, we think, be taken to this proposition of Sainte-Beuve—viewed as a general principle of æsthetic criticism. Our belief is, that our estimate of any literary work

ought to be founded on our opinion of the work itself, and that we have primarily no right to travel *out of the record* (to use a legal phrase), and to consider the character of the writer, while analysing the merits or defects of his production. If the character of the writer is to be weighed together with his work, why should not the same rule be applied to painting, sculpture, and the rest of the fine arts? Yet who would imagine that the world's admiration of the Apollo Belvidere would be affected at all by the discovery of a biography of the sculptor? There is no other theory, we believe, necessary for the formation of literary judgments than the possession of a capacity for taste—a much rarer quality than is supposed—and the assiduous study of good models.

Moreover, about the authors of many of the greatest of literary works we know little or nothing. We know nothing about Homer, little about the Greek tragic poets, and little about Plato. Of Shakspeare, Spenser, and most of the Elizabethan poets, our knowledge is limited indeed. The author of the '*Imitatio Christi*' is absolutely unknown; and the fact, moreover, is that the lives of many poets and men of letters have been in direct contrast to their works. Authors of materialist and Epicurean philosophies have led the lives of ascetics. Seneca, who wrote eulogies on poverty and abnegation, lived in imperial splendour; Redi, who wrote a poem which is counted classic on the wines of Tuscany, was a water-drinker; and if Wordsworth could be proved to be the reverse, that would not at all affect the character of his poetry. The fact is that in the case of many writers, and in that of poets especially, they are while in the act of production in an abnormal state of mind. The *Est Deus in nobis, flavente calescimus illo*, is no empty figure of speech; even a Delphic prophetess might be a very ordinary person when not on her tripod.

The consideration of the moral character of a writer and that of his biography may indeed satisfy literary curiosity, which is justifiable enough when restrained within due bounds and directed by good taste. They may also be explanatory of his text, as in the case of Dante and others, by rendering it more intelligible and investing it with new interest, but we reject altogether the notion that they should form any component part of the elements out of which we are to construct our critical judgment. One has no need, in forming an opinion of the relative beauty of two roses, to pull them to pieces, or to enter into details of vegetable physiology, or to know the accidents of their growth.

Sainte-Beuve had, in his imagination of an improved critical

system, some ideas in common with the celebrated theories of M. Taine, and those of M. Émile Deschanel, in his work styled '*La Physiologie des Écrivains et des Artistes*,' an '*Essai de Critique naturelle*.' The tendency of criticism is no doubt working in that direction. Sainte-Beuve, however, in his articles on M. Taine or M. Deschanel, takes care to make clear how far he stops short of the materialist principles of these writers. M. Taine, with his famous theory by which he makes literary talent to be a combined product of the *race*, the *milieu*, and the *moment*, attempts through it to construct the brain of an author, fibre by fibre and cell by cell. Given the *race*, the *milieu*, and the *moment*, add so much phosphorus for the brain, so much phosphate of lime for the bones, and so much carbon for the body, and your genius can be constructed for you. Sainte-Beuve shows, however, how utterly ineffective is M. Taine's system to account for the singular apparition of genius; and for its diversity:—

'Supposez un grand talent du moins, supposez le moule, ou mieux, le miroir magique d'un seul vrai poète brisé dans le berceau de sa naissance, il n'en ressuscitera plus jamais un autre qui soit exactement le même ni qui en tienne lieu. Il n'y a de chaque vrai poète qu'un exemplaire.

'Je prends un autre exemple de cette spécialité unique de talent. *Paul et Virginie* porte certainement des traces de son époque; mais si *Paul et Virginie* n'avait pas été, on pourrait soutenir par toutes sortes de measurements spéciaux et plausibles, qu'il était impossible à un livre de cette qualité virginale de naître dans la corruption du dix-huitième siècle; Bernardin de Saint-Pierre seul l'a pu faire. C'est qu'il n'y a rien, je le répète, de plus imprévu que le talent, et il ne serait pas le talent s'il n'était imprévu, s'il n'était un seul contre plusieurs, un seul entre tous.'

Leaving, however, such questionable theories aside, and regarding Sainte-Beuve's *Essays* simply as biographical literary studies—they are in this respect most estimable; his knowledge of human nature is great, he has wide sympathy with all its sentiments, emotions and passions, his own poetic instincts and poetic fineness of expression have free and constant exercise, while his delicacy of perception is such that an expression, sometimes the frequent use of a word or even a single word, will act as a revelation of a leading trait of a character. Such admirable biographical essays in so small a compass are nowhere else to be found. They are miniatures of the most exquisite workmanship.

His faculty of criticism is also beyond measure admirable, and his taste had, as we have noted, toned down considerably in his later years. What rare qualities and conspiring circumstances

were necessary in his opinion to co-operate in the formation of a delicate taste, he has left a record in a note written in one of the volumes of his library.

‘La jeunesse est trop ardente pour avoir du goût. Pour avoir du goût il ne suffit pas d’avoir en soi la faculté de goûter les belles et douces choses de l’esprit ; il faut encore des livres, une âme libre et vacante, redevenue comme innocente, non livrée aux passions, non affairée, non bourrelée d’après soins et d’inquiétudes positives, une âme désintéressée et même exempte du feu trop ardent de la composition, non en proie à sa propre verve insolente ; il faut du repos, de l’oubli, du silence, de l’espace autour de soi. Que de conditions, même quand on a en soi la faculté de les goûter, pour jouir des choses délicates !’

If we accept these conditions laid down by Sainte-Beuve, and they are worth reflecting on, and add to them the maxim of Vauvenargues, ‘*il faut avoir de l’âme pour avoir du goût*,’ it must be confessed that the formation of a taste is one of the most difficult of human achievements, and one to which the conditions of the present busy age are not very favourable.

That the taste of Sainte-Beuve advanced with his years in delicacy and refinement is indisputable. Nevertheless, with all its delicacy and universality, there is one fundamental deficiency, which may be attributed to the doctrine of ‘Indifference,’ which he laid down in the article before alluded to on Bayle, as one of the distinguishing qualities of a writer. It cannot be denied that Sainte-Beuve had some taste for the sublime, since he has shown frequent traces of it in his ‘*Étude sur Virgile*’ and in other essays ; but nevertheless it was a taste to which he did not show a devotion of a much higher order than that which he bestowed on inferior kinds of literary beauty. Hence it is, however, that he was enabled to rescue so many obscure writers and inheritors of unfulfilled renown from oblivion ; for large is the number of writers and persons of small account in history ; such *existences cachées*, as he professed, had an attraction for him, whose lives by mere force of human sympathy and elaborate care he has invested with attraction for the reader. His minute and fine manner of criticism is applicable equally to small and to great men, to small events and to great ones ; it is in fact like a magic optic glass which would diminish great objects and magnify small ones till all appear of equal magnitude. There is a certain want of perception of the difference of proportion between one class of talent and another, a certain want of elevation of vision and fire and depth in the flow of his enthusiasm. His natural taste, indeed, was such as led him to prefer what may be called regulated and harmonious talents to extravagant and overflowing and even colossal genius. This natural

taste was rendered still more predominant by culture; consequently in English literature such poets as Pope and Cowper, on both of whom he has written fine essays, were more congenial to him than Shakspeare or Milton.

Nevertheless, in spite of all shortcomings, he was a writer of European renown and of marvellous elegance, of wondrous fertility and inexhaustible energy. And whatever judgment may be passed upon the settled mood of scepticism into which he subsided during his later years, one cannot but admire the inextinguishable love of literature and genial sympathy with humanity which supplied to him the place of religion and animated him up to his death. As a pure man of letters it will be long, we imagine, before France, and perhaps even Europe, will produce his rival; he was an epitome of the finest culture of modern time.

ART. VI.—1. *A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1869.

2. *A Manual of the Ancient History of the East to the Commencement of the Median Wars.* By F. LENORMANT, Sub-Librarian of the Imperial Institute of France, and E. CHEVALLIER, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. London: 1869.

THE historian, it may be safely said, has to deal only with facts; and unless the deeds which he relates as facts have been actually done by men, his toil is altogether wasted. Whatever be the subject which he chooses to treat, he must be able to bring his facts before us with the clearness which would be needed to establish a fact in a modern court of justice, or he must confess his inability to do so. His assertions must rest on the evidence of eye-witnesses or of contemporaries to whom those eye-witnesses have related their share in the several incidents narrated, or he must admit candidly that he can appeal to no such testimony. It is, of course, quite possible that he may have discovered evidence which his predecessors had neglected or forgotten; or he may exhibit in a new light facts which must materially affect our judgment of a given man or a given age; but in no case shall we be called upon to accept any conclusion as really ascertained except on evidence of a kind which would

suffice to bring home to a criminal a charge involving pains and penalties; in no case will he appeal to any secondary motives or lay claim to a power of divination, which can be acquired only by those who have devoted their lives to the solution of historical enigmas.

To take an instance—the story of the great Earl Godwine has been told by writers who lived in his own day as well as by men who took up the tale after he was dead. The story is not without difficulties, and some of these difficulties are exceedingly perplexing. But we are perfectly ready to weigh every argument which a historian may urge in favour of his guilt or innocence in connexion with the murder of the Ætheling Alfred, because on the evidence of strictly contemporaneous writers we are as well assured of the general sequence of the history as we are of the course of events which have taken place during the present century. We should refuse to entertain the question if the historian, while pleading the cause of Godwine, should be obliged to admit his ignorance of the time in which Godwine lived, and to lay before us the reasons which led some to place him before the Norman Conquest, while others made him the contemporary of King John. Nor would our resolution be shaken if we were told that our knowledge of Godwine was obtained from bricks on which his name was found written in a way which made it very doubtful whether it might not be deciphered as Godgifu, and that we had no means for determining the order in which the several kings reigned with whom Godwine is said to have been brought into contact.

Such, to speak briefly, are the convictions with which we have always taken up the works of writers who profess to tell us of things that were done, whether in our own land or in any other. Our one wish and determination has been to ascertain the facts, and not to give the name of facts to any probabilities, surmises, and conjectures. In other words, we have felt that our obligations differed in no essential respects from those of jurymen, and that our duty is honestly to fulfil that trust in spite of impassioned appeals to our feelings or of warnings that we shall lose the benefit of rich stores of information if we remain obstinate. This sense of duty alone impels us to notice many volumes which otherwise we should have been well content to pass by in silence; and we thus find ourselves constrained once more, in the interests of truth and of the education of the young, to call attention to two works in which fictions are exhibited as likelihoods and probabilities are transmuted into facts. This not very grateful office we shall perform

as briefly as possible, only claiming for ourselves the real advocacy of that historical science to which we have been represented as hostile, and which nothing can retard so effectually as ingenious manipulations, whether of alleged historical facts, or of the bare chronology of a long series of ages with the scantiest sprinkling of incidents or with no incidents at all. The merits of the two manuals of which we have now to speak are not our immediate concern. It is enough to say of them that such treatises must be the result of great, even if it be sometimes misdirected, industry, and that they may be even entitled to the higher praise of accuracy when they treat of times for which we have the unquestioned testimony of contemporary writers. We have no wish whatever to depreciate the merits of Mr. Rawlinson, especially as a geographer, but if he has put forth as fact that which appears to us not to be fact, we are bound to say so, and to give our reasons for so speaking; and if we can prove that he has done this in all parts of his work for which he has not contemporary authority, it will follow that his book is not fitted to be placed as a manual in the hands of the young or of any who have not the power and the will to submit all his statements to a stringent scrutiny.

We are, however, in no way called upon to examine minutely ground which we have already traversed; nor shall we retrace our steps any more than a comparison of Mr. Rawlinson's Manual with that of M. Lenormant may render it indispensably necessary to do so. We have already said, for reasons which have never been met, that throughout Mr. Rawlinson's Chaldean history there is scarcely a single statement which may not be put down to guesswork, unwarranted inferences, or sheer assumption.* We have shown by his own admissions that the whole of his Assyrian history is a piece of patchwork riddled with gaps of alarming size; that the monuments thus far recovered have yielded in many instances nothing more than names, or contain statements which for purposes of genuine history are useless; that the names so recovered (and not a few remain illegible) have been in great part arranged after the exercise of much ingenuity and many conjectures, and that of not a few of these ancient monarchs he knows nothing whatever. It is perhaps even a more serious charge that he has now put forth a manual of ancient history in which the same assumptions are made and the same artificial chronology is exhibited, while the misgivings which he could not conceal in his larger

* Edin. Rev., January 1867, No. cclv. p. 116.

work are here carefully suppressed. If it be urged that results only can be placed before young students in a manual which must take a survey of all ancient history in the compass of a few hundred pages, the answer must be that matters about which we have admitted our uncertainty or our ignorance are not converted into facts because we no longer speak of ourselves as doubtful or ignorant, and therefore cannot be honestly given as results established by trustworthy evidence. No results except such as are so ascertained ought to find a place in a manual for the young, unless they are in each case distinctly marked as uncertain or as reached by a system of ingenious guesswork. The student who takes Mr. Rawlinson as a guide through the supposed annals of any country before periods for which we have the undoubted testimony of contemporary writers, will find himself plunged in a Serbonian bog; and if his sense of truthfulness is not permanently weakened by the immersion, he may be forgiven if, when he has made his way out of the swamps, he should feel the resentment of a man who thinks that he has been deceived. In the Manual the student will read that 'the names of the Kings in the lists of Berossus are lost; but we are told that he mentioned by name forty-nine Chaldæan monarchs, whose reigns covered a space of 458 years, from about B.C. 2000 to about B.C. 1543.*' He will discover only by turning to Mr. Rawlinson's larger work that this statement of Berossus (the 'great authority,' whose history 'has been confirmed in numerous points, and never once contradicted by the cuneiform monuments'†) must be explained away; and that as 458 years give not ten years a-piece to these forty-nine kings 'we may conjecture that Berossus intended to allow' either nineteen or twenty-nine kings to his third dynasty—in short, that the number on his lists was not forty-nine. He will then read that 'the primæval monuments of the country have yielded memorials of fifteen or sixteen kings who probably belonged to this early period;' he must go to Mr. Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies' to learn that of the first twelve kings of this Berossian line the name of Uruk only has been recovered; that Uruk 'appears to have been succeeded' by his son, whose name Mr. Rawlinson thinks was Elgi or Ilgi, and of whom 'our knowledge is exceedingly scanty,' and that if these two kings are rightly placed, they were followed by three others, of whom 'we do not possess any monumental records;'‡ that some time

* Page 26. † See Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 120.

‡ See Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 133.

later a new dynasty began with Chedorlaomer, who is divided into two monarchs, as Sesostris is divided among three; * that the second of these two personages had a son named Arid-Sin, who is made to succeed him although the monuments do not say that he did; that, after a blank of forty years, Ismidagon reigned, whose date depends on the view taken by Sennacherib of events in Assyrian history four centuries before his own day, and on the supposed opinion of Tiglath-pileser respecting the date of a temple which he had rebuilt; † that Ismidagon was followed by a son whose name it is not easy to read, and who was in turn succeeded by a son 'Gunguna or Gurguna, of whom nothing but the name, which is itself very doubtful, is recorded;' that some time later we have a king named Naramsin, and then another who 'disputes the palm of antiquity with Naramsin,' or in other words is as old as Naramsin, but who is nevertheless placed half a century later, and to whom (for no particular reason, it would seem) it is proposed to give the name of Sinshada; that these monarchs are followed by a series of kings whose names exhibit the syllable Sin, as many names of English kings have the syllable Ed or Hen; that the other parts of these names cannot be properly deciphered, and that the sequence of these kings is not known; that after them came two others who are really known to have been father and son, but that of all the sovereigns who ruled after them two only have left legible records, and of these there is not much (we should say there is nothing) to tell.

These mysterious Chaldæans (who, as Mr. Rawlinson allows, did not call themselves Chaldæans) were 'succeeded,' the student of the Manual will learn, 'by Arabs who hold the dominion for 245 years, when they too are superseded by a race not named, but probably Assyrian.' He will find only by reference to the 'Ancient Monarchies' that this change was the result of an arduous struggle which is straightway inferred from the high spirit of the Chaldæans, much as a bloody war between James II. and William III. in this country might, after our history is lost, be inferred from the high spirit of the English. But if the student should think that thus far he has been fed on scanty and not very nutritious food and that things are not much improved in the Second Period, for the earlier portion of which (from about B.C. 1260 to B.C. 909),

* Sir G. Lewis, 'Astronomy of the Ancients,' 369.

† 'Ancient Monarchies,' i. 207; ii. 291. Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 185.

the monuments furnish only 'some nine or ten discontinuous 'royal names,' he will feel relieved on being told that for the later portion, 'from B.C. 909 to B.C. 745, the chronology is 'exact and the materials for history are abundant.' The summary of this history in the Manual begins with these words:—

'Line of Kings:—Asshur-danin-il I. Reign ended B.C. 909. Successor, his son Hu-likh-khus III. (Iva-lush). Reigned from B.C. 909 to 889. Successor, his son Tiglathi-Nin II. Reigned from B.C. 889 to 886. Warred in Niphates. Asshur-idanni-pal I. (Sardanapalus), his son, succeeded.' (Page 29.)

Here we have only to say that either Mr. Rawlinson has discovered some fresh evidence of his second Tiglathi-Nin since the publication of his former volumes or he has not. If he has, that evidence should have been given. If he has not, we say now, as we said three years ago, that this king has been created by the Camden Professor and put in this place because Asshur-idanni-pal speaks of certain sculptures as set up by his ancestors Tiglath-pileser and Tiglathi-Nin, and inasmuch as so careful a thinker and so accurate an historian as Asshur-idanni-pal would not place after Tiglath-pileser a king who came before him, there must necessarily have been a second Tiglathi-Nin, who may be conveniently made to fill this corner; a conclusion as valuable as the inference that there has been a first and a second queen Anne, if it should be found that some later sovereign has spoken anywhere of the times or acts of Anne or William III. In other words, the chronology is not exact, and for this king at least we have no historical materials at all. The monarch is a fiction, and the chronology a more or less ingenious arrangement of numbers.

Happily in this historical inquiry it has never been necessary for us to throw doubts on the decipherment or the interpretation of cuneiform or hieroglyphic inscriptions. We are ready to accept any results which the readers of these inscriptions have really reached; that is, if they find the monuments of a king who calls himself Ismi-dagon and who speaks of Shamas-Iva and Shamas-Vul as his sons, we are willing to believe that such a king reigned and that he had sons so named; but we are not prepared to admit the existence of either of the three because they are mentioned in an inscription of Tiglath-pileser some six hundred and fifty years later, and because this inscription is referred to by Sennacherib more than four hundred years later still. If any doubts remain as to the

proper reading of the arrow-headed letters of Assyria and the picture-writing of Egypt, they come from those only who profess to have deciphered them, and we are bound to confess that they come with a frequency and a force which are, to say the least, startling. The four or five kings who in Mr. Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies' appeared as Iva-lush assume in his Manual the name Hu-likh-Khus. It is true that in neither case do we know much more of them than their name; but this is changed not only by Mr. Rawlinson, but again by M. Lenormant, in whose pages we have Binlikhish in place of Iva-lush or Hu-likh-Khus. Perhaps the readers of Assyrian cylinders may have reasons for thinking these changes more legitimate than a process which should convert Perikles into Philippos, or Demosthenes into Demaratos. But we may venture yet a little further on the shifting sands of Assyriology, and watch the dissolving views as one fades into another at the waving of the wand which conjures each fact or fiction into its right place. If in some points M. Lenormant agrees with Mr. Rawlinson, there are more in which he differs from him, unless the trifling discrepancy of about half a century for every date through the greater part of his scheme is to be regarded as a matter of no importance. This difference amounts indeed to a period more than equal to that which separates the outbreak of our civil war in the reign of the first Charles from the flight of King James II.; but when we are dealing with little more than names and figures, such difficulties need not disturb the serenity of the philosophers who reconstruct Assyrian annals. In the 'Ancient Monarchies' Mr. Rawlinson asserts that his so-called Chaldæan monarchy began B.C. 2220, if we make the calculation from the statement of Philo-Byblius that Babylon was founded 1002 years before Semiramis who was contemporaneous with the Trojan war which the Parian marble assigns to the year B.C. 1222. If we take the passage of Pliny which Mr. Rawlinson interprets of a period of 480 years, but in which Sir Cornewall Lewis sees a reference to a period of 490,000 years, we get, by adding the former to 1753 B.C., the date of Phorôneus, the year 2233 B.C., for the foundation of the Babylonish or Chaldæan empire. We have here the slight difference of thirteen years, and perhaps we may remember that the story of Phorôneus mightily resembles the legends of Prometheus and Hermes.* M. Lenormant reaches his goal by another road.

* M. Lenormant is less sceptical than Mr. Rawlinson about the dynasty which comes first on the lists of Berosus. The latter rejects

‘Asshur-bani-pal, the last of the Assyrian conquerors, mentions, in two inscriptions, that he took Susa 1635 years after Kedornakhunta, King of Elam, had conquered Babylonia. He found in that city the statues of the gods taken from Erech by Kedornakhunta, and replaced them in their original position. It was in the year 660 B.C. that Asshur-bani-pal took Susa. The date, therefore, of the conquest of Babylon by Kedornakhunta, and the establishment of the Elamite dynasty in Chaldæa, must have been 2295 B.C.,* only sixty or seventy years earlier than the date propounded by Mr. Rawlinson, even if we assume that Asshur-bani-pal could not be mistaken in his reckoning or his tradition.† The new dynasty which follows this in the lists of Berosus, whose dates are pronounced trustworthy ‘and based upon a regular and ‘correct chronology,’ begins, according to M. Lenormant, 2017 B.C., while M. Gutschmid assigns it to 1976 B.C. If we take the several items (we cannot well call them, dates), which make up the list, we find the one history not much less dark than the other. The Uruk of the Camden Professor becomes in M. Lenormant’s pages Ur-hammu, after whose son Ilgi ‘at a short interval must be placed Shagaraktiyash, who

the names Chômasbêlos and Euêchios as manifestly mythical. We have already pointed out (*Edin. Rev.*, January 1867, p. 123) the strange want of sight which failed to discern in Chômasbêlos the Greek form of the name Shamas-Vul; and we are happy to find that M. Lenormant insists on the identity of these two names. Probably M. Lenormant may hereafter accept our suggestion that Euêchios (for so it is written by Syncellus (*Lewis*, ‘*Astronomy of the Ancients*,’ p. 402 note) is none other than Uruk, in whom Mr. Rawlinson sees the Achæmenian Orchanus of Ovid. At present M. Lenormant chooses to read the name as Evechous (on what authority we know not), and in the last syllable recognises the word Cush, the title as a whole meaning ‘Son of Cush.’ Unless the name has been deciphered from bricks or cylinders, it is impossible that the last syllable can be anything more than the Greek pronominal termination. We have but to cut off the tail in order to see the great founder of Warka.

* *Manual*, p. 352.

† M. Lenormant admits that we have no inscription of Kedornakhunta, and we should be as much justified in inferring the personal existence of all the kings by whose names Darius and Xerxes swear when they are in a rage. It should be added that Mr. Rawlinson, who in his larger work assigns the first of the forty-nine Chaldæan kings to 2234 B.C., makes him in his *Manual* begin to reign about 2001 B.C. Between this date and the date given by M. Lenormant for the same period, there is thus a difference of nearly three hundred years, a period stretching from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the present time.

'was considered a very ancient monarch by the Elamite king 'Kurigalzu I.,' and who is here made to fill up the gap which in his Eastern monarchies Mr. Rawlinson had left between Gunguna and Naramsin. This Kurigalzu and his predecessor Burnaburyash, we might be tempted to identify with the Purnapurya and Durrigalazzu whom Mr. Rawlinson welcomes as an oasis in the wilderness of the *Sin* series of kings as proving at least the one indisputable fact that they were really father and son. But according to Mr. Rawlinson Durrigalazzu came many generations later than Arid-Sin who is called the son of Kurdurumabuk the son of Shirtishilkhak the successor of Chedorlagamer. Probably M. Lenormant's Kedormabug represents the Kudurmabuk of Mr. Rawlinson; but if it be so, Arid-Sin is gone and we have Zikar-Sin in his place, while Burnaburyash and Kurigalzu, far from coming several reigns later than Zikar-Sin or Arid-Sin, are pronounced to be 'anterior even to Chedorlaomer and to the establishment 'of the sovereignty of the Elamite dynasty in Assyria.* Hence in M. Lenormant's Manual we have a second Burnaburyash who likewise has a son called Kurigalzu; but we are unable to discern for 'this duplication the reasons which may perhaps be understood 'by Mr. Rawlinson who seems to know only 'of one Purnapurya and one Durrigalazzu.

'We now come,' M. Lenormant tells us, 'to kings whose 'dates we are able to fix.' These are, 'Ismi-dagon and his 'sons Gungun and Shamshi-bin, who succeeded him on the 'throne.† When there is nothing to tell of kings but their names, we naturally remark that in Mr. Rawlinson's History Ismi-dagon is succeeded by a son 'whose name it is not easy to 'read,' but who is called Ibil-anu-duma, who is said to have been 'followed in the kingdom, apparently, by his son Gunguna or, Gurguna,' who is, therefore, the grandson of Ismi-dagon, 'if he be 'the son of Ibil-anu-duma, of whom M. Lenormant takes no notice. Shamshi-Bin's monuments have been dug up, probably, since Mr. Rawlinson wrote, for we do not find the name in his 'Eastern Monarchies.' Of Sin-said, whom we are to identify, we presume, with Mr. Rawlinson's Sin-shada, M. Lenormant's translator uses precisely the same expression with the Camden Professor. Both say of him that he 'may dispute the palm of antiquity' with Naramsin. Mr. Rawlinson, as we have seen, places him fifty years later. According to M. Lenormant, Sin-said, whenever he may have lived, is pushed back along with others to a time anterior to

* Lenormant, 'Manual,' p. 355.

† Manual, p. 356,

that of Kudurmabuk. But the old Chaldaean Empire is still doomed to end in clouds. Five reigns after Ismi-dagan M. Lenormant places Hammurabi, who raised large buildings and dug the Royal Canal of Babylon — good works, undoubtedly, and more profitable than raids and campaigns, but furnishing not much material for history. A tablet of baked clay, in the British Museum, ‘records after Hammurabi, ‘thirteen names of kings of whose history we know nothing.’*

Nor do we see much more clearly when M. Lenormant introduces us to the great Assyrian dynasty. ‘The record,’ we are told, ‘unhappily does not commence with the monarchy, and ‘we therefore do not know its founder;’ but the bricks have given names of three early kings which M. Lenormant and Mr. Rawlinson write in much the same way. After the last of these, Asshur-vatila, ‘the curtain again drops’ in Mr. Rawlinson’s belief, ‘over the history of Assyria for the space ‘of about two centuries.’ This unknown time M. Lenormant reduces (why, it might be hard to say) to ‘one or two reigns ‘at most;’ but he does not follow Mr. Rawlinson’s example in naming that of Bel-sumili-kapi among them. After these princes ‘we find,’ he adds, ‘the names of four kings on various ‘monuments, of the incidents of whose reigns we know nothing, ‘Bellikhish [or Belnirari], Budiel, Binlikhish I. [or Binnirari], ‘and Shalmaneser I. [Shalmanuashir]. The son of this last ‘king was Tuklat-Samdan I.; who, as many Assyrian texts ‘tell us, was the conqueror of Babylonia and Chaldaea. Sen- ‘nacherib [Sinakerib] in one of his inscriptions says, that this ‘king reigned 600 years before him, thus bringing the date ‘up to about 1300 B.C., and fully coinciding with the date ‘1314 given by Berosus, for the establishment of the autho- ‘rity of the Assyrian princes at Babylon.’† Here we must content ourselves with noting again the wonderful elasticity of Assyrian names. The Bel-lush of Mr. Rawlinson here becomes Bellikhish or Belnirari, while Ivalush comes forward not only as Hu-likh-khus, but as Binlikhish and Binnirari. In Mr. Rawlinson’s pages the son of Shalmaneser I. is not Tuklat-(Tiglath) Samdan, but Tiglathi-Nin; and his date, given by Mr. Rawlinson as 1275–1250 B.C., is carried up by M. Lenormant to about 1300 B.C. In spite of the roughness of the ground, it may yet be worth while to follow our guides a little farther. According to Mr. Rawlinson, Tiglath-i-Nin I. was succeeded by his son Ivalush II., or after the later style, Hu-likh-khus, or Binlikhish, or Binnirari II. In M. Lenor-

* Manual, p. 357.

† Manual, p. 372

mant's Manual he is followed by his son Belkudurussur.* It can scarcely be pretended that Belkudurussur and Ivalush are different forms of the same name; and, as Mr. Rawlinson professes to have for his statement, the authority of a genealogical tablet,† we may be forgiven if we wish to know on what grounds M. Lenormant brings forward a fact which, if true, seems to convict the other of falsehood. At this point Mr. Rawlinson has another gap; M. Lenormant states simply that another king then mounted the throne, named Adarpalashir,‡ whom Mr. Rawlinson calls Nin-pala-sira. The next three names which in Mr. Rawlinson's pages are given as Asshur-dah-il, Mutaggil-Nebo, and Asshurilim, appear in M. Lenormant's work with comparatively slight change of form, as Asshur-day-an, Mutakkil-Nabu, and Asshurrishishi. The inscriptions of his son Tiglath-pileser I. give us some clearer information of his campaigns; but when we have passed beyond his successor, Asshur-bel-kala, we reach a period in which it seems impossible to reconcile Mr. Rawlinson's chronicle with that of M. Lenormant. According to the former, 'the history of the country is a blank' for two centuries, between the reigns of Asshur-bel-kala and 'the second Tiglathi-Nin.'§ M. Lenormant is perhaps enabled by the aid of bricks more recently dug up to say that Asshur-bel-kala was succeeded by his younger brother Shamshi-Bin II.,|| who was followed by an 'unfortunate king' named Asshura-bamar, possibly the Asshur-mazur of Mr. Rawlinson. It would seem, indeed, that Mr. Rawlinson's history is at this point already becoming out of date, for he knows nothing, apparently, of the change of dynasty which raised to the throne Belkatisrasu, the Beletaras of the Greek authors, or of his successor, Shalmaneser II., or of Irib-bin, who came after him. The next king, Asshuridinakhi, appears in the lists of Mr. Rawlinson, who, however, does not know that he was succeeded by a third Shalmaneser, for he is followed, according to Mr. Rawlinson, by Asshurdaninil, who may be the Asshuredililani of M. Lenormant's Manual. Both alike admit that of these kings we know neither the dates nor any acts; and with their 'confident conjectures' we are not concerned. As his successor, who in Mr. Rawlinson's work is Ivalush or Hu-likh-khus III., we have in that of M. Lenormant, Binlikhish or Binnirari II.,¶ while his son, whom Mr. Rawlinson calls

* Manual, p. 373.

† Ancient Monarchies, ii. 306. Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 144.

‡ Manual, p. 373.

§ Ancient Monarchies, ii. 333.

|| Manual, p. 376.

¶ Manual, p. 376.

Tiglath-Nin II., is here, of course, Tuklat-Samdan II., whose 'annals,' unfortunately, 'have not been found.*' We may hasten on more rapidly. For real agreement we look in vain. The names are seldom in both the same; the dates differ generally by forty or fifty years, and the antagonism reaches a climax when M. Lenormant assigns to the year 789 B.C., as the close of the reign of Asshurlikhush or Asshurlush, the catastrophe which is commonly associated with the name of Sardanapalus. In short, M. Lenormant insists that Nineveh fell twice, while Mr. Rawlinson will have it that this supreme agony came only once.

It is not our business to settle the controversy; but we are bound to ask whether these narratives are to be regarded as the chronicle of the same people, and whether this kind of thing is to be put before boys and girls as genuine and serious history? Guesswork and juggling are but poor exercise for the brain after all; and it can never be wholesome to treat fictions as if they were facts, or to feed on husks from which the kernel (if it ever existed) has been taken away.

But the great feature in which M. Lenormant's *Manual* differs from Mr. Rawlinson's 'History of the Ancient Eastern Monarchies' is his Egyptology. In this mysterious field his reputation may be supposed to settle questions which some still choose to regard as open; but if this be our conclusion, it can be reached not by any conviction of our reason, but only by submission to the authority of M. Lenormant's name and word. The mind of the uninitiated will see here only the same fluctuations, guesses, assumptions, and contradictions which so grievously tax their patience and waste their time in Mr. Rawlinson's bulky volumes. M. Lenormant speaks much of a science which does great marvels by digging up bricks and cylinders; but it is not very easy to measure precisely the results of such researches. In one sentence of the *Préface* we are told that 'through the whole extent of the Nile Valley, the monuments have been examined, and, in reply, they have told us all the deeds of the kings who governed Egypt from the most ancient times'†—words which must mean at the very least that they have yielded a history as full, and vivid, and well ascertained as that of England during the wars of the Roses. Yet in the same page we read that 'we now know nearly the whole series of monarchs who reigned over Egypt during more than 4,000 years.' In other words, we are so far from knowing all their deeds, that we do not even know all their names.

* *Manual*, p. 377.

† Page xi.

Were such statements made in a book on the history of England or France, the writer would run the risk of a more emphatic condemnation. As he is speaking only of the history of ancient Egypt, it is enough to reject as simply untrue his assertion that 'we can now relate its annals on the authority of 'original and contemporary documents exactly as we relate the 'history of any modern nation.' We may soon see how this promise is fulfilled.

If Mr. Rawlinson glorifies Berosus, M. Lenormant takes delight in eulogising Manetho. He cannot speak of him too highly. 'Once he was treated with contempt; his veracity 'was disputed; the long series of dynasties he unfolds to our 'view were regarded as fabulous. Now, all that remains of 'his work is the first of all authorities for the reconstruction of 'the ancient history of Egypt.'* We may regard the matter more soberly, if we remember with Sir Cornewall Lewis that of the 439 kings numbered in his lists, 346 are unnamed; † that the fragments preserved of his writings present simply 'a 'chronology of anonymous names arranged in dynasties,' and that Syncellus marks Manetho not less than Berosus as an impostor.‡ But if all this be put aside, the question of the real value and authority of Manetho is not easily answered except by a man with the assurance of M. Mariette, whom M. Lenormant follows with unqualified approval. His sword cuts the Gordian knot; and we are bidden at once to believe that all the dynasties of Manetho were successive, and in no case contemporaneous, and that this fact is removed beyond all possibility of doubt. Unfortunately the assertion cannot get rid of the not less plain statements of Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Mr. Stuart Poole that 'there is no dynasty in Manetho's lists, 'from the first to the seventeenth, which did not reign contemporaneously with some other dynasty or dynasties named by 'him.' We quote the words of Mr. Rawlinson,§ who has committed great havoc on parts of the elaborate fabric raised by M. Lenormant, whose dogmatism cannot remove the impression that we can acquiesce in his conclusion only at the cost of a boundless credulity. 'The larger the amount of 'study given to the subject,' says M. Mariette, 'the greater is 'the difficulty of answering;' || but this admission does not prevent him from insisting that Manetho 'has thrown out all 'contemporaneous dynasties and admitted those only which he

* *Manual*, p. 196.

† *Ibid.* 360.

‡ Lenormant, '*Manual*,' p. 198.

§ *Astronomy of the Ancients*, p. 327.

|| *Contemporary Review*, April 1870, p. 89.

‘regarded as legitimate, and his lists contain no others,’—a process which, if really carried out, would make his lists as valuable as a history of the Popes which should take no notice of the Anti-popes. Yet more, we have the same glorification of documents which are confessedly not quite what they might be. The Turin papyrus contains (not a history of all the deeds, but) ‘a list of all the mythical or historical personages who were believed to have reigned in Egypt, from fabulous times down to a period which we cannot ascertain because the end of the papyrus is wanting.’* The ‘treasure’ is ‘inestimable,’ but ‘unfortunately’ it ‘exists only in very small pieces (164 in number), which it is often impossible to join correctly.’† Another valuable monument is the chamber of Thothmes III., but the inscriptions on its walls name only those among his predecessors to whom he chooses to make offerings. Such as they are; they have ‘assisted to define more precisely than any other list the names borne by the kings of the thirteenth dynasty;’ but they give us seemingly no knowledge of what they did. The tablet of Abydos, from its ‘mutilated state,’ would have lost ‘nearly’ (we should have supposed quite) ‘all its historical value,’ had not M. Mariette discovered another copy ‘which supplies nearly all the vacancies in the first;’ but even thus it seems only ‘to bridge over part of the monumental gulf between the sixth and eleventh dynasties.’ The bridge is as perilous as that of Al-Sirat, and the head grows dizzy as we survey the masses of wreck and ruin through which we have to pass. A tablet found at Sakkarah is said to confirm the testimony of the second tablet of Abydos, although it exhibits ‘some interesting differences.’ ‘Once or twice a king omitted in one list is registered in the other, we even have sometimes two princes whose reigns were incontestably simultaneous; one figures at Sakkarah and the other at Abydos. Thus in the time of the nineteenth dynasty, among the competitors who are represented in the Egyptian annals, we cannot positively pronounce as to which were at the time considered legitimate sovereigns, and the list varies according to the locality, and, no doubt, to the limits within which they exercised authority.’‡ We suppose that M. Mariette, who speaks thus calmly, finds some pleasure in feats which may best be compared to the march of Egyptian viceroys over the bodies of prostrate pilgrims; but when the would-be historians of Egypt are driven to such shifts in order to patch up their

* Manual, p. 199.

† Manual, p. 200.

‡ Manual, p. 201.

ragged chronicles, they really have no excuse for throwing stones at other nations or historians who have not left behind them a satisfactory chronology. We have already remarked * the exceeding injustice of the mode in which Mr. Rawlinson has treated Ctesias, who, according to the express statements of Diodoros, ransacked the royal parchments at Susa, and in these doubtless found a narrative which he gave as conscientiously as Herodotus wrote down what he learnt from his Egyptian guides. In the same spirit, M. Lenormant looks on Ctesias as 'unfortunate in receiving his information from the Persians, for these people have always been, and still are (like their neighbours the Indians) incapable of recording true history;'† and he says that 'the historical instinct is entirely wanting in the famous annals engraven on the rocks at Behistun, where Darius records the days and months of the chief events of his reign, but has forgotten to mention the *years*.' Yet the sources of Egyptian history are either mere lists of names, like those of Manetho, or inscriptions which relate for the most part either to some isolated political event or to incidents in the lives of private citizens, which leave us as far as ever from the attainment of anything like a continuous history of the country; and to crown the whole, if the Persians lack the historical sense, M. Mariette himself insists that 'the greatest of all obstacles in the way of establishing a regular Egyptian chronology is the fact that the Egyptians themselves never had any chronology at all. The use of a fixed era was unknown, and it has not yet been proved that they had any other reckoning than the years of the reigning monarch. Now these years themselves have no fixed starting-point, for sometimes they began from the commencement of the year in which the preceding king died, and sometimes from the day of the coronation of the king. However precise these calculations may appear to be, modern science must always fail in its attempts to restore what the Egyptians never possessed.'‡

That the several documents deciphered by Egyptologists throw light on the manners, customs, and government of ancient Egypt, that they bear witness to the existence of powerful monarchies long before the country was laid open to the Greeks, we have not the slightest wish to deny. But whatever may be the pleasure, there is certainly no profit in stringing together a series of suppositions, in balancing proba-

* Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 121.

† Manual, p. 369.

‡† Lenormant, 'Manual,' p. 198.

bilities, and in filling up gaps by ingenious and happy conjectures. Employments of this kind generally involve some risk. The traveller who moves amongst pitfalls needs to be wary, and it is not wonderful if Egyptologists should sometimes be caught in their own traps, while they seek to bring into order their complicated machinery. We are in some degree prepared for such mishaps in the case of M. Lenormant when we find him gravely asserting that ‘a second Pepi, surnamed ‘Nefer-kera (Phiops, M.), is remarkable as having (a fact ‘unique in history) reigned one whole century,’*—a long reign indeed, of the events of which, he admits, ‘we know next to ‘nothing.’ Yet even thus it is strange that he should unawares have dealt a serious, if not a fatal blow, on the confidence of honest students in his whole fabric of Egyptological science. Having given the narrative of the Deluge as it is found in the Book of Genesis, and having stated that Shem, Ham, and Japheth entered and came out of the ark with Noah,† he traces with some care the several forms which the story of the Flood has assumed in the traditions of various tribes and nations, and reaches the positive conclusion ‘that the narrative of the ‘Deluge is a universal tradition, pervading all branches of the ‘human family, always excepting the black race. A remembrance so precise, and everywhere in such perfect agreement, ‘cannot possibly be a myth, invented for a purpose. It must ‘of necessity be the recollection of a real, of a terrible ‘event, so strongly impressed on the imagination of our first ‘ancestors as never to be forgotten by their descendants.’‡ If words have any meaning, these sentences assert unequivocally that the remembrance of this catastrophe was so firmly fixed in the minds of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and of their children for all time that it never faded away, and they imply as a necessary consequence that nations which have no traditions of this catastrophe are not descended from either Shem or Ham or Japheth. But the Egyptians had no tradition of a flood;§ therefore they are not descended from either of the three sons of Noah. Nevertheless we read that ‘Ham, whose name signifies ‘the “Sun-burned,” was the father of the great family from ‘whom the people of Phœnicia, of Egypt, and Ethiopia were ‘primarily descended,’|| and again that ‘the Egyptians were

* Manual, p. 211.

† Manual, p. 7.

‡ Manual, p. 19.

§ ‘The original monuments and texts of Egypt, amidst all the speculations on the cosmogony, do not contain one single, ever distant, allusion to the recollection of a deluge.’—Lenormant, *Manual*, p. 14.

|| Ibid. p. 57.

‘a branch of the race of Ham’—‘a fact clearly established by science,’ and one which ‘entirely confirms the statements of the Book of Genesis.’* It follows irresistibly that Ham and his children at once lost all memory of the flood which swept away the ancient world,—a proposition which M. Lenormant emphatically denies. If he wishes to avoid this glaring and absurd contradiction in terms, there is no help for it but to maintain that the Egyptians ought to have had traditions of the Deluge. The readiness with which Egyptologists and Assyriologists draw inferences and find facts where they seem to be necessary, would make it perhaps the most ‘scientific’ course to say boldly that they had many such traditions, but that all the records of them have unfortunately been lost, just as the monuments which should have told us ‘all the deeds’ of all the Egyptian kings have unhappily disappeared. The uninitiated, who retain the old-fashioned wish to know and to speak the truth, can but ask what the value of that science may be which seeks its ends by such tortuous and awkward paths.

Happily, from this plethora of Egyptian and Assyrian despots and their doings or misdoings Mr. Rawlinson’s Manual takes us into western regions where at the least we can breathe more freely, and where we are better able to test the principles on which his work has been done, as well as the truthfulness and trustworthiness of his conclusions. For wild philological speculations we should be prepared, and these we should be ready to forgive in one who is quite satisfied when he has explained the English ‘lady’ by the Phrygian ‘lada’ and our ‘dame’ by the Hamite ‘dav’ or ‘dam,’ or the Greek *ἀνῆρ* by the Cushite ‘nir.’† Still we must confess that our patience is severely taxed when the Greek *Athênê* is identified with the Egyptian *Neith*, and *Hephaistos* with *Phthah*, not so much for the absurdity of the process and its results,‡ as for the cool

* Manual, p. 202.

† Edin. Rev., January 1867, p. 110. Egyptologists would perhaps do wisely in keeping themselves a little more within their own limits. They cannot be suffered to upset the results of philological science in their desire to advance science of another kind, unless they can produce the strongest evidence for their conclusions. M. Lenormant insists that the human race issued from Upa-Merou, and adds that some Greek traditions point to ‘this locality,’ ‘particularly the expression *μέρορες ἄνθρωποι*, which can only mean “the men sprung from Merou.”’ (Manual, p. 21.) The *Aithiopes* or *Ethiopians* are therefore men sprung from *Aithiou*: where then is *Aithiou*?

‡ ‘If words in one language are to be compared at random with words

assumption that these two words are to be regarded as conclusive evidence of Egyptian settlements at Athens,—in short, as proving the historical character as well as the Egyptian origin of Kekrops or Cecrops, Erechtheus, and Erichthonios. Now it is quite possible that real personages bearing these names may have lived at Athens or elsewhere; but it is the bounden duty of anyone who speaks of them, especially to young students, to recount honestly and straightforwardly the stories related of them. To put aside every single feature of their mythical history and then to insist on their reality as a manifest and ascertained fact is simply to speak falsely and to deceive. But the student is not told here what is related of these beings, nor is so much as a hint given that the stories told of them were of a totally different kind from the dry and dull outlines of prosaic probabilities which are put before him in these pages. When he speaks of the Parian marble, Mr. Rawlinson informs his readers that it exhibited ‘a chronological arrangement of important events in Greek history from the accession of Cecrops to the archonship of Callistratus, B.C. 355.’* If Mr. Rawlinson holds that blind submission to their teachers and guides is the whole duty of the young, he may perhaps feel himself justified in using such expressions; but if he believes that it is the duty of a teacher to speak the truth and not to put forth as certain that which he knows at the least to be not certain, we need not say how sadly his practice falls short of his theory. Not a hint is thrown out that any of the statements here put forward as facts have been seriously called into question or absolutely denied; and from the words of Mr. Rawlinson it would be impossible for any student to gather that there is any essential difference between the accession of Kekrops and the archonship of Kallistratos. So far as the form of the expression is concerned, they are both historical events, and Kekrops succeeds his predecessor, whoever he may have been, as George IV. followed George III. In the same fashion we are told that ‘the Eupatrids had acquired power enough under the kings to abolish monarchy at the death

in another, with which it has no affinity, while all reference is omitted to other dialects with which it is really akin, the labours of philologists become rather less profitable than child’s play. If *Athênê* is to be explained by *Neith*, we must also account on the same ground for the Sanskrit *Ahanâ* and *Dahanâ* and the Greek *Daphnê*. *Hephaistos* is, as Professor Max Müller has shown, the Sanskrit *javishtha*, a superlative of which the Greek *Hêbê*, like the Latin *juvenis*, represents the positive.’—Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, II. 194.

* Manual, p. 7.

‘ of Codrus, and to substitute for it the life-archonship, which, though confined to the descendants of Codrus, was not a royal dignity, but a mere chief magistracy.’* ‘Thirteen such archons,’ he adds, ‘held office before any further change was made, their united reigns covering a space of about three centuries, B.C. 1050 to 752,’ when the Eupatrids determined that the archons should be elected for ten years, an arrangement which remained in force until ‘the supreme power was put in commission, B.C. 684.’ All these changes are stated without qualification as facts; and, from the historical point of view, they are either facts or utterly worthless fictions. Unless we are to speak of the reigns of Bladud, or Lear, or Lucius of Britain, as we speak of the reigns of Charles I. or Queen Anne, it is simply disingenuous to speak of the accession of a king who is dragon-bodied, whose father was a snake, whose mother was the dew, and whose sister was married to the darling of the dawn. Is it honest to keep back from the young at the present day the knowledge that, in the opinion of one so sober in his scepticism as Niebuhr, ‘the years of the archons for life have as little authenticity as those of Theseus and Erechtheus,’ and that ‘we know absolutely nothing of the history of Attica under the government of the archons for life, and those who held their office for ten years, until we approach the time of Solon’? Is it fair to withhold the statement that ‘for this whole period we possess two lists, but do not know a single fact, if we except the mention of the *ἄγος Κυκλώνειον* and the legislation of Dracon,’†—in short, that for a supposed period of some twelve or fourteen centuries, covered by the chronology of the Parian marble, there are only about two centuries and a half for which we have any history at all?

It is the same everywhere. At Argos we have a political reaction, which sets in ‘about B.C. 780–770,’ ‘on the accession of a monarch of more than ordinary capacity.’‡ This is Pheidôn, ‘a great man in every way.’ But Mr. Rawlinson does not say why he assigns him to the years B.C. 780–770 rather than to either of the two dates B.C. 895 and 748 (separated by an interval of only 147 years), which are usually said

* Manual, p. 133.

† These words of Niebuhr are quoted by Sir Cornewall Lewis in his analysis of the evidence which proves the ‘completely fictitious nature of Athenian history as a whole down to a time removed by not much more than two centuries from the age of Perikles. (*Credibility of Early Roman History*, ii. 548.)

‡ Manual, p. 126.

to mark the beginning of his rule. His mode of dealing with Homeric traditions is simply that of Euëmeros. The story of the Trojan war is set aside because it is full of marvels, and the expedition is ascribed to a cause which is not among the causes alleged by Herodotus or Thucydides, by Sterichoros or Dion Chrysostom, by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Blackie. If we turn to his account of Rome, we find the same astonishing credulity, and the same unreasoning and unfounded scepticism which mark his history of the Eastern monarchies. As he there disliked the look of the names Chômasbêlos and Euechios, so here he thinks that the names of Romulus, Titus Tatius, and Numa Pompilius 'seem fictitious,' while he insists that 'there is every reason to believe' that Tullus Hostilius, the third traditional monarch, 'actually lived and reigned.*' If the reader asks why, there is no answer to be given beyond the fact that Mr. Rawlinson chooses to think so. There is no pretence of a contemporary history for the time. The reign is one of a series, the whole chronology of which has been conclusively shown and emphatically declared by Niebuhr to be 'a forgery and a fiction;' and it is followed by a crowd of events for some centuries, the accounts of which are, for the most part, contradictory, impossible, or absurd. The very conquest which, in Mr. Rawlinson's opinion, establishes the historical character of Tullus, is signalled by the fight of the Horatii and Curiatii; but, apart from all the other improbabilities of the legend, the tombs to which later writers appealed in proof of the fact are no better evidence for it 'than the 'tools of Epeus at Metapontum are of the Trojan horse, or 'the pickled sow at Lavinium of the prodigy seen by Æneas.†' When Mr. Rawlinson, speaking of the early years of the Republic, says that no plebeian was allowed to enjoy the honours of the consulship after Brutus, he forgets to state

* Manual, p. 341.

† Sir G. C. Lewis, *Credibility of Early Roman History*, i. 462. Dr. Ihne says emphatically of this king that 'wherever we begin, and 'whichever portion we examine of the legends of Romulus and Tullus, 'we arrive always at the same result, viz., that the alleged history of 'these two kings resolves itself into two different versions of the same 'old legend, in which the most careful research can discover no trace 'of genuine historical truth.' (*History of Rome*, Book I. ch. iv.) We are glad to learn that an English translation of this excellent history will shortly appear, and we cannot but anticipate the most wholesome results from the publication of a work in which the author so scrupulously lays before the reader whatever may be needed to enable him to form his judgment on the several questions discussed.

that he is here following a mere guess of Niebuhr, made in the teeth of all the old historians who profess to tell the story.

We are not called on to wade through pages of dry and dull summaries, which are as trustworthy and as amusing as the legend of Jack the Giant Killer, with the giant, the giant's wife, the beanstalk ladder, and the hen which laid the golden egg every morning, all left out. We cannot, however, pass in silence Mr. Rawlinson's account of the Decemviral legislation; and our anxiety to do him justice must be our excuse for giving it, so far as we can, in his own words. 'The first Decemvirs,' we are told, 'did not disappoint the expectations formed of them. In their codification of the laws they did little but stereotype the existing practice, putting, for the most part, into a written form what had previously been matter of precedent and usage. . . . The code of the Twelve Tables—*fons omnis publici privatique juris*—which dates from this time, was a most valuable digest of the early Roman law, and even in the fragmentary state in which it has come down to us, deserves careful study.*' If words mean anything, we have here the positive statement that the Twelve Tables were drawn up by the Decemvirs of the first year. Where is this version of the story found? Not in Livy, or Dionysios, or Diodoros, or Cicero. And why should the student be left to suppose that there was no difference of character between the Ten Tables, which are said to be the work of the first Decemvirs, and the Two Tables, which were added, we are told, in the second year? Why should he not be told that the former were considered just, the latter iniquitous; that the former were fixed up in a conspicuous part of the forum in the first year, while the latter, for some mysterious reason, became law only after the fall of the Decemvirs? The 'main work' of the Decemvirs, Mr. Rawlinson adds, 'was the constitution which they devised and sought to establish. In lieu of the double magistracy, half Patrician and half Plebeian, which had recently divided the State, and had threatened actual disruption, the Decemvirs instituted a single governmental body,—a board of ten, half Patrician and half Plebeian, which was to supersede at once the consulate and the tribunate, and to be the sole Roman executive. The centuries were to elect; and the Patrician assembly was, probably, to confirm the election. It is suspected that the duration of the office was intended to exceed a year; but this is, perhaps, uncertain. Fairly as this constitution was intended, and really liberal as were its

* Manual, p. 357.

‘provisions, as a practical measure of relief it failed entirely. One member of the board, Appius Claudius, obtained a complete ascendancy over his colleagues, and persuaded them, as soon as they came into office, to appear and act as tyrants.’* The serenity with which Mr. Rawlinson proceeds to weave his historical web out of his inner consciousness is amazing: how the process is reconciled with his sense of truthfulness it is not for us to say. But it is impossible to deny that the second Decemvirate is here represented as a constitutional change distinctly contemplated and devised by the first Decemvirs. Why are we not told that these Decemvirs, at the end of their term, resigned their offices, and went on to hold the comitia for the election of the ordinary magistrates, when the people interfered and insisted on the continuance of the Decemvirate for another year, and that this change was not, therefore, suggested or planned by the Decemvirs themselves? Why are we not told that this very story of their resignation constitutes one of the many overwhelming difficulties beneath the burden of which the whole narrative is crushed,—that if Appius did so resign, it is impossible that he should have behaved afterwards as he did, and that in any case ten men (even if we admit the absurd supposition of their perfect unanimity†) could without guards, without resources, and without an army, have withstood all other orders and classes in the State whom they had roused to righteous indignation and fury by their misdoings? When Mr. Rawlinson says that the yoke of the Decemvirs pressed most heavily on the Plebeians, why does he not add that it was, at the least, as hateful to the Patricians? Why does he not so much as breathe a hint that the narratives which we are apt to call the histories of these times are full of inconsistencies and contradictions,—that although they belong to a period some two centuries earlier than that of the first writers of Roman history, and to a time the records of which are said to have been burnt when Rome was sacked by the Gauls, they are yet drawn out with a minuteness of detail and a vividness of colouring which could be supplied only by eye-witnesses, or by others to whom these eye-witnesses had told the story? We have but one further question to ask. What answer would Mr. Rawlinson be prepared to give to a boy who should tell him that he had read his account of the Decemvirate, and, having compared it with

* Manual, p. 357.

† ‘A supreme oligarchy of ten without internal jealousies is an impossibility.’—Lewis, *Credibility*, &c., ii. 249.

the accounts of Livy, Dionysios, and other writers, had also carefully read Sir Cornewall Lewis's analysis and criticism of the history, and then should ask what evidence of facts there might be for Mr. Rawlinson's version, or why he should follow Mr. Rawlinson rather than Sir Cornewall Lewis, who, at all events, wrote like an honest man, and made no attempt to explain away difficulties, or keep them out of sight? If such an inquirer were to insist on a straightforward reply, and on the production of the evidence which should establish this account of the Decemvirate, would either reply or evidence be forthcoming? If in such a case Mr. Rawlinson should be compelled to keep silence, the publication of his work becomes in the interests of historical learning, if not of far higher things, a cause for grave regret. To Mr. Rawlinson himself we have no wish to impute the slightest wilful or conscious dishonesty; but so long as men will write history without knowing or realising the difference between fact and fiction, so long must they who see that truth has been set at nought, raise their protests against a method which will yield as its results a mere pretence of knowledge without the reality.

ART. VII.—1. *The Life and Letters of Faraday.* By Dr. BENCE JONES, Secretary of the Royal Institution. Second edition. 1870.

2. *Faraday as a Discoverer.* By JOHN TYNDALL. New edition. 1870.

3. *Éloge historique de Michel Faraday.* Par M. DUMAS, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris: 1868.

FARADAY, it has been truly said, was Davy's greatest discovery. Faraday, the blacksmith's son,—the bookbinder's apprentice,—the pure, humble-minded seeker after truth,—the greatest experimentalist whom the world has yet seen. It is easy from the life of such a man to collect many topics of interest, and to obtain many useful subjects for reflection. But to give a true and complete picture of the man Faraday—to place his high and simple character, his tender heart, his quick imagination, his powerful intellect, in a clear light—is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Whilst to form an unbiassed judgment upon his great scientific labours and to fix the exact position he will ultimately occupy in the ranks of science is now scarcely possible for even the most distinguished amongst his fellow-

workers. Michael Faraday is still to these a living word; they have known him and loved him; they have watched the flashing of his eye and the working of his face as he explained his discoveries; and the mellow tones of his kind voice still ring in their ears.

It is not therefore to the present generation of men of science that we can look for the true estimate of Faraday's work. 'Death, with destroying fingers,' must still be active before the cold unimpassioned critic can weigh to the exact scruple the measure of this great man's life. Let it be enough for us to endeavour simply to give an impression, in the first place of the man himself, and then of his most important labours. For the material needed in the first portion of this task we are almost wholly indebted to Dr. Bence Jones's admirable work, 'The Life and Letters of Faraday,' written by one who knew him intimately and to whom every memory of Faraday is dear. In these two volumes we find a most perfect description of his character and of his daily life, from his first entrance as a labourer in the field of science in 1812 until he peacefully lay down to rest, at Hampton Court, on August 25th, 1867. Here, too, we find records of his scientific work, often given in his own words; so that these, taken together with extracts from his lectures and selections from his letters, form a picture of his life which may be almost looked upon as an autobiography.

That his biographer felt keenly the difficulty of writing a life of Faraday is seen from the following words in the Preface; and yet the task could not have well fallen into abler hands, nor could it easily have been more satisfactorily accomplished.

'To write a life of Faraday,' says Dr. Bence Jones, 'seemed to me at first a hopeless work. Although I had listened to him as a lecturer for thirty years and had been with him frequently for upwards of twenty years, and although for more than fifteen years he had known me as one of his most intimate friends, yet my knowledge of him made me feel that he was too good a man for me to estimate rightly, and that he was too great a philosopher for me to understand thoroughly.'

In order to help us in tracing the scientific triumphs of his outwardly uneventful life, we could not have better guides than Professor Tyndall's lectures on Faraday as a Discoverer, and Monsieur Dumas' eloquent Éloge before the French Academy of Sciences on the event of Faraday's death. In both of these we find the work well done by able as well as by loving hands. No living man is more competent than Dr. Tyndall to give an account of Faraday's scientific labours; he knew Faraday (at any rate in his later years) more intimately than

any other man of science ; their investigations lay much in the same direction, whilst in both we see that intense love of nature which is the true mark of a scientific spirit.

Michael Faraday was born at Newington, in Surrey, on September 22, 1791. His father afterwards worked as a blacksmith at Boyd's, in Welbeck Street, and when Michael was about five years old, the family removed to rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's Well Mews, Charles Street, Manchester Square. This was the home of Faraday for ten years, and he has himself pointed out where he used to play at marbles in Spanish Place, and where, years later, he nursed his little sister in Manchester Square. 'My education,' he says, 'was of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common day school; my hours out of school were passed at home and in the streets.' In 1804, when thirteen years of age, he went on trial as shopboy to Mr. Riebau, a bookseller then carrying on business at 2 Blandford Street, close to the mews. A year later he was apprenticed, and 'in consideration of his faithful service no premium is given.' Dr. Bence Jones tells a story which at once gives us an insight into Faraday's heart. Long after he was famous, as he was walking with his niece they met a news-boy: 'I always feel a tenderness for those boys,' said he, 'because I once carried newspapers myself.'

Four years later (1809), his father writes of him :—'Michael is bookbinder and stationer, and is very active in learning his business . . . he likes his place well; he had a hard time for some while at first going; but, as the old saying goes, he has rather got the head above water, as there is (*sic*) two other boys under him.' That from these earliest years Faraday showed a thirst for knowledge and a taste for experiment is seen from the following remarks made by himself:—

'Whilst an apprentice I loved to read scientific books which were under my hands, and, amongst them, delighted in Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry," and the electrical treatises in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind.'

He told a friend that Watts 'On the Mind' first made him think, and that his attention was turned to science by the article 'Electricity,' in an encyclopædia he was employed to bind.

'My master,' he says, 'allowed me to go occasionally of an evening

to hear the lectures delivered by Mr. Tatum, on Natural Philosophy, at his house, 53 Dorset Street, Fleet Street. I obtained a knowledge of these lectures by bills in the streets and shop-windows near his house. The hour was eight o'clock in the evening. The charge was one shilling per lecture, and my brother Robert (who was three years older and followed his father's business) made me a present of the money for several.'

A commonplace book, termed the 'Philosophical Miscellany,' was kept by Faraday at this time, 'intended,' he says, 'to promote both amusement and instruction, and also to corroborate or invalidate those theories which are continually starting into the world of science. Collected by M. Faraday, 1809-10.' In this book we find notices of all sorts, chiefly, however, relating to scientific matters, some showing a true perception of the importance of scientific discoveries. Thus one article is headed 'Galvanism. Mr. Davy has announced to the Royal Society a great discovery in chemistry—the fixed alkalis have been decomposed by the galvanic battery.' It is interesting to hear from his own lips the story of his first visit to the Royal Institution, so long the scene of his labours and triumphs:—

'During my apprenticeship I had the good fortune, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, who was a customer of my master's shop and also a member of the Royal Institution, to hear four of the last lectures of Sir H. Davy in that locality.* The dates of these lectures were February 29th, March 14th, April 8th and 10th, 1812. Of these I made notes, and then wrote out the lectures in a fuller form, interspersing them with such drawings as I could make. The desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind, induced me, whilst an apprentice, to write, in my ignorance of the world and simplicity of my mind, to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. Naturally enough, "no answer" was the reply left with the porter.'

Next follows in Dr. Bence Jones's *Life* a long series of letters written at this time to young Abbott, a friend somewhat younger than Faraday, and his superior in school attainments. These letters are invaluable as showing his thoughts when, as he says, he was 'giving up trade and taking to science.' The following extract will serve to show that the Biographer truly estimates the remarkable character of these early letters when he says:—

'It is difficult to believe that they were written by one who had been a newspaper-boy and who was still a bookbinder's apprentice, not yet twenty-one years of age, and whose only education had been the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Had they been written

* He always sat in the gallery over the clock.

by a highly-educated gentleman, they would have been remarkable for the easy correctness and fluency of their style, and for the courtesy, kindness, candour, deference, and even humility of the thoughts which they contain.'

The following extract from his first letter to Abbott shows how he began to educate himself in experiment, and how all his thoughts were directed towards science:—

'I have lately made a few simple galvanic experiments, merely to illustrate to myself the first principles of the science. I was going to Knight's to obtain some nickel, and bethought me that they had malleable zinc. I inquired and bought some—have you seen any yet? The first portion I obtained was in the thinnest pieces possible—observe, in a flattened state. It was, they informed me, thin enough for the electric stick, or, as I before called it, De Luc's electric column. I obtained it for the purpose of forming discs, with which and copper to make a little battery. The first I completed contained the immense number of seven pairs of plates!!! and of the immense size of halfpence each!!!!!!

'I, sir, I my own self, cut out seven discs of the size of halfpennies each! I, sir, covered them with seven halfpence, and I interposed between, seven, or rather six, pieces of paper soaked in a solution of muriate of soda!!! But laugh no longer, dear A., rather wonder at the effects this trivial power produced. It was sufficient to produce the decomposition of sulphate of magnesia—an effect which extremely surprised me; for I did not, could not, have any idea that the agent was competent to the purpose.'

In another letter written shortly after he says:—

'I cannot see any subject except chlorine to write on. Be not surprised, my dear A., at the ardour with which I have embraced this new theory. I have seen Davy himself support it. I have seen him exhibit experiments (conclusive experiments) explanatory of it; and I have heard him apply these experiments to the theory, and explain and enforce them in (to me) an irresistible manner. Conviction, sir, struck me, and I was forced to believe him, and with that belief came admiration.'

This admiration for scientific research and for the philosopher who was then startling Europe with his discoveries so worked upon the mind of the journeyman bookbinder, that 'under the 'encouragement of Mr. Dance' (who had taken him to Davy's lectures), 'I wrote to Sir Humphry, sending, as a proof of 'my earnestness, the notes I had taken of his last four lectures.' 'My desire,' he wrote some years afterwards to Dr. Paris, 'was to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined 'made its pursuers amiable and liberal.' The answer (to Davy's honour) was immediate, kind, and favourable.

'At the same time that he gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that science was a harsh mistress and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on that matter.' (March 1, 1813.)

Soon after the interview Faraday was installed, at Davy's recommendation, as assistant in the Laboratory at the Royal Institution at the salary of 25*s.* a week, with two rooms at the top of the house.

Now Faraday felt himself for the first time in his life in a congenial atmosphere, and only six days after his installation he writes to Abbott in spirits as high as in his latter letters they had been depressed; full of his chemical work, 'making 'a compound of sulphur and carbon, a combination which has 'lately occupied in a considerable degree the attention of 'chemists.' Only a few weeks later he was employed by Davy to assist him in the investigation of the most explosive body even now known to chemists—chloride of nitrogen, and this fact speaks volumes for Sir Humphry's opinion of his scientific knowledge as well as of his manipulative skill. Thus we find Faraday in these first few weeks of his scientific career plunged at once into the most difficult of experimental investigations. He was not daunted by severe and unlooked-for explosions which tore open his hand and cut his eye, and in which the more experienced Davy received some severe wounds; he prosecuted his experiments with this terrible compound, estimating its specific gravity, and ascertaining its chemical properties. Not only did he work with devotion in the prosecution of Davy's original researches, but he began to consider the best means of bringing the results of scientific investigation before the minds of others, and in some of his letters his remarks on the appliances of experimental lectures show, as Dr. Bence Jones remarks, the keenness of his observation, the abundance of his ideas, and the soundness of his judgment. No one who is familiar with Faraday's mode of lecturing, and with the excessive pains which,* even to the last, he used to take about every minute detail of his experimental illustrations, can fail to observe that the ideas which he consistently carried out were mainly formed in early life. Thus

* We know as a fact that Faraday always tried the stopper of every bottle he was to use, before the lecture began, so that no delay might be caused from the stopper being fixed when the reagent was wanted during the lecture.

in 1813, when twenty-one, he writes on this subject to Abbott:—

‘When an experimental lecture is to be delivered, and apparatus is to be exhibited, some kind of order should be observed in the arrangement of them on the lecture table. Every particular part illustrative of the lecture should be in view, no one thing should hide another from the audience, nor should anything stand in the way of or obstruct the lecturer. They should be so placed, too, as to produce a kind of uniformity in appearance. No one part should appear naked and another crowded, unless some particular reason exists and makes it necessary to be so. At the same time, the whole should be so arranged as to keep one operation from interfering with another. If the lecture table appears crowded, if the lecturer (hid by his apparatus) is invisible, if things appear crooked, or aside, or unequal, or if some are out of sight, and this without any particular reason, the lecturer is considered (and with reason too) as an awkward contriver and a bungler.’

His description of his ideal lecturer is so perfect and gives so true a picture of Faraday himself, as well as of his early easy style, that we cannot resist the temptation of a quotation, especially as the reputation which Faraday gained in the world in general as a lecturer was as great as that which he possessed amongst men of science as an original investigator.

‘The most prominent requisite to a lecturer, though perhaps not really the most important, is a good delivery; for though to all true philosophers science and nature will have charms innumerable in every dress, yet I am sorry to say that the generality of mankind cannot accompany us for one short hour unless the path is strewn with flowers. In order, therefore, to gain the attention of an audience (and what can be more disagreeable to a lecturer than the want of it?) it is necessary to pay some attention to the manner of expression. The utterance should not be rapid and hurried and consequently unintelligible, but slow and deliberate, conveying ideas with ease from the lecturer, and infusing them with clearness and readiness into the minds of the audience. A lecturer should endeavour by all means to obtain a facility of utterance, and the power of clothing his thoughts and ideas in language smooth and harmonious and at the same time simple and easy. If his periods are long, or obscure, or incomplete, they give rise to a degree of labour in the minds of the hearers which quickly causes lassitude, indifference, and even disgust.

‘A lecturer should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned, his thoughts about him, and his mind clear and free for the contemplation and description of his subject. His action should not be hasty and violent, but slow, easy, and natural, consisting principally in changes of the posture of the body, in order to avoid the air of stiffness or sameness that would otherwise be unavoidable. His whole behaviour should evince respect for his audience, and he should in no case forget that he is in their presence.

‘He should exert his utmost effort to gain completely the mind and

attention of his audience, and irresistibly to make them join in his ideas to the end of the subject. He should endeavour to raise their interest at the commencement of the lecture, and by a series of imperceptible gradations, unnoticed by the company, keep it alive as long as the subject demands it. No breaks or digressions foreign to the purpose should have a place in the circumstances of the evening; no opportunity should be allowed to the audience in which their minds could wander from the subject, or return to inattention and carelessness. A flame should be lighted at the commencement and kept alive with unremitting splendour to the end. . . .

‘An experimental lecturer should attend very carefully to the choice he may make of experiments for the illustration of his subject. They should be important, as they respect the science they are applied to, yet clear, and such as may easily and generally be understood. They should rather approach to simplicity, and explain the established principles of the subject, than be elaborate, and apply to minute phenomena only.

‘Let your experiments apply to the subjects you elucidate; do not introduce those which are not to the point.

‘Apt experiments (to which I have before referred) ought to be explained by satisfactory theory, or otherwise we merely patch an old coat with new cloth, and the whole (hole) becomes worse. If a satisfactory theory can be given, it ought to be given. If we doubt a received opinion, let us not leave the doubt unnoticed, and affirm our own ideas, but state it clearly, and lay down also our objections. If the scientific world is divided in opinion, state both sides of the question, and let each one judge for himself, by noticing the most striking and forcible circumstances on each side. Then and then only shall we do justice to the subject, please the audience, and satisfy our honour—the honour of a philosopher.’

In the autumn of 1813 Davy proposed to Faraday to take him abroad in the capacity of amanuensis and scientific assistant, and on October the 13th the party left England. A Journal written during this foreign tour, which lasted a year and a half, is remarkable for the minuteness of the description of all he saw, and for the cautious silence regarding those he was with. Full particulars of Sir Humphry’s scientific work are, however, given. The letters, chiefly written to his mother and to his friend Abbott, exhibit his warm heart, his affectionate attachment to home and friends, and show his constant desire for self-improvement :—

‘I am almost contented,’ he writes to his mother, ‘except with my ignorance, which becomes more visible to me every day, though I endeavour as much as possible to avoid it. I have learned just enough to know my own ignorance, and to be ashamed of my defects in everything; I wish to seize the opportunity of remedying them . . . added to which the glorious opportunity I enjoy of improving in the know-

ledge of chemistry and the sciences continually determines me to finish this voyage with Sir Humphry Davy.'

Many interesting extracts from his Journal are given in the Biography. The following note shows that the rising philosopher was by no means destitute of a keen appreciation of the ludicrous :—

'I cannot help dashing a note of admiration to one thing found in this part of the country—the pigs! At first I was positively doubtful of their nature; for, though they have pointed noses, long ears, rope-like tails, and cloven feet, yet who would imagine that an animal with a long thin body, back and belly arched upwards, lank sides, long slender feet, and capable of outrunning our horses for a mile or two together, could be at all allied to the fat sons of England! When I first saw one, which was at Morlaix, it started so suddenly and became so active in its motions on being disturbed, and so dissimilar in its actions to our swine, that I looked out for a second creature of the same kind before I ventured to decide on its being a regular or an extraordinary production of nature; but I find they are all alike, and that what at a distance I should judge to be a greyhound, I am obliged, on near approach, to acknowledge a pig.'

As a characteristic specimen of the letters written during his journey to his mother, we may quote the following, written from Rome on April 14, 1814 :—

'When Sir H. Davy first had the goodness to ask me whether I would go with him, I mentally said, "No, I have a mother, I have relations here," and I almost wished that I had been insulated and alone in London; but now I am glad that I have some left behind me on whom I can think, and whose actions and occupations I can picture to my mind. Whenever a vacant hour occurs I employ it by thinking on those at home. In short, when sick, when cold, when tired, the thoughts of those at home are a calm and refreshing balm to my heart. Let those who think such thoughts are useless, vain, and paltry think so still. I envy them not their more refined and more estranged feelings. For me I still cherish them, in opposition to the dictates of modern refinement, as the first and greatest sweetness in the life of man.'

Faraday describes in clear and precise scientific language the results of Davy's experiments, made in Paris together with the French *savans* on the newly-discovered element Iodine; and he adds that 'the finding of this substance in matters so common and supposed so well-known as the ashes of sea-weed must be a stimulus of no small force to the inquiring minds of modern chemists, whilst it is a proof of the imperfect state of the science, and every chemist will regard it as an addition of no small magnitude to his knowledge, and as the forerunner of a great advance in chemistry.' He visits in Paris with Davy

the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the great men there boldly holding up the torch of science to civilisation and progress amidst the din and horrors of war; and he appears (like a sensible man and a philosopher) much more interested by the result of an experiment made with Chevreul's Voltaic pile proving the probable elementary nature of the 'new substance' now called iodine, than with the sight of the Emperor in full state sitting in the corner of his carriage, covered and almost hidden from sight by an enormous robe of ermine, and his face overshadowed by a tremendous plume of feathers that descended from a velvet hat. At the end of December they left Paris, went south, and stayed some time at Montpellier, where Davy continued his experiments on iodine, but failed to detect its presence in the sea-plants of the Mediterranean. Pushing further south to Florence, they visited the celebrated Academy del Cimento. Here was much to excite interest: Galileo's first telescope, with which he discovered Jupiter's satellites, and the great burning-glass of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. With this celebrated lens Davy made some experiments on the composition of the diamond. Long ago in 1694 had Avrami and Targioni burnt diamonds with this same great lens before the astonished Como III. Lavoisier, too, in 1773 proved that carbonic acid was formed when diamonds are burnt, and henceforward this brilliant lustrous gem, the hardest of known substances, was admitted to be identical in its chemical nature with soft black soot. Still it was doubted whether the diamond did not contain hydrogen as well as carbon, and, although Smithson Tennant had shown in 1796 that charcoal and diamond give on oxidation with nitric acid equal quantities of carbonic acid, it yet remained for Davy to settle the question of the composition of the gem. The diamond heated in the focus of the large lens glowed brilliantly with a scarlet light, carbonic acid gas was formed, and no vapour or any signs of the formation of water could be perceived, 'so that as yet it appears that the diamond is pure carbon.' Having finished these experiments, they bid adieu to the Academy del Cimento and went forward to Rome. From Rome they visited Naples, and, having explored Vesuvius, returned northward. The subject of the following entry of his diary on Friday, June 17th, at Milan might form a fit material for a picture:—'Saw M. Volta, who came to Sir H. Davy: an hale elderly man, bearing the red ribbon, and very free in conversation.' What if the Volta, then sixty-eight years of age and in the height of his fame, could have foreseen that the humble attendant of the brilliant English chemist was the man destined to place the

theory of the Voltaic pile in its true light, and to discover the great laws which regulate its action!

On May 7, 1815, after their return home, Faraday was engaged as assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution at a salary of 30s. per week. His journey with the Davys, although in many respects it had proved irksome and disagreeable, owing to the false position in which he was frequently placed by Sir Humphry's mismanagement and Lady Davy's want of tact and temper, was doubtless of the greatest value to Faraday, and the benefits which he thus received were thoroughly appreciated.

'Faraday had now full knowledge of his master's genius and power. He had compared him with the French philosophers whilst helping him in his discovery of the elementary nature of iodine; and he was about to see him engage in those researches on fire-damp and flame, which ended in the glorious invention of the Davy lamp, and gave to Davy a popular reputation even beyond that which he gained in science by the greatest of all his discoveries—potassium.'

But although Faraday worked under the most brilliant chemist of the day, and fully appreciated his scientific discoveries, as his careful preservation of all Davy's letters and note-books shows, yet he was by no means so dazzled by his teacher's genius as not to see his many faults. There is no doubt that Davy was hurt by his own success; he had very little self-control, and but little method and order; and Faraday has been known to say that the greatest of all his advantages was that he had a model to teach him what to avoid.*

In 1816 Faraday began to lecture at the City Philosophical Society. Passages in these early lectures clearly show the high view which he takes of scientific work:—

'Before leaving this subject, chlorine (the elementary nature of which had been insisted on by Davy some years before), I will point out its history, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact "What is its use?" Dr. Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist would be "Endeavour to make it useful." When Scheele discovered this substance it appeared to have no use, it was in its infantine and useless state; but having grown up to maturity, witness its powers, and see what endeavours to make it useful have done.'

For Faraday quite understood, even thus early, the wide dif-

* When Faraday was at Geneva with Davy, Professor de la Rive did not fail to see the worth of Davy's assistant, and in consequence invited both to dinner. Davy, it appears, declined to dine with a person who in some respects acted as his servant; and M. de la Rive politely remarked that he should in consequence have the pleasure of giving two dinners.

ference between the original investigators of nature and the men who apply the knowledge thus gained to practical purposes :—

‘Twas easy following where invention trod,—
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.’

Then again he says :—

‘The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biassed by appearances; have no favourite hypothesis; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature.’

And through life Faraday proved true to the mark of his high calling. His love of science for its own sake breaks out constantly in his letters and his talk. Complaining late in life to Tyndall about his failing health, he writes, ‘But then our subjects are so glorious, that to work at them rejoices and encourages the feeblest, delights and enchants the strongest.’

‘The contemplation of nature,’ says Tyndall, ‘and his own relation to her, produced in Faraday a kind of spiritual exaltation which we see here. His religious feeling and his philosophy could not be kept apart; there was an habitual overflow of the one into the other. Whether he or another was its exponent, he appeared to take equal delight in science. A good experiment would make him almost dance with delight.’

Early in his career Faraday had to decide whether he should make wealth or science his pursuit in life; he could not serve both masters. After his discovery of magneto-electricity, the commercial world would hardly have considered any remuneration too high for the aid of such abilities as his. He might easily have made his professional business yield him 5,000*l.* a year; his accounts plainly show how and when he made his choice, for in 1832 his business income, instead of rising to 5,000*l.*, diminished from 1,090*l.* 4*s.* 0*d.* to 155*l.* 9*s.* 0*d.*, and in 1838 it fell to zero, at which point it remained for the rest of his life, with trifling exceptions :—

‘Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith, and apprentice to a bookbinder, had to decide between a fortune of 150,000*l.* on the one hand, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific fame of England for a period of forty years.’

In the year 1816, Faraday, being twenty-four years of age, published his first original communication, on *Nitric Caustic*

Lime, in the 'Quarterly Journal of Science.' 'I reprint this paper at full length,' he says in his 'Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics':—

'It was the beginning of my communications to the public, and its results were very important to me. Sir H. Davy gave me the analysis to make as a first attempt in chemistry, at a time when my fear was greater than my confidence, and both far greater than my knowledge; at a time also when I had no thought of ever writing an original paper on science.'

During the next three years Faraday published several papers on scientific subjects, of which one on 'Sounding Flames' is the most important. In 1820 he continued his lectures, and his first paper, on the Chlorides of Carbon, was presented to the Royal Society. In 1821 he married Miss Sarah Barnard. The following extract from his book of diplomas, written long afterwards, shows the strength of his affections and the happiness of his domestic life:—

'Amongst these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were *married* on the 12th June, 1821.' Elsewhere we find in his own handwriting, 'On June 12, 1821, he married; an event which more than any other contributed to his earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. The union has continued for twenty-eight years, and has in nowise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character.'

Of Faraday's religious views it is difficult to speak. He belonged (as did also his wife) to the sect of the Sandemanians; a month after his marriage he was formally admitted into this Church by making a solemn and public confession of sin and profession of faith; in 1840 he was elected an elder of the Church, and afterwards frequently preached on Sundays. His religion was by no means a harsh form of Calvinism, but a simple child-like faith, rather evincing itself in the deep humility which ran through his life. The sense of his own unworthiness and incapability of doing what was good, extended even to the act of professing the truth:—

'Let no one suppose for a moment,' he says in a lecture on Mental Education, delivered in 1854, 'that the self-education which I am about to commend, in respect of the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief.'

His was a high but a supernatural standard of duty founded on what he believed to be the distinct revelation of God's will.

To the fulness of this standard he successfully strove to attain ; on every occasion and in all the varying circumstances of life, he always endeavoured to seek and say that which he believed to be the truth, and to do that which he thought was kind. ' *La fidélité à la foi religieuse,*' says Dumas, ' *et la constante observation de la loi morale constituent les traits dominants de sa vie.*' And again his English biographer writes : ' His religion was a living root of fresh humility, and from first to last it may be seen growing with his fame and reaching its height with his glory, and making him to the end of his life certainly the humblest, whilst he was the most energetic, the truest, and the kindest of experimental philosophers.' He fully appreciated the return which others made him in this respect. ' Tyndall,' said he one day, ' the sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and goodwill which it has caused to flow in upon me from all quarters of the world.'

The first or introductory period of his scientific activity had now commenced, and in the ten years which followed his marriage he was constantly engaged in preparing himself for the great discoveries which afterwards awaited his labours. In 1821 he prepared liquid chlorine by heating in a closed tube the solid hydrate discovered by Davy in 1810. The pressure evolved by the compressed and liquefied gases inside these tubes was so great that frequent and violent explosions occurred, and on one occasion a tube burst, and thirteen pieces of glass were driven into Faraday's eye. The publication of these experiments led to an unpleasant expression of feeling by Sir H. Davy, who appears to have been jealous of Faraday's success as an investigator ; and though, when the occasion presented itself, the latter most completely exonerated himself from every charge of plagiarism, and pointed out that neither Davy nor he could be said to be the discoverers of liquid chlorine, as it had been prepared in 1805 by Northmore, it is no less certain than sad that Davy as President opposed Faraday's election to the Royal Society :—

' Sir H. Davy told me I must take down my certificate. I replied that I had not put it up ; that I could not take it down as it was put up by my proposers. He then said I must get my proposers to take it down. I answered that I knew they would not do so. Then he said, " I as President will take it down." I replied that I was sure Sir H. Davy would do what he thought was for the good of the Royal Society.'

Faraday also said that one of his proposers told him that Davy had walked for an hour round the courtyard of Somerset House arguing that Faraday ought not to be elected. How-

ever, shortly afterwards the storm passed over, and Davy writes: 'I am, dear Faraday, very sincerely your well-wisher and friend;' and Faraday was duly elected a Fellow. Now indeed had Faraday learnt that even men of science have their foibles and weaknesses! 'Hélas! sur ce point, ce fut Davy, lui-même, qui ne laissa rien à faire aux autres pour l'éducation de Faraday.'

The first scientific honour which Faraday received, out of a total of ninety-five honorary titles and marks of merit, was in 1823 from the Cambridge Philosophical Society. When asked what were his titles, 'one title, namely that of F.R.S., was sought,' said he, 'and paid for; all the rest were spontaneous offerings of kindness and goodwill.' In 1825 Faraday discovered Benzol, the hydrocarbon contained in coal tar, and from which we now obtain all the bright and brilliant purple, crimson, blue and violet tints known as the Aniline Colours. In the same year he was appointed Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, and at once showed his desire to promote the welfare of the members by instituting evening meetings, which soon developed into the well-known Friday Evening Discourses. The memory of his own Friday evening lectures, always on some new and interesting point of scientific discovery, remains deeply engraved on many minds. To attend these lectures became the fashionable rage—the crush up the Institution stairs was only to be compared to the old rush on a Jenny Lind night! Then there really was something worth seeing and hearing even for those who did not pretend to scientific tastes. There was something so taking, so genially kind, so affectionate in his manner towards his audience; his devotion to his subject so shone in every word and action, whilst his perfect simplicity only heightened the effect of his natural eloquence, that people came to see and hear him not so much for the sake of his science as for the sake of the man. It must not be supposed, however, that men of science themselves did not benefit from his lectures. No one before or since Faraday has been able to lecture as he did. The clearness of his statements, the orderly arrangement of his matter, was so perfect that when lecturing on some new and difficult point of experiment or theory, the merest tyro came away with the idea that he understood the whole bearings of the subject, whilst the men of science, who next to the lecturer knew perhaps most about the question, always found material for thought and not unfrequently incentives to renewed exertion. Then Faraday's manner in lecturing was perfectly natural; everything went so smoothly, his experiments were so convincing

and always so successful, that one might be apt to think that all this was the result of a happy intuitive power. Those who knew Faraday can tell, however, by what patient labour these results were brought about—how he used to spend hours upon hours arranging his experiments so as to ensure success—how no detail was too minute to escape his attention, and how well he had thought over the best mode of presenting his subject. The specimens of his lecture notes given in his *Biography** show this excessive care, and the orderly neatness which was characteristic of his whole being, whilst the following extract may give to those who have missed the delight of hearing him, some slight idea of his characteristic style, and at the same time it will call up to the minds of those of us who knew him, the charm of voice and manner which were so peculiarly his own. He is addressing the audience of young people to whom for many years he gave a Christmas course:—

‘I shall here claim, as I always have done on these occasions, the right of addressing myself to the younger members of the audience—and for this purpose, therefore, unfitted as it may seem for an elderly infirm man to do so, I will return to second childhood, and become as it were, young again amongst the young.

‘Let us now consider, for a little while, how wonderfully we stand upon this world. Here it is we are born, bred, and live, and yet we view these things with an almost entire absence of wonder to ourselves respecting the way in which all this happens. So small, indeed, is our wonder, that we are never taken by surprise; and I do think that, to a young person of ten, fifteen, or twenty years of age, perhaps the first sight of a cataract or a mountain would occasion more surprise in him than he had ever felt concerning the means of his own existence; how he came here, how he lives, by what means he stands upright, and through what means he moves about from place to place. Hence we come into this world, we live, and depart from it, without our thoughts being called specifically to consider how this takes place; and were it not for the exertions of some few inquiring minds, who have looked *into* these things, and ascertained the very beautiful laws and conditions by which we *do* live and stand upon the earth, we should hardly be aware that there was anything wonderful in it. These inquiries, which have occupied philosophers from the earliest days, when they first began to find out the laws by which we grow, and exist, and enjoy ourselves, up to the present time have shown us that all this was effected in consequence of the existence of certain *forces*, or *abilities* to do things, or *powers*, that are so common that nothing can be commoner; for nothing is commoner than the wonderful powers by which we are enabled to stand upright—they are essential to our existence every moment.’

We have now only brought Faraday to the commencement

of his great discoveries. It is true, that if his scientific life had ended here, he had already earned for himself a high and honourable position in the ranks of science. He had been engaged in original scientific investigation for eighteen years (he always used to say that it required twenty years of work to make *a man* in physical science; the previous period being one of *infancy*); he had discovered electro-magnetic rotation, and he had thoroughly proved the possibility of the condensation of several gases into liquids. He had carried on two most laborious investigations on the alloys of steel and on the manufacture of optical glass. His discoveries in chemistry were of great interest and importance; of these the chief were in the first place the preparation of two new chlorides of carbon, then the discovery of benzol, the hydrocarbon now so valuable as a source of colour, of sulphonaphthalic acid, besides several other new chemical compounds, whilst he had made interesting experiments on the limits of vaporisation and on the diffusion of gases. The catalogue of scientific papers lately compiled by the Royal Society shows, that up to the year 1830 he had printed no less than sixty-two important scientific communications, nine of which were published in the Philosophical Transactions. From assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution he had become its Director; he constantly lectured in the theatre, and probably saved the Institution by the active interest he took in the establishment of the Friday evening meetings. It is, however, in the year 1831, when forty years of age and at the height of his physical and mental power, that Faraday began the work which has made his name illustrious.

Eight large volumes of private manuscript notes of 'Experimental Researches' were bequeathed by Faraday to the Royal Institution; these constitute a monument of human genius, industry, skill, patience, and orderly arrangement, perhaps only exceeded in the world by the contents of the celebrated Gauss-manuscripts deposited in the Observatory of Göttingen. The first paragraph in Volume I. begins in 1831; the last consecutive paragraph in Volume VII. is marked 16,041, in 1856! In all other matters Faraday's business-like sense of order was manifest; throughout all his numerous researches each experiment was numbered, and the result catalogued or the product carefully preserved; his accounts were most accurately and neatly kept; his letters were always read and answered early in the morning, before any other work was begun, and every complicated subject seemed naturally to fall into order under his hands. It is interesting to learn the

details of the method which such a man adopted for carrying out his experiments.

'Whenever he was about to investigate a subject, he wrote out, on separate slips of paper, different queries regarding it which his genius made him think were "naturally possible" to be answered by experiment. He slightly fixed them one beneath the other in the order in which he intended to experiment. As a slip was answered it was removed, and others were added in the course of the investigation, and these in their turn were worked out and removed. If no answer was obtained, the slip remained to be returned to at another time. Out of the answers the manuscript volumes were formed, and from these the papers were written for the Royal Society, where they were always read before the popular account of them was given to the Royal Institution at a Friday evening meeting.'

The second quarter of this century was the period of Faraday's great activity; the strain of the first ten years of this time produced loss of memory, and necessitated complete rest for nearly four years. After this much more work was done. What that work was, and how its results bear on science and civilisation, we shall next endeavour to ascertain.

On August 29, 1831, Faraday began his electrical researches. His lecturing, reading, and experimentalising had not only given him complete command over all the known phenomena of electricity, but enabled him to see the directions in which knowledge was defective, and where investigation was likely to be rewarded. This peculiar power of *feeling* for new truths is the first requisite for an original investigator—it is the 'Forscher-blick' characteristic of genius with which no amount of industry or plodding work can for an instant compete—and this penetrating glance Faraday possessed in high degree. He was, of course, familiar with the phenomena of ordinary electric induction—namely, that if we rub a stick of sealing wax till it becomes electrified, and then allow it to approach any other body, that body becomes electrified by the mere neighbourhood of the excited sealing wax. He was also familiar with the great discovery, made in 1802, by Romagnosi, although generally attributed to Oersted, who made independently the same discovery in 1820, of the action of an electric current on a magnetic needle, and had repeated all the experiments by which the illustrious Ampère had shown that every magnetic phenomenon then known could be explained by the mutual action of electric currents. Now Faraday had long wished to find out what influence a current of Voltaic electricity passing along a wire exerts upon another wire placed in its neighbourhood, to see whether an 'induction current' similar in kind to the induction of ordinary electricity could be detected. He failed

in all his first experiments; not a trace of a permanent current could be observed in the neighbouring wire, however near it was brought to the one through which the electricity was passing, or however strong that current of electricity was made to flow. Although Faraday was looking for a continuous current, both his mind and his eyes were open to receive impressions of every kind; and whilst he had started—and necessarily so—with an hypothesis, he was not thereby blinded. Thus when he observed the needle of his galvanometer placed in contact with his wire swing instantly round as he closed the circuit, then come back into its original position and remain there until he broke contact, when it again swung round in the opposite direction, he at once saw that he had discovered Voltaic Induction; and from this and other experiments he concludes, ‘That the battery current through the one wire did, in reality, induce a similar current through the other, but that it continued for an instant only, and partook more of the nature of the electric wave from a common Leyden jar than of the current from a Voltaic battery.’ The short intermittent wave called into existence by the first passage of the electricity in the other wire is termed the Induced current, and flows in the opposite direction to the primary or inducing current, whilst the wave excited by the cessation of the primary current flows in the same direction as this latter.

Imbued with the idea of the close connexion between magnetism and electricity, knowing that Ampère’s results showed that electricity can be made to produce all the effects of magnetism, and having himself, ten years before, shown that a moveable current can be made to rotate round a magnet, Faraday now attempted to produce electricity from magnetism. For this purpose he made a hollow coil or helix of wire and brought the ends into contact with a delicate galvanometer; then he plunged inside the coil a permanent magnet. A rush of electricity through the wire of the coil occurred when he inserted the magnet, and a flow in the opposite direction took place when the magnet was removed from the coil. In a similar way he found that a current of electricity was evolved in a coil of wire every time it was made to approach a *fixed* magnet, and if the coil be made to rotate in front of the two poles of the magnet, a quick succession of alternating waves of electricity is produced. By a long series of experiments carried out with wonderful precision, and varied so as to give him a knowledge of the boundaries of his discoveries, Faraday founded the science of Magneto-electricity, as Romagnosi, Oersted, and Ampère had previously established that of ~~Electro~~-magnetism. In ten days of experiment these

splendid results were obtained; he collected the facts into the first series of Experimental Researches in Electricity, the publication of which placed him in the first rank of experimental philosophers. Certain portions of Faraday's continuation of his discovery of magneto-electricity illustrate so clearly his power of grappling with and bringing into light the most obscure of natural phenomena, that it may be worth while for a few moments to follow him in the execution of his task. Some time before the period of which we now speak, Arago had observed that when a magnetic needle is made to rotate rapidly on its axis this rotation is quickly stopped when a disc of a non-magnetic metal, such as copper, is held over it—or, if the plate of metal be made to rotate, a suspended magnetic needle placed above or below it began to rotate along with the metallic plate. No one had been able to explain these curious facts. How could a non-magnetic metal influence a magnet? If the disc was motionless not a trace of attraction or repulsion was exerted between it and the needle, hence the effect was in some way caused by the rotatory motion. The solution of this philosophical enigma had been unsuccessfully attempted by many great minds both in France and in our own country. With regard to Arago's position in this matter Faraday writes:—‘I have always admired the prudence and philosophical reserve shown by M. Arago in resisting the temptation to give a theory of the effect he had discovered, so long as he could not devise one perfect in its application, and in refusing assent to the imperfect theories of others.’ Faraday now saw that his two discoveries of Voltaic induction and magneto-electricity only had to be combined in order to explain this enigma. He had proved that whenever a magnet was brought near a metallic conductor a sudden rush of electricity was set up in that conductor, and that, when the magnet was removed, a wave in the opposite direction occurred; hence when the copper disc revolved over the needle, currents must be established by the successive approach and withdrawal of the various parts of the disc, and these currents must deflect the needle. That electricity was really circulating in the rotating copper plate Faraday most beautifully proved experimentally, by connecting it with a galvanometer which became powerfully affected so long as the disc was in motion.

Now he passed from his coils and magnetic needles to observe the action of the earth's magnetism, and was able to produce a current of electricity by a simple unmagnetised bar of iron lifted into a helix, which was placed in the direction of the dip of the earth's magnetism; and he showed further, in accordance

with his theory, that when a copper plate was rotated in the plane of the magnetic dip no currents of electricity were developed in the plate, whilst placed in any other plane the earth acted as a magnet, and the currents of electricity at once began to circulate.

What results, it may be asked, have accrued from this discovery of magneto-electricity? To what practical uses has the discovery been applied? In the first place, then, the original electric telegraph established between Weber's laboratory in the University of Göttingen and Gauss's Observatory was worked by moving a coil of wire over a permanent magnet, and even to the present day, all the smaller telegraph lines are worked by Wheatstone's machines, which depend upon the production of Faraday's magneto-electricity. Then the beautiful art of electro-plating in gold and silver is now almost entirely carried on by Faraday's currents produced by magnetism. Enormously powerful magneto-electric machines are now made by Mr. Wilde and Mr. Holmes, which, worked by steam power, yield us by far the most available source of electricity. With these machines heat in the steam engine is converted into electricity, for the coils of wire placed as armatures in front of the poles of an enormous magnet are driven rapidly round by the engine, and in these coils so powerful a current is developed, that a bar of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch iron several yards in length can be heated to whiteness and fused by its means. The electricity can be thus reconverted into heat, or, by the white hot carbon poles, we may obtain the brilliant electric light, whose rays beam through the fogs of the Channel from Dungeness and meet the answering signal from La Hève. Or, if we please, we may use the current to effect chemical change, as in Elkington's far-famed manufactory in Birmingham, where six powerful magneto-electric machines deposit gold and silver on moulds of the most chaste and artistic forms. These practical uses of Faraday's currents are each day being extended. 'At this moment,' says Dr. Tyndall, 'the Board of Trade and the Brethren of the Trinity House, as well as the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, are contemplating the introduction of the magneto-electric light at various points upon our coasts, and future generations will be able to refer to those guiding stars in answer to the question—What has been the practical use of the labours of Faraday?'

The records of the years 1832–33–34 now extant show the vast amount and the high importance of the work which Faraday accomplished. Amongst the chief of these labours was his attack on the difficult problems of the Identity of the

Electricities. He was constantly troubled by the question, Do all the various modes of obtaining electricity really furnish the same manifestation of energy? Is the electricity of the Voltaic pile identical with that of the *Gymnotus* or of the electric machine, or with the kinds of currents produced by a magnet, or by heating a bar of dissimilar metals? He soon proved that ordinary frictional electricity affects the galvanometer, and thus showed the identity of these two forms; but this did not satisfy him. He must next be able to compare them quantitatively, or, as he terms it, find the relation by measure of common and Voltaic electricity. This he accomplished by determining how much work in the way of chemical decomposition, as in the separation of the constituents of water, each kind of electricity can do. He finds that the amount of frictional electricity needed to decompose a single grain of water is so enormous that he is almost afraid to mention it, as he estimates it at 800,000 discharges of his large battery of Leyden jars!

‘When the loud crash of the thunder or the lightning’s flash awakens us from our thoughtless abstractions or our reveries, our feelings become impressed with the grandeur of Omnipotence and the might of the elements He wields, yet the whole fury of the thunderstorm—what is that in comparison with the electric energies which silently and continually exert themselves in every chemical change? Why the electric force in a single drop of water, and disturbed when the water is decomposed, is of itself greater than is the electricity of a whole thunderstorm.’

Next in order, published in 1833 and 1834, come the wonderful researches on the chemical effects of the Voltaic current, ending in the discovery of the law of electrolysis. Of the numerous discussions of principles in which the history of science abounds, none is more interesting or instructive than the contest as to the origin and maintenance of the power of the Voltaic pile. To begin with, we have the celebrated controversy between Galvani and Volta respecting the source of the electric power, causing the motion of the frog’s legs, discovered by the former philosopher in 1780. Galvani attributed the contraction of the muscles to animal electricity; Volta said that the electricity was produced by the contact of the heterogeneous metals with which the muscle was touched; Galvani replied by showing that the contraction can be produced without the presence of any metal whatever; and Volta, dispensing with the conditions which his rival had thought necessary, produced electricity without frogs, simply by the contact of heterogeneous metals! Here, as in many other cases, truth lies in the middle.

Galvani laid the foundations of animal electricity, now, chiefly through the labours of Du Bois Reymond, a recognised and important branch of the science. Volta discovered the Voltaic pile, by which the effects of 'contact-electricity' can be accumulated and multiplied. Singularly enough, Volta neglected to prosecute his inquiries into the chemical actions which can be brought about by his pile; but many other philosophers, such as Nicholson and Carlisle, Davy, Courtois and Gay Lussac, soon took up this side of the inquiry.

It was, however, to Faraday, who in 1834 pointed out the importance of these decompositions effected by the battery, that we are indebted for the chemical theory of the Voltaic pile in which chemical action and not metallic contact is made the source of the current of electricity. 'The contact theory,' says Faraday, 'assumes that a force which is able to overcome resistances can arise out of nothing, for, not even in the case of the Gymnotus and Torpedo, is there a pure creation or production of power without a corresponding exhaustion of something to supply it.' That on mere contact two different metals do become charged, one with negative and the other with positive electricity, is certain, but it is equally certain that no current or rush of electricity capable of doing work, whether in the decomposition of a salt or the raising of a weight, can occur unless a corresponding amount of energy is developed in the cell by the chemical changes there going on. Faraday was, however, the last man to be led to conclusions without sufficient basis, or to support a theory unless founded on exact experiments. He showed that the chemical decompositions brought about by the current always take place in definite atomic proportions; that if, for instance, we decompose with the same current two chemical substances at once, such as water and chloride of tin, the quantity of the hydrogen and that of the tin separated stand to one another in the proportion by weight of their chemical equivalents, or as 1 to 59; nor is this all, for every equivalent of one element separated out by the current, exactly one equivalent of zinc, or 32.6 parts by weight of zinc, dissolves in each of the cells. Here then we have the secret power of the battery divulged; here we see its working plainly shown. The zinc oxidises or burns in the battery; the energy thus developed passes along the wire in the form of the current, and can be made to do various kinds of work; thus it may either produce heat or effect chemical decomposition. This latter it accomplishes according to a definite law, which Faraday proved to be unalterable under all

sorts of changing circumstances, a law which serves the chemist as a remarkable confirmation of Dalton's laws of definite combining proportions, and with them now forms the foundation-stone of chemical science.

During the two years spent in making these researches, Faraday not only undertook many other original investigations of importance, but he was busily engaged in lecturing at the Institution both on old and familiar subjects as well as on new discoveries. Thus in 1832 he gave a course of five lectures on some points of domestic chemical philosophy—a candle, a lamp, a chimney, a kettle, ashes. His Friday evening discourses were six in number, some being an account of his own experiments on magneto-electric induction, some being descriptions of the discoveries of others. In 1834 he gave his first utterance on the correlation of the physical forces. 'Now consider,' he says in his notes, 'a little more generally the relation of all these powers. We cannot say that any one is the cause of the others, but only that all are connected and due to one common cause. As to the connexion observe the production of any one from another, or the conversion of one into another.' In 1853 Faraday marked these notes with his initials, and added 'correlation of physical forces.' Mr. Grove's celebrated lecture on this subject at the London Institution was in 1842; Faraday's at the Royal Institution on June 21, 1834.

In 1832 he collected and bound up together the different notes, papers, notices, &c., published in octavo, up to this time; and he adds this very characteristic preface:—

'Papers of mine published in octavo in the "Quarterly Journal of Science" and elsewhere, since the time that Sir H. Davy encouraged me to write the "Analysis of Caustic Lime." Some I think (at this date) are good, others moderate, and some bad. But I have put *all* into the volume, because of the utility they have been to me, *and none more than the bad*, in pointing out to me in future, or rather after times, the faults it became me to watch and avoid. As I never looked over one of my papers a year after it was written without believing, both in philosophy and manner, it would have been much better done, I still hope this collection may be of great use to me.'

An incident worthy of notice as exhibiting Faraday's character occurred in 1835. It appears that in April of this year Sir Robert Peel desired Sir James South to inform Faraday that had he (Sir Robert) remained in office, it was his intention to have offered Faraday a pension. In his answer; Faraday, after thanking South, says:—

'I cannot accept a pension whilst I am able to work for my living.'

Do not from this draw any sudden conclusion that my opinions are such and such. I think that Government is right in rewarding and sustaining science. I am willing to think, since such approbation has been intended me, that my humble exertions have been worthy, and I think that scientific men are not wrong in accepting the pensions; but still I may not take a pay which is not for services performed whilst I am able to live by my labours.'

This letter was however, at the advice of his father-in-law, not sent, and one containing a less definite refusal forwarded in its place. Nothing more was heard of the pension until Oct. 26th, when he was asked to wait upon Lord Melbourne. A conversation took place, in which the Prime Minister expressed himself 'certainly in an imperfect and perhaps in too blunt and inconsiderate a manner;' and probably said or insinuated that the whole system of literary and scientific pensions was a complete job and a piece of humbug. Faraday on the same day, after the interview, left the following note for his Lordship:—

'My Lord, the conversation with which your Lordship honoured me this afternoon, including as it did, your Lordship's opinion of the general character of the pensions given of late to scientific persons, induces me respectfully to decline the favour which I believe your Lordship intends for me; for I feel that I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your Lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your Lordship so pithily applied to it.'

'The refusal of the pension became known, and it even reached the King, and it pleased him to remind his Prime Minister of it whenever he had an opportunity. Perhaps to avoid these remarks, and perhaps for other reasons, an excellent lady, who was a friend both to Faraday and the Minister, tried to arrange matters between them; but she found Faraday very difficult to move from the position he had assumed. After many fruitless attempts, she at length begged of him to state what he would require of Lord Melbourne to induce him to change his mind. He replied, "I should require from his Lordship "what I have no right or reason to expect that he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me." After some days the required apology came in a frank letter, and Faraday's answer ended with the words, "I hesitate not to say that "I shall receive your Lordship's offer both with pleasure and with pride."'

During the two years ending November 30, 1837, Faraday was unremittingly engaged on his researches on Frictional Electricity, and on the above day his first great paper on this subject was read before the Royal Society. These researches contain more speculative matter than any of his former works. He tries to dive into the electric actions of the smallest par-

ticles of matter; he finds difficulty in grasping the notion of the action of induction at a distance, and therefore he endeavours to explain these effects by a kind of polarity which he assumes to exist in the contiguous particles of matter lying between the electrified body and the furthest point at which the induced electricity can be detected. He does not seem to see that the difficulty, doubtless existing, of understanding how forces can act at a distance is not diminished by reducing the distance through which the force acts from millions of miles to millionths of an inch! It is almost impossible to give a true estimate of the value of Faraday's theoretic considerations upon this subject; they are frequently obscure, and in general they are only intelligible from his own point of view. Nevertheless, true to his firm belief in facts, he works his way by thousands of experiments through the mazes of his hypotheses, and it is these wonderfully accurate and suggestive experiments that remain as permanent and all-important records of his labours on electrical induction.

In 1838 he experimented at the Adelaide Gallery upon the electric shocks given off by a *Gymnotus*, the first one which had been brought to London. He proved, as Gay Lussac had done for the *Torpedo*, that the electric shock given by the *Gymnotus* was able to produce magnetic actions, chemical decompositions, and to give a spark; he estimates the quantity of electricity discharged by the fish to equal that given off from a battery of fifteen Leyden jars containing 3,500 square inches coated on both sides and charged to its highest degree! In writing to Dumas on the subject of the relation of electricity to life, Faraday says, 'As living beings evolve heat and 'certainly the same heat as our fires, why should they not also 'evolve electricity equally identical with that of our electric 'machines? But if heat produced during life and necessary 'to life is nevertheless not the cause of life, why should electricity be the cause of life? Like heat, or chemical action, 'electricity is an instrument of life, and nothing more.' An interesting glimpse into his daily and domestic life at this time is given by his niece Miss Reid, who then lived with Mr. and Mrs. Faraday at the Institution:—

'In the earlier days of the Juvenile Lectures he used to encourage me to tell him everything that struck me, and where my difficulties lay when I did not understand him fully. In the next lecture he would enlarge on those especial points, and he would tell me my remarks had helped him to make things clear to the young ones. He never mortified me by wondering at my ignorance, never seemed to think how stupid I was. I might begin at the very beginning again and again; his patience and kindness were unfailling.

'A visit to the laboratory used to be a treat when the busy time of the day was over.

'We often found him hard at work on experiments connected with his researches, his apron full of holes. If very busy he would merely give a nod, and aunt would sit down quietly by me in the distance, till presently he would make a note on his slate and turn round to us for a talk; or perhaps he would agree to come upstairs to finish the evening with a game at bagatelle, stipulating for half-an-hour's quiet work first to finish his experiment. . . .

'When dull and dispirited, as sometimes he was to an extreme degree, my aunt used to carry him off to Brighton, or somewhere for a few days, and they generally came back refreshed and invigorated. . . . Often of an evening they would go to the Zoological Gardens and find interest in all the animals, especially the new arrivals, though he was always much diverted by the tricks of the monkeys. We have seen him laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks as he watched them. He never missed seeing the wonderful sights of the day—acrobats and tumblers, giants and dwarfs; even Punch and Judy was an unfailing source of delight, whether he looked at the performance or at the admiring gaping crowd.'

The strain which the labour of the last ten years had put upon Faraday proved too much for his frame to bear. Long ago he had complained of loss of memory, and now in 1841, when he was fifty years of age, giddiness and mental depression altogether stopped his experimentalising. For the four following years, with the exception of an inquiry into the cause of electricity produced in Armstrong's steam electrical machine, no researches in electricity were published. He rested entirely for a year and went to Switzerland for three months. When he began to work again he returned to his investigation of the liquefaction of gases.

'In different ways,' says his Biographer, 'he showed much of his character during this period of rest. The journal he kept of his Swiss tour is full of kindness and gentleness and beauty. It shows his excessive neatness. It has the different mountain flowers which he gathered in his walks fixed in it, as few but Faraday himself could have fixed them. His letters are free from the slightest sign of mental disease. His only illness was overwork, and his only remedy was rest.'

That his bodily strength was not impaired is certain from the fact that one day he started alone from the Baths of Leuk over the Gemmi, past Kandersteg and Frütigen, all the way to Thun, doing the forty-five miles in ten and a half hours, without much fatigue and with no ill effects. He adds in his diary, 'so that I think my strength cannot be bad or my reasoning (?) very insufficient. I would gladly give half this strength for as much memory, but—what have I to do with

‘that? Be thankful.’ Here some flowers from the top of the Gemmi pass were fastened into the journal with great skill and taste.

In the year 1845 begins the second period of Faraday’s researches in electricity: this lasted ten years. The three great results which he obtained were what he called ‘the magnetisation of light,’ ‘the magnetic condition of all matter,’ and ‘atmospheric magnetism.’

The first of these discoveries was the result of his theoretical speculations on the connexion of the forces of nature.

‘I have long held an opinion, almost amounting to a conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action.’

He turned to the examination of the action of magnets on a beam of polarised light, and after many vain attempts he at length succeeded in proving, first by using a piece of his dense glass, that the plane of polarisation of the ray passing through the glass is rotated when the glass is placed between the poles of a powerful magnet. Many friends to whom Faraday showed this experiment believed that his explanation was incorrect, and that the torsion of the polarised ray depended upon the glass itself, setting up for a time the same conditions which we find producing permanent circular polarisation in such substances as sugar and quartz. Faraday did not accept this explanation as the true one, but in justice to his friends he put it to his invariable touchstone of truth—experiment; and the reply was so far in his favour that the action was proved not to be identical with that of quartz or any other circularly polarising substance. And for this reason that the ray of light on being passed backwards and forwards through the magnetised glass, not only suffered no diminution in its angle of rotation, as it would have done had it been quartz, but, on the contrary, its rotatory power became increased, in a ratio directly proportional to the number of times it passed through.

Still Faraday was at last obliged to give up the idea that the ray of light itself was acted upon by the magnet, because he found that whatever interferes with or prevents the displacement of the particles of the glass, likewise impedes the development of the rotatory power by magnetic action, and hence crystallised bodies exhibit this action in but slight degree. In fact the magnetic attraction *strained* the glass, and the strain produced the power of causing the polarised ray to

rotate. Now although this power of magnetism was first observed by Faraday with his dense glass, yet he soon noticed that the same effect can be produced by most all transparent substances, with the exception of the gases, and it was this discovery which led to the grand generalisation of the universality of magnetic actions. In other words, that, instead of iron and cobalt being the only magnetic bodies, Faraday showed that all bodies are subject to magnetic influence, being divided into the *magnetic* and the *dia-magnetic*, or those which are attracted and those which are repelled by a magnet. In this discovery of 'the magnetic condition of all matter' we have a striking example of how the experimental philosopher working for a special end often opens out an unexpected and unsought treasure. Faraday was searching for a proof of the action of magnetism on the rays of light. He was obliged to give up the idea that he had found such an action, for he saw that the phenomenon he observed was due to the action of a much wider law, viz., the magnetic condition of all matter. He proved that far from magnetism alone residing in the loadstone, as the ancients believed, all solids and liquids and even gases are subject to the action of the magnet. One set of substances taking like iron a polar direction between the ends of a magnet, viz., one joining the poles; the other set taking an equatorial position at right angles to the line joining the poles of the magnet. The theory of dia-magnetism is one upon which men of science are not yet thoroughly agreed; whether, for instance, it is a force distinct from magnetism, or whether these two conditions of matter are merely relative, all bodies being magnetic in different degrees. Faraday showed that crystallised bodies were affected by dia-magnetism in different directions with different degrees of intensity, and thus opened out the way to a new and complicated field of investigation—magne-crystalline action—since worked out by Plücker, Knoblauch, and Tyndall, and theoretically examined by Sir William Thomson. In concluding his first paper on this subject, Faraday says:—

'I cannot conclude this series of researches without remarking how rapidly the knowledge of molecular forces grows upon us, and how strikingly every investigation tends to develop more and more their importance, and their extreme attraction as an object of study. A few years ago magnetism was to us an occult power, affecting only a few bodies; now it is found to influence all bodies, and to possess the most intimate relations with electricity, heat, chemical action, light, crystallisation, and through it with the forces concerned in cohesion; and we may, in the present state of things, well feel urged to continue in our

labours, encouraged by the hope of bringing it into a bond of union with gravity itself.'

Then in 1847 he passed on from the magnetic actions exerted by solid and liquids to the magnetic attractions of gases. Repeating Bancalari's experiments on the magnetism of flames, he proves that even the colourless invisible gases can be shown to exert attraction or repulsive action on the magnet. He inclosed the gases in thin glass bulbs of which he knew the magnetic action, and thus found that of the component gases of the atmosphere oxygen is powerfully magnetic, whereas nitrogen is neither magnetic nor dia-magnetic. Then he compares the magnetism of oxygen with that of sulphate of iron, and finds that for equal bulks oxygen is equally magnetic with a solution of this substance in water 'containing seventeen times the weight of the oxygen in crystallised proto-sulphate of iron.'

'It is hardly necessary,' he writes, 'for me to say here that this oxygen cannot exist in the atmosphere exerting such a remarkable and high amount of magnetic force without having a most important influence on the disposition of the magnetism of the earth as a planet; especially if we remember that its magnetic condition is greatly altered by variations of its density and by variations of its temperature. I think I see here the real cause of so many variations of that force, which have been, and are now, so carefully watched on different parts of the surface of the globe. The daily variation and the annual variation seem both likely to come under it; also very many of the irregular continual variations, which the photographic process of record renders so beautifully manifest . . . and even magnetic relations and variations which are not yet suspected may be suggested and rendered manifest and measurable in the further development of what I will venture to call *Atmospheric Magnetism*. I may be over-sanguine in these expectations, but as yet I am sustained in them by their apparent reality, simplicity, and sufficiency of the cause assumed, as it at present appears to my mind.'

Two elaborate papers devoted to this subject were sent to the Royal Society on October 9, and November 19, 1850. The conclusions as to the direct connexion between the daily and annual variation of the earth's magnetism and the magnetic attraction of the atmospheric oxygen varying at different temperatures, has since lost much of their force by the singular and important discovery of the relation doubtless existing between the variation of the magnetic declination and the number of the solar spots. Still there appears to be little doubt that the variation of the magnetism of the atmospheric oxygen, which according to Becquerel is equal to that of a film of iron as thin as writing-paper spread over the earth's

surface, must exert a distinct influence upon the earth's magnetic condition.

Of Faraday's purely theoretical speculations, especially on force and matter, it is very difficult to form a just conception; they are so singular, and so different from the ideas which men of science now usually hold on these subjects; they are expressed in language often beautiful, but concerning the exact meaning of which it is frequently most difficult to get a clear notion. His mind appears from early times to have been pervaded by two fixed ideas: in the first place, by the conviction that all the manifestations of energy are somehow connected; and in the second, that the action of forces at a distance without a chain of influence binding them together, is an absurdity. All his chief speculations ran in one or other of these two channels. He was constantly experimentalising upon the interaction of the 'forces of nature:' seeking in this way he discovered Voltaic induction, magneto-electricity, the action of magnetism on light, and the universality of the magnetic condition of matter. He was constantly engaged in trying to bring gravitation itself into the charmed circle, but never succeeded, and wrote a paper describing his negative experiments entitled 'Notes on the possible Relation of Gravity 'with Electricity or Heat,' but this was not published. Then he, like Boscovich, thought that all the phenomena of nature could be accounted for without the supposition of the existence of matter, by assuming certain 'centres of force.' The effects observed are thus supposed to be brought about by the interaction of various forces exerting themselves at a given point in space, and not, as is generally believed, by the different affections of matter. His idea of 'Force' was that of a concrete existence totally at variance with the definition of the mathematician, viz., 'that which produces or tends to produce 'motion.' It certainly at first sight appears to be a singular fact that although Faraday's mind seemed to be constantly working in this direction, and although he possessed experimental power of the very highest kind, yet he did not attempt to make quantitative determinations of the *equivalence* of these various forms of energy; thus, for instance, of expressing heat in terms of mechanical motion. This want (as it certainly appears) in Faraday's mind arose from the fact that he did not fully comprehend the limits of the laws of energy as understood by mathematicians, whilst the difficulty (in the end a metaphysical one) which he felt in believing that two bodies at a distance could act upon one another, led him to assume the existence of 'lines of force' binding as it were the

bodies together. These lines of force he actually sees in the curves which iron filings range themselves round a magnet, and his vivid imagination pictures to his mind's eye the existence of similar 'lines of force' whenever any action at a distance occurs; thus he speaks of the 'illumination of the 'magnetic lines of force,' he 'recognises various kinds of lines 'of force, lines of gravitating force, those of electro-static induction, those of magnetic action, and others partaking of a 'dynamic character might be perhaps included.'

'Force,' says Tyndall, 'seemed to him an entity dwelling along the line in which it is exerted. The lines along which gravity acts between the sun and the earth seem figured in his mind as so many elastic strings: indeed he accepts the assumed instantaneity of gravity as the expression of the enormous elasticity of the "lines of weight." When he goes into the open air and permits the helices to fall, to his mind's eye they are tearing through the lines of gravitating power, and hence his hope and conviction that an effect would and ought to be produced. . . . So long did he brood upon these lines, so habitually did he associate them with his experiments on induced currents, that he could not think much without them. "I have been so accustomed to 'employ them, and especially in my last researches, that I have unwittingly become prejudiced in their favour, and ceased to be a clear-sighted judge. Nevertheless I have always endeavoured to make 'experiment the test and controller of theory and opinion." "The 'study of these lines," he says again, "has at different times been 'greatly influential in leading me to various results which, I think, 'prove their utility as well as fertility.'"

We ought therefore perhaps not to be surprised that Faraday, holding views of this kind, did not attempt the experimental investigation of the mechanical equivalent of heat or of electricity, or that these things, perhaps the greatest of all the achievements of modern science, were left for other men to accomplish. At the same time we must acknowledge that Faraday's genius appears to have seen the possibility of certain generalisations in these most recondite subjects, which although they do not flow from the laws of energy, yet have a certain connexion with the views of the most advanced school of mathematical physicists, viz. the ultimate dynamical condition of matter.

'Even in the last chapter of Faraday's life, each one of his great qualities can be very distinctly traced. Few of those who saw him enjoying the kindness which gave him his house in Hampton Court, or delighting in the beauty of the sunsets from the Palace Gardens, or rejoicing in the idleness of the summer life in the country, knew that during a great part of this period of his life he was proving by experiments whether his magneto-electric light could be made by Professor Holmes practically useful for lighthouses.'

'His energy and truthfulness made him take the whole responsibility of the decision upon himself; and without doubt, his frequent journeys to the South Foreland and Dungeness lighthouses, and his excursions in the Channel during the winter, when he was seventy years old, were remote causes of his last illness.

'Throughout all the reports which he made regarding the light, there is scarcely a word to show that he ever thought of it as his light, his greatest discovery; he even heard others call it their light without making a remark; but he gave all credit and honour to him who applied it, and only said of himself, that he must take care "that we do not lead our authorities into error by the advice given."

'Another remarkable instance of his humility may be seen at the end of the chapter in his burial. He knew full well that he had earned his monument in the consecrated palace of the dead, but he "desired a "gravestone of the most ordinary kind in the simplest earthly place;" the unconsecrated ground he thought good enough to be his grave, and the silent service at his funeral consisted only of the tears and thoughts of the few relations whom he wished to have there.'

We cannot more aptly close this slight sketch of a great man's character and works than by transcribing the following extract from M. Dumas' eloquent and heart-stirring *Éloge*:—

'Je ne sais s'il existe au monde un savant qui ne fût heureux de laisser en mourant des travaux pareils à ceux dont Faraday a fait jouir ses contemporains et qu'il a légués à la postérité; mais je suis sûr que tous ceux qui l'ont connu voudraient approcher de cette perfection morale qu'il atteignait sans effort. Elle semblait chez lui comme une grâce naturelle, qui en faisait un professeur plein de feu pour la diffusion de la vérité, un artiste infatigable, plein d'entrain et de gaieté dans son laboratoire, le meilleur et le plus doux des hommes au sein de sa famille, et le prédicateur le mieux inspiré au milieu de l'humble troupeau religieux dont il suivait la foi.

'La simplicité de son cœur, sa candeur, son amour ardent de la vérité, sa franche sympathie pour tous les succès, son admiration naïve pour les découvertes d'autrui, sa modestie naturelle, dès qu'il s'agissait des siennes, son âme noble, indépendante et fière, tout cet ensemble donnait un charme incomparable à la physionomie de l'illustre physicien.

'Nous nous étions rencontrés dans notre jeunesse, à une époque où l'un et l'autre nous en étions à nos débuts. Nous nous sommes retrouvés souvent, lorsque ses brillantes découvertes excitaient la curiosité universelle, et pourtant, dans le laboratoire intime, quand il reproduisait pour moi la suite de ses expériences fondamentales, je me surprénais à oublier la science pour observer le savant, distrait des merveilles qu'il dévoilait dans la nature physique, par le désir de surprendre le secret de cette perfection morale qui se manifestait dans tous les mouvements de son âme.'

- ARAGO.—1. *Special Report from the Select Committee on the Atlantic Telegraph Bill; together with Minutes of Evidence.* London: 1868.
2. *Electric Telegraphs Returns to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, April, 1868.* London,
3. *The Ocean Telegraph to India; a Narrative and a Diary.* By J. C. PARKINSON. London: 1870.

IN tracing out the beginning of any great scientific discovery, it is instructive to consider upon what apparently inconsiderable elements it is built up. Just as the raised beach which withstands the most dangerous seas and makes new geographical outlines is constructed of loose stones, thrown together by various agencies, totally ignorant of what will be the result of their labours, so many of our most important inventions have been prepared unconsciously by different minds, until some comprehensive genius links them together for a great purpose.

No discovery of modern times better illustrates this observation than that of the electric telegraph. The bare fact that a flash of electricity would traverse a wire of considerable length was discovered by Grey and Wheeler as far back as 1729; and this may be considered the first step in the discovery; but it was wholly sterile, in the absence of any means by which the current could be made to speak. Nearly a century elapsed before Oersted, in 1819, invented this tongue in the shape of the magnetic needle, which, upon being placed on a pivot parallel to a coil of wire charged with an electric current, assumed a position at right angles to it; this tongue was only capable of making one motion or sign, but this was sufficient to set other minds upon the track. Arago in the same year discovered that the electric fluid possessed the power of imparting magnetism to soft iron, and our own countryman Sturgeon, by simply coiling fine copper wire insulated with silk round a piece of this metal, invented the electro-magnet. Hence, by the mere fact of making or breaking contact, the iron became magnetised or demagnetised; or, in other words, motion was produced at the end of a distant wire, by means of an armature, which was either attracted by the magnet, or which recoiled by the aid of a spring, when the electric current was drawn from it at the will of the operator. Here, for some inexplicable reason however, the progress of the discovery for a time stopped; the clue was in-

the hands of the philosophers, but the circumstances were wanting to lead them on. The attempt of Ronalds to interest the Government of the day in an electric telegraph he had invented, was nipped in the bud by cold officialism, which, in answer to a proposal from him, made the usual red tape answer, 'that the telegraph was of no use in times of peace, and 'that the semaphore in time of war answered all the required 'purpose.' Although Ronalds' telegraph never could have had much practical success, his scheme no doubt set others thinking, and we rejoice that he has lived to receive in his old age the honour of knighthood as a reward for his ingenuity.

But although no sign was made, many minds were simultaneously at work at the great problem. Professor Wheatstone was measuring the velocity of the electric current, and announced the astounding fact, as early as 1834, that a current could be passed eleven times round the earth, or 288,000 miles, in one second. The announcement of a fact outstripping the most visionary ideas of the poet, making Puck by comparison the merest laggard, was the flower speedily to be followed by more astonishing fruit.

In the year 1837, almost simultaneously, three telegraphs were invented; Professor Wheatstone, having consulted with Mr. Cooke, who had been working in the same groove, patented with him a telegraph having five wires and five needles working upon the face of a lozenge-shaped dial, on which the letters of the alphabet were inscribed. This patent was dated in June, and by the end of July, having obtained permission to lay down the wires on the North-Western Railway, between Euston Square and Camden Town station, on the 25th of that month it was put in operation. At the risk of repeating an old story, we cannot help relating the first public utterances of the new tongue destined to be spoken throughout the globe.* The audience who listened were all representatives of the new ideas revolutionising the world. Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Charles Fox were the first to hear this new form of human language—electric speech. On the evening of the 25th of the month, in a dingy wooden outhouse close to the booking-office at Euston Square, illuminated by a dip candle, Professor Wheatstone with his friends, with beating hearts, as the inventor

* We may refer our readers to an article on 'Ocean Telegraphy,' published in this Journal in January 1861, for some account of the earlier stages of the invention. But the immense progress made since that time now calls for a more extended notice.

has himself confessed to the writer, listened to the trembling steel discourse as his partner at the Camden Town station touched the keys. 'Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before,' said the Professor, 'as when all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click, and as I spelled the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute.' About the same time Steinheil's telegraph was put in operation at Munich, but it was not workable, and he afterwards abandoned it for a form of instrument invented by Morse of New York; but to Steinheil must be ascribed the valuable discovery of using the earth to complete the circuit. In September of the same year Morse of New York perfected his needle instrument, which has been in use in America and Europe ever since. At this time of day it is useless to contest the point as to priority in the invention. The time was ripe for its accomplishment, the introduction of locomotive travelling dragged it from the studio of the philosopher into the working-day world. Swift steam demanded a messenger that should outstrip itself, and science promptly replied to the call. The public were not yet awakened, however, to the value of the servant that waited at their door, and had it not been for Brunel, who with prophetic eye saw the incalculable value of the new invention, it is just possible it might have dropped for years from the scene, inasmuch as the directors of the North-Western gave the inventors notice to remove 'the new-fangled things,'—as one of the directors in his ignorance called it,—from the line. At this juncture Brunel adopted it on the Great Western line, where it was carried first to West Drayton, and afterwards to Slough. Here for some time it was kept at the expense of the inventors; and, singularly enough, at this early date it was devoted to the conveyance of domestic and commercial messages, the tariff of one shilling placing it at the service of the tradesmen of the latter town, who made use of it to order the more perishable commodities they required from town. The arrest of the Quaker Tawell in 1845, however, first called into striking notoriety the value of the new agent, and from that day its fate as a working scientific fact of the highest importance to civilisation was apparent not only to educated minds, but to the public generally, who could not fail to be struck with the marvellous powers of the invention tested and proved in so dramatic a manner.

So rapid has been the advance of the telegraphic system—that the establishment of the different companies which have

carried the wire throughout the length and the breadth of the land is within the memory of all middle-aged men. Whilst private enterprise has fairly accommodated itself to the wants of the commercial part of the community, it has failed to meet the wants of the great mass of the people. Competing boards with duplicate lines manœuvring to produce the highest dividends to shareholders rather than to accommodate the public in the most liberal manner at the lowest charge, led thoughtful men to consider that a matter so imperial as the conveyance of intelligence should, like the conveyance of letters, be conducted imperially. The admirable working of the Post-office administration naturally led to the conclusion that an analogous duty could be most satisfactorily delegated to that authority under whose administration a uniform system, somewhat similar to the penny-postage scheme, could be inaugurated, which, serving the public at cost price, might afford to reduce the tariff for messages to its minimum. That such a notion was floating in the public mind we have evidence in the various schemes that appeared from time to time. The plan therefore proposed to the Postmaster-General by Mr. Scudamore was welcomed by the country as the only means of putting the invention into the hands of the people for the every-day purposes of life. This scheme adopted by Parliament became the law of the land on the 28th of January last, when all the existing international land lines belonging to the different companies were purchased for the sum of 6,400,000*l.*, and were consolidated under the direction of the Secretary of the Post-office. It was supposed that together with the international system of telegraphy, the submarine cables stretching from this country and in the hands of the private companies, would also be absorbed by the authorities of St.-Martin's-le-Grand; but either in consequence of the cost of this supplementary system, which might amount to another 10,000,000*l.*, or from the conviction of Mr. Scudamore that it would be necessary to thoroughly master and organise the home telegraphs before he undertook the submarine ventures, he has declined for the present, at all events, even to entertain the notion of purchase, with two exceptions, namely, the short lines running between Lowestoft and the Hague, and between Lowestoft and Norderney, and even these two insignificant lengths of cable are by agreement worked by the Submarine Telegraph Company on behalf of the Post-office authorities.

As the public is not generally aware of the advantages that will accrue to it from the Government control of our

existing telegraphic system, it may be well to state them in Mr. Scudamore's own words, which we take from the Blue-book on Electric Telegraphy, published in 1868, and which it is intended to carry out to the letter.

'What then [he asks] would the Post-office be able to do for the public if it were entrusted with the management of the telegraphs?—It would be able to bring the telegraphs closer to the population, to extend the hours during which they could be used daily, to reduce the charges for the transmission of messages, and lastly, to give facilities for the transmission of money-orders by telegraph.

'I would propose—

'To open a central telegraphic office at each of the ten district offices in London.

'To open subordinate telegraphic offices at the sorting-offices and receiving-offices in each district.

'To connect the subordinate telegraphic offices of each district with the central telegraphic office of that district.

'To establish direct connexion between each central telegraphic office and each other central telegraphic office in London.

'To establish central telegraphic offices at the post-offices of the principal towns in the kingdom, and to establish direct communication between all such central telegraphic offices and the central telegraphic office in the East Central District of London.

'To establish direct communication between the more important of the central telegraphic offices in the provinces and the central telegraphic offices in the West-Central, Western, and South-Western Districts of London.

'To establish a direct communication between each central telegraphic office in the provinces and such of the other central telegraphic offices in the provinces as it might be desirable to connect it with.

'To open subordinate telegraphic offices at the district-offices, sorting-offices, and certain of the receiving-offices in Liverpool; and in like manner to open subordinate telegraphic offices at the principal receiving-offices in such towns as Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, Bradford, and to connect each group of such subordinate offices with its central telegraphic office.

'To open subordinate offices connected in like manner with central offices and at all money-order offices.

'To open deposit-offices, i.e. offices at which messages may be deposited, and the charge thereon paid, at every post-office in the United Kingdom at which no telegraphic office is established.

'To permit the pillar-boxes throughout the kingdom to be places of deposit for messages, provided such messages be written on stamped

'To require payment for messages to be made in stamps or by writing them on stamped paper, and to issue special stamps for the purpose.

'To make the charge for transmission from any one part of the United Kingdom uniformly, and without regard to distance, one shilling

for the first twenty words, with an addition of sixpence for every addition of ten words, or part of ten words; such charge to include free delivery by special messenger at any place within the town delivery of the terminal office when that office is a head post-office, and within one mile of the terminal office when that office is not a head post-office; and to include free transmission by post from a deposit-office to the nearest telegraphic office, when the message is so left for transmission, or free delivery by post when the addressee resides out of the limits of the terminal office, and the sender does not desire to pay for a special messenger.

‘To fix the rate for conveyance by special messenger at 6d. per double mile.

‘To make arrangements, on the plan of those prevailing in Belgium and Switzerland, for the registration or the redirection of telegrams, and for the delivery of copies.

‘To give facilities for the transmission of money-orders by telegraph, on payment of the charge for the message, and of a commission which shall not be less than two ordinary commissions, under certain restrictions as the amount to be remitted by any one person.

‘To effect a reduction corresponding with the reduction of the charges for the transmission of inland telegrams in the charges for the transmission of messages to foreign parts.

‘To prepare a telegraphic guide, to be sold at a charge of not less than sixpence, and to contain, together with the rules of the telegraphic offices and instructions as to the best mode of preparing telegrams, an alphabetical list of the pillar-boxes and telegraphic offices in the United Kingdom, distinguishing pillar-boxes from deposit-offices, and telegraphic offices from both; giving the hours of collection from the pillar-boxes, and the hours at which messages deposited in the pillar-boxes before the hours of postal collection would reach the nearest telegraphic office; giving also the hours of the postal collection, or transmission from the deposit-office, the hour at which messages deposited at such offices would in course of post reach the nearest telegraphic offices; the distance of the deposit-offices from the telegraphic offices, and the cost of transmission by special messenger from the deposit-offices to the nearest telegraphic offices if such special transmission were desired by the sender; giving also the hours of business at the telegraphic offices, and the hours of postal delivery or despatch at such offices; from which last data the senders would know at what hours their messages would be sent out in course of post from the terminal offices, when the addressees did not reside within the limits of the terminal offices, and, when they, the senders, had not paid for delivery by special messenger.’

In order to carry out this scheme in its entirety, the head office in the metropolis is being constructed on a scale commensurate with the great scale of its operations. Not only will it have to carry on the work of all the old offices, but that work will speedily be augmented in a manner which we can only measure by the increased business thrown upon the Post-

office since the change made in the postal fee by Sir Rowland Hill. In order to accommodate this great press of business a new building is already rising opposite the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. This structure, in all probability, will exceed in size the Post-office itself. It is estimated the new building will take three or four years in completion; meanwhile, the Postmaster-General has selected for his headquarters the old establishment of the Electric and International Company in Telegraph Street, Moorgate Street, the most capacious and central of the old-established offices. Here, although the arrangements are only temporary, a good forecast is given of what will, in its new home, be the sensorium of the nervous system of the empire. From and to this point will radiate and emerge all the wires which place the metropolis in connexion with the wires of the three kingdoms, and indeed with the ends of the earth by means of the apparatus leading to the submarine offices. Some of these wires, suspended in gigantic curves, enter the upper part of the establishment, over the roofs of the intervening houses. Others, again, emerge from beneath the pavement, where they are conveyed in iron pipes from the different lines of railway. Gathered in great bundles, these nerves, so to speak, ascend in a great shoot like the bony case that protects the spinal column, and when they have arrived at the ample apartment termed the instrument-room, they decussate and spread out to the different tables where they may be said to seek their nerve-cells in the shape of telegraphic instruments. This room, the most sensitive spot in the whole world—the cerebrum, which receives and transmits intelligence from all quarters of the globe—may be looked upon as one of the most curious sights in the metropolis. Although hundreds of minds are simultaneously conversing, some with tongues of steel, some with the clear sound of the bell, some again by means of piano-like notes, which spell the words letter by letter; although we have the clatter of all these sounds mixed with the metallic tinkle of the electric bell, hailing from distant western and northern cities—not a human voice is heard, although, stranger still, the manipulators are all women. According to the rules of the service, the swifter they talk the better, but it must be done in silence with some unseen correspondent at the extremity, it may be, of the kingdom,—a necessary condition in order to insure attention and accuracy whilst the operators are at work. It is certainly no unpleasant sight to see these young women doing the work of the world, proving that they are capable of thoughtful labour, and trust-

worthy in circumstances of great pith and moment. It is discovered at last that the sewing needle is not the only implement they can master. They are evidently drawn from the middle rank of life, and we are informed that they make capital manipulators, the delicacy of their fingers seeming to point out to them the telegraphic instrument as a suitable means of employment.

Order and arrangement are of course paramount in this instrument-room ; just as in the human brain, different portions are set apart for different work. The main division is occupied with the Metropolitan Room, embracing the vast ramification of wires which place this great capital in almost house-to-house communication. This apartment has certain tables set apart for the different postal districts ; the great centre of business and the resort of fashion of course occupying the largest space. In addition to the ordinary private messages, there are also private wires which transmit telegrams to Buckingham Palace, the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, Somerset House, the Horse Guards, and the House of Commons.

Whilst the visitor is listening to the clatter of one half of the world talking to the other half, he is aware of a dull thud striking from time to time upon his ear. On inquiry he finds this strange sound proceeds from the pneumatic tube, the new servant the Electric Telegraph has called to its aid ; and within a glass case against the wall he sees trained, just like so many fruit trees in an orchard house, long tubes of gutta-percha ending in an oblong-shaped mouth covered with thick plate-glass. As he is watching, a long round pellet is projected into this reception-case with the force of a spent shot, taken out by the clerk in attendance, and immediately opened. It contains a telegraphic message, sent here for transmission to some other wire. This office is in fact the Clapham Junction of the Electric Telegraph system. This pneumatic tube at present is only extended to offices half a mile round ; but as this half mile is in the busiest part of the City, an area in which it is difficult to get along fast by foot-messengers, portage-work is done in seconds as compared to minutes by this fleet mechanical messenger. Eventually all the great district post-offices will be connected with the central office by pneumatic tubes, thus vastly accelerating the speed of the telegrams. In addition to the offices within half-a-mile of Telegraph Street which are thus served by this aerial Mercury, the head office at St. Martin's-le-Grand is provided with a tube. The great submarine cables, such as the Atlantic, the Indian, and indeed all the marine lines wishing to use the central office as a

means of forwarding messages, will have lines of tube to this room for that purpose. If the reader remembers his old pea-shooter days, he will understand their principle of action in a moment. If he blows he impels the pea, if he sucks he draws it up into his mouth. Pressure and suction are the two forces used in this pea or message-shooter of our maturer days. The telegraphic message comes in a round plug-box, covered with carpet or flannel so as just to make it fit loosely the tube. The suction and propulsive power lies in the depths of the establishment, as we shall presently show our readers, in the shape of a steam-engine.

But to return to the Metropolitan Room. In this department there are one hundred and sixty instruments, principally the Morse or two-handle instrument the public are so familiar with, the Bell instrument, which spells out the letters by sound; this instrument, the invention of Sir Charles Bright, possesses one great advantage—it employs only one sense, the manipulator writes like an amanuensis from dictation, and has not to strain his eyes in deciphering the message. This instrument is much used abroad, but it has the disadvantage (which experience, however, shows to be of little moment in practice) of not recording its work like the Morse or the Printing Telegraph, consequently the manipulators have at times, when they do not understand, to ask their correspondents to ‘repeat.’ The Hughes Printing Telegraph works like a piano, each note or key having a letter of the alphabet upon it—a very easy instrument for the novice, but not very fast. As the different notes are struck, the type-letters fall into their places at the end of the wire, however far distant that may be. In fact, it is a mechanical compositor, who sets up his type from copy read it may be hundreds of miles away. This instrument makes such a clatter, that, for the sake of quietness, it has a room to itself. The most extraordinary instrument, however, is Wheatstone’s Automatic instrument. Holes of different sizes, and so placed as to represent the letters of the alphabet, are punched out from a long strip of paper, which is known as the message-strip. This strip is placed between a rolling cylinder and a toothed spring. The battery is connected with the cylinder; the wire which goes from station to station is joined to the spring. Now dry paper is a non-conductor, and of course no electricity passes while any non-punched portion of the paper interposes between the cylinder and the tooth; but when the tooth drops into the punched hole contact is made with the cylinder, and the current flows. A similar cylinder of course revolves at the far-distant instrument, where

the telegram is being received. The paper on the cylinder has been washed with a solution of prussiate of potash, which the electric current changes to a prussian-blue colour when the point touches. Therefore as fast as the punched paper is run through the instrument, it writes its message on the corresponding cylinder abroad. This instrument is not calculated for ordinary messages, inasmuch as it requires to have them prepared by the punching process beforehand, but it is of value where there is a press of matter upon a wire, because the slip of paper is run through at the rate of a hundred words a minute with the utmost ease—a most important advantage when long and important documents have to be transmitted. As many as fifty messages have been sent within the hour by its agency. It records like the Morse instrument. We may state that all these records of messages, wound round like so much riband, are carefully placed away in reserve for a twelvemonth, after which time they are destroyed. Talk of the records in the Tower, what would be the value of a boxfull of these messages a few centuries hence in giving a picture of the social and industrial habits of the nation, if some unborn Pepys could get hold of them!

The news-express wires are busy when the majority of the instruments are silent. There are several associations engaged in collecting and forwarding news to the provincial papers. With Reuter's telegrams we are all familiar. Every morning we see in the 'Times' and other papers what is passing all over Europe, India, and America. These associations do for the United Kingdom what Reuter does for the Continent and distant lands. The press wires are at work from 7 P.M. to 3 A.M., and those renting them may send any news they like. The Postmaster-General has no control over those messages. Certain papers are thus daily supplied with any items of intelligence that arrive. The 'Irish Times,' the 'Glasgow Herald,' the 'Edinburgh Daily Review,' the 'North British Daily Mail,' &c. are thus put on a par, as respects all news of moment, with the London daily papers. The debates of the Houses of Parliament, by means of these wires, are forwarded almost as quickly as they have issued from the speakers' mouths. Gladstone and Disraeli are quite aware, when they are speaking to the House in the small hours of the morning, that their words are flying over the land and under the sea, and will be read at every breakfast table, or whatever the meal may be, throughout these kingdoms, and in every electrically-connected quarter of the globe the same day. When a speech is written out by the reporter, it is multiplied by means of carbolic paper, one

writing giving twelve copies, and those messages being prepared by Wheatstone's Automatic process, the report is sent simultaneously in a dozen different directions; and the reader will, after this explanation, understand what perhaps has hitherto puzzled him,—the manner in which a whole page of a newspaper is, on great occasions, transmitted to the farthest limits of the island, to the seat of Government in Calcutta, to New York, and the cities of the Far West. In the Metropolitan Room may be seen also the national timekeeper or chronometer. This electric instrument sends correct time to all the chief stations in Great Britain and Ireland at 10 A.M., when it is received from Greenwich.

In order to insure correctness as far as possible, one table in the room is devoted to checking errors in messages before they are passed to the different instruments; a very necessary precaution, as in the hurry of transcribing mistakes sometimes arise, which may be of the greatest of consequence; and, now that the telegraphs are in the hands of the Government, a supervision of this kind is highly necessary, as the Government, unlike the old companies, is not liable to an action for damages. In this room there are one hundred and sixty instruments.

In the Provincial Gallery there are twenty-four women and some male operators. It is found that when fluency in foreign languages is required, men are considered more trustworthy—at all events, they are generally engaged to work the continental instruments. In both rooms instruments of different patentees are used, for the reason that the Post-office has taken them over from the different companies it has purchased, and, the language of each instrument being a work of education, the secretary is obliged to adopt the skilled hands that understand it. No doubt, after he has gained experience in their respective merits, Mr. Scudamore will be able to ascertain the most suitable instruments; and, with his love for simplicity, will be able to adopt more uniformity in his staff. It is an undoubted disadvantage to have such diversity of machinery for the same work. Possibly some secret language, like Wheatstone's cryptograph, will also be used, so that each correspondent may be able to adjust to his own wants, without letting the world—or at least the postmistress of his little world, if he happens to live in the country—become aware of his domestic and other arrangements. We know it is urged that there is no secret language that cannot easily be deciphered. No doubt an expert may be able to do this, but not that terrible person the village post-mistress, the head centre of all the gossip of the country

round. In the great centres of population we are too far apart, and our affairs are not localised enough to interest the telegraphic clerks in our private matters; but it is far different in the village, where we are all watched like mice by the cat. We know that it is rendered a misdemeanour to divulge the nature of a telegram; but who ever heard of any law that was capable of shutting a woman's mouth when she wished to open it? When we get the postal cards for one halfpenny, and postal telegrams, as they have in Vienna, at a merely nominal rate, the demand for some secret language will be irresistible, as we shall then have the postmen and our own servants let into our secrets.

Before leaving the bevy of fair clerks, we have great pleasure in referring to the consideration and gallantry with which they are treated. The Government has done its best to attend to their comforts; they are provided with a kitchen, where the attendants either warm up or cook their meals, whilst retiring rooms are amply provided. They are by no means hardly worked—ten hours per day is the official time—but they are allowed to work overhours at the usual rate of pay, which is from 10s. to 24s. a week, 16s. being the average income. The value of the manipulator is, of course, according to the speed combined with accuracy with which she telegraphs. The hours are from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening. The first detachment are all women. The second detachment come in at 8 P.M. and go at 8 A.M.; these are all men, nightwork not being found favourable to the female powers. Sometimes, however, when the maidens have been detained by pressure of work late in the evening, Mr. Scudamore, following the lead of the old offices, sends them home by cab; and the public will not object to his munificence, when we make it known that the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates' is presented to them by the Government, with bread and butter.

Before passing down stairs, we see that mechanical aids are everywhere used for saving labour. The messages for delivery are passed into a shoot, down which they slide, to the messenger department. Of old the charge for portage, where short distances were concerned, often came to as much as the message itself. There was always a dispute as to distance, and but too often a delay in delivery for the want of a messenger. In this respect M. Scudamore has wholly revolutionised the whole system. There is a brigade of young lads ready to do his *spiriting*—no less, we believe, than 800. Some of these boys are on the staff, and are paid from 5s. to 7s. a week, having in addition a uniform, shoes, and boots, and a breakfast provided

for them. Mr. Scudamore has, however, with many of them, adopted the piece-work principle, giving them 1*d.* per mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per half mile. He finds the latter system very satisfactory. The lads feel an interest in the work; they are far more active; some of them by $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* messages earn as much as 15*s.* a week. They must work hard to do this, and wear out a deal of Government shoe leather, but they move about amazingly quick among the courts and alleys of the city. We are glad to see Mr. Scudamore has not neglected to train their minds as well as their muscles—a school is provided for them, in which they are expected to attend during their off time.

In the ground floor all the motive power of the establishment is placed. The electric currents which traverse the whole system of international wires are kept alive by 1,300 batteries of 10 cells each, stowed away in the cellars. These work the 150 provincial and the 160 metropolitan instruments. The Daniell battery is mainly used, but an ingenious French battery is being tried, and many of them will probably come into use. The wear and tear of these batteries is, of course, enormous, especially in the foggy November weather, when there is the greatest difficulty in driving the message through the moistened atmosphere. On such days extra force is obliged to be employed; just as in the old coaching days extra horses were put on when the roads were heavy or the country hilly, extra battery power is needed to start the message, and often relays are added on the road when the journey is long. The Voltaic action, aided by sulphuric acid, dissolves the zinc and copper plates, and an amalgam is cast down and settles in the trough as a sediment—an equivalent to brain detritus. This is collected periodically, and sent into the North, where the copper is extracted; and the value of metal thus saved in the course of the year amounts to some hundreds of pounds.

But we have not yet done with this subterranean storehouse of power. The transmission of intelligence has advanced from the limited capacity of the postman's legs to a mechanical complexity, that by-and-bye will perhaps rival locomotive conveyance; indeed, if we take into account the engines required to manufacture submarine cables, we question much if the electric telegraph does not call upon mechanical skill more extensively than the locomotive. Two steam-engines of 16-horse power each are employed in exhausting air from, and in pumping air into, the pneumatic tubes. In order to have a stock of this suction and repulsive power always at hand, they are stored away (if, indeed, we may so speak of a vacuum)

in huge iron cylinders in every available vacant space. Here also we may see the expeditious manner in which the ribands of paper in use in the recording telegraph are produced. An enormous roll of paper, a quarter of a mile in length, is wound round the mandril of a turning lathe. With a sharp knife this roll is cut down to the core, 'at equal distances of a quarter of an inch; in this expeditious manner, by the aid of steam, many miles of this riband, destined to receive the messages that will affect the interest of thousands, are cut in the course of an hour. The manufacture and repairs of the telegraphic instruments and appliances of course require the care and attention of a regular staff. The Government does not depend upon extraneous sources for this work, but has established a factory at Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, where all the batteries and instruments are made.

So much for the machinery at head quarters by which the Government carries on the international electric connexion. We have now to see by what means it is proposed by the Post-office to make the new agent more subservient to general uses than the private companies were enabled to do. Mr. Scudamore clearly saw that in order to give vigorous growth to the telegraphic system it was necessary to bring its collecting rootlets closer to the people. With the exception of some of the great towns, it has hitherto been the custom to place telegraphic offices at railway stations generally at some little distance from thickly inhabited neighbourhoods; hence the difficulty and the expense of portage, which starved in the bud the desire to use the new agent. No power but the Government could have inaugurated the necessary reform which has placed the telegraph in the midst of the community. A staff already only half employed in the post-office establishments of the country was ready to the Secretary's hand. The post-office in all places of a limited population is the centre of life. Here in the money-order office money is paid and received, here news is collected and distributed; to a large class of the people, it is at once a bank of issue and deposit, a mart of thought, to which with centripetal force all the neighbours are drawn. To this gathering ground Mr. Scudamore boldly determined to lead the collected fibres of the nervous system he undertakes to spread over the land. Not a day goes by but we hear of the spread of these roots wider and wider. It was only promised in Mr. Scudamore's programme that every place containing upwards of 2,000 persons should have a telegraph added to their post-office; but this promise is now being more than fulfilled, as it is determined to send the

wire to every money-order office in the kingdom, which will give the public a much larger number than he originally proposed. Already we see that no less than 3,000 of these electric offices are opened to the public, being an addition of no less than 1,000 on the number of the old offices.

No doubt Mr. Scudamore has long been aware that the nation that discovered the telegraph, that nursed it in its infancy by means of private companies, that has extended it almost round the earth, has still to be admitted to its general use at home. It certainly must have struck him with astonishment, that whilst we glory in speaking with Calcutta and New York, we rarely think of speaking to our neighbours in the next town or in a distant part of the metropolis by means of the same agency. Whilst Belgium and Switzerland have accepted the stranger as a household friend, we still look upon it with mistrust, and almost dread its finding us out. How many are there in this country who have never either sent or received a telegram? Could we count the number it would amaze us. The greater mass of the population are afraid of it, especially the suburban population, who look upon it with the same distrust with which they looked upon the railroad thirty years ago. Before this curious dislike and mistrust is got rid of, the public must be educated to its use. It must be brought home to their doors, and we shall soon see that the most active and energetic nation, the community that writes and sends more letters than any other, will receive with avidity the new messenger science has sent them.

It must not be imagined that the Post-office authorities, worthily engaged as they are in one of the best-worked public offices, have been officiously grasping at this new method of conveying intelligence, cognate though it be, to their own labours. The absorption of the electric system of these kingdoms has been almost thrust upon them. As early as the year 1854, Mr. Thomas Allen, an electrician of notoriety, suggested the annexation of the telegraphic system to the Post-office, and he was the original suggestor of the uniform charge of 1s. for all distances,—a scheme which was indeed put in practice by the United Kingdom Telegraphic Company, which he founded. In 1856, again, Mr. Baines, an officer of the Post-office, in a scheme then published, foreshadowed many of the improvements now adopted by Mr. Scudamore,—namely, the carrying the wires to the post-office of every post-town, and, more liberal than that gentleman, he proposed a uniform charge of 6d. per message of twenty words, between any two post-towns, inclusive of delivery within the limits of the ter-

minal town. Later still in 1861, Mr. Ricardo, the founder of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, proposed that telegraphic communication of the kingdom should be placed under the Post-office. That the scheme had evidently been approved of by the commercial mind of the country, the many petitions of the Association of Chambers of Commerce to both Houses of Parliament bear witness. But to an officer of Mr. Scudamore's powerful administrative abilities, the admirable manner in which the telegraphic system had been working in Belgium, where it has been under the control of the State since 1850, must have had most weight, and must have given him confidence in the plan he laid before the Post-master-General.

It cannot be disputed that the little land of municipal liberty has gone far ahead of us in the application of our own discovery. Compared with the Belgians we are like the Chinese or Japanese in the adaptation of our own idea. Most of the items in Mr. Scudamore's programme have been carried out for twenty years in Belgium, and for these last five years the tariff has been reduced for ordinary messages to half a franc. We wish to note this fact the more particularly, inasmuch as it should, we think, have given the Secretary of the Post-office a little more courage, as to the result of a reduction in the price of telegrams. But of this presently. Whilst we have permitted the telegraph to be monopolised by private companies eager for dividends rather than solicitous for the public advantage in an imperial matter, such as the transmission of messages and news, Belgium has been working out the invention as a gift to be administered for the good of all; and we at last wake up to the knowledge that we are far behind this small country, and even Switzerland, in an invention which our social and commercial life should make more valuable to us than to any other nation. Of course the advantages of the telegraph are relatively much greater in a large than in a small country; they are in a direct ratio to area and population; consequently the United Kingdom ought to have made more way in the practical application of the wire, as compared with the post-office, than the extremely limited states we have named. But we are still miserably behind-hand in the race. Let us take the five years 1860 to 1866 as an example of our position. Whilst in Belgium, in the former year the proportion of telegrams to letters was as 1 to 218, in the latter year they had increased to 1 in 37. During the same time in Switzerland they had increased from 1 telegram to 84 letters to 1 to 69 letters. During this period the United

Kingdom compared with Belgium at least had almost stood still, at all events the proportion of telegrams to letters which in 1860 was as one to 296, in 1866 was but as 1 to 121.

It must not be supposed that our great inferiority in telegraphic communication is in any way accounted for by the expense per mile of constructing, working, and maintaining the wires in these islands, for the contrary is the case; for whilst all these items in the United Kingdom cost 4*l.* 10*s.* 2½*d.*, in Switzerland they cost 5*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.*, and in Belgium 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* In the supplementary report to the Postmaster-General from the principal secretary, from which we have quoted these comparisons, that gentleman says:—

‘It is clearly shown . . . that the cardinal distinction between the telegraphic system of the United Kingdom and those of Belgium and Switzerland is this:—that the latter have been formed and maintained solely with a view to the accommodation of the public, whilst the former have been devised with a view to the interest of shareholders, and only indirectly for the benefit of the public. It is shown that the cost of providing telegraphic facilities is not greater in this country than on the Continent, and that consequently it is not necessary to restrict the provisions of such facilities more narrowly than elsewhere, or to make higher charges for their use and enjoyment.’

It must be admitted that Mr. Scudamore has more than fulfilled his promise to bring the telegraphic system nearer the public. Let us take, for instance; the metropolis and its suburbs. As far as the intercommunication of its inhabitants was concerned, it was almost entirely dependent upon the wires of the District Telegraphic Company. This company possessed ninety-five receiving-houses. These have, with few exceptions, been closed, and their places have been taken by the Post-office receiving-houses, numbering 425; in fact, more than quadrupling the old facilities for house-to-house communication. It cannot be doubted that we shall speedily see the wisdom of thus putting the wire into our hands, as it were; and but for one alteration, we do not doubt but that in the hands of the Government this great diffusion of the telegraph would have met with a splendid and instant response, as compared with the results produced by the working of the private company—we allude to the augmentation of the tariff from sixpence to one shilling. It seems to us that here, at least, we have gone back. Within a radius of two miles it is still as cheap to send a messenger as to use the telegraph. We are told, indeed, that considering the portorage, the sixpence always mounted up to a shilling, and that consequently the Post-

office have really made no advance on the total price of the message; but this is not an exactly fair way of looking at the case—we may have cheap portage as well as cheap telegrams, and the Secretary takes credit for having provided us with it. In the head office the messengers are glad to carry telegrams half-a-mile for a halfpenny, and a mile for a penny; with very few exceptions the larger distance would cover the portage in the metropolis at least. It must be conceded that our relations with distant cities are incomparably trifling compared with our more immediate relations. For one letter sent into the country, the Londoner writes fifty to town correspondents. The same proportion would undoubtedly obtain with respect to these metropolitan telegraphs provided the public could recover the sixpenny tariff. In the year 1865, when the old company had only eighty-three stations open, it forwarded 316,272 messages. It would be difficult to estimate the number that would pass under the cheap rate from the 489 postal telegraph offices that have taken their places. Surely, when telegrams are sent all over Belgium and Switzerland for fivepence, and at this rate pay their Governments, the metropolis and other great towns of the Empire should not be deprived of an equal advantage; and we think we may with effect here reproduce Mr. Scudamore's own words:—

‘It is not necessary to restrict the provisions of such facilities [those of Belgium and Switzerland] more narrowly than elsewhere, or to make *higher charges* for their use and enjoyment.’

We know the argument will be used against us, that if the uniform shilling rate were departed from, a scale of graduated payments according to distance would be the only logical sequence, and possibly the uniform penny fee will be quoted in opposition; but there is all the difference in the world between a penny and a shilling. The time may arrive, perhaps, when a halfpenny delivery may come in vogue; no one would care much to save the halfpenny, but the saving of sixpence would be quite a different matter. A minutely graduated scale, no doubt, would entail much more extra labour; but a uniform sixpenny tariff within a few large towns would scarcely mar the original simplicity of the shilling scheme. We have so high an opinion of the administrative skill of the Secretary of the Post-office, that nothing but the clear justice of the case compels us to dwell upon this, to us, obvious shortcoming of his programme.

It is a very good thing to be able to send a telegram to the Land's-end or John o' Groat's House for a shilling, but how

many of us want to do so? The practical value of an invention is measured by the answer it makes to our daily wants. Now we do want to talk with those we are in daily mutual relationship; but what the gulls are saying in the far west, or what the sheep may be about in the bleak northern limit of the land, troubles but few people. Give us back then, we say, the old sixpenny metropolitan tariff, together with all the improvements offered by the postal establishments, and a prompt answer will be made by the great civic populations to such a wise departure from the hard and fast line of uniformity.

We do not doubt but that Mr. Scudamore is fully aware that a uniform tariff which is found to pay in the two small countries we have named could not fail to succeed with the population of these kingdoms. Viewed in this light, it is possible that he contemplates a reduction to a sixpenny rate, after he has tested the working of the scheme for a few years. If this is the reason for his insisting upon a uniform rate, we may be content to wait for its realisation, otherwise we think our argument is unassailable.

Irrespective of the value of the telegraph pure and simple in the hands of the Post-office, we have to consider the facilities of working the postal telegraphic system—in other words, the method the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand will have of completing the one power by the other. In all cases where great speed is not required, we are inclined to think that the mixed system will meet the wants of a large section of the community, and it will certainly be very economical. We cannot do better than give, in the words of the Secretary of the Post-office (written in 1868), the method of working this double system:—

‘I will take the case of a person residing in a suburban district of London, for instance, Sydenham, receiving a letter from a correspondent in a suburban district of Liverpool, by the first morning delivery, and desiring to send an immediate reply, in the hope of receiving a rejoinder from his correspondent by night mail. As matters at present stand, he can send a telegram through the London District and Electric and International Telegraph Companies; but to do this he must walk or send to the telegraph-office, and the transmission and delivery of the message will in no case cost him less than 1s. 6d. for twenty words. The cost will increase with the distance of the addressee's residence from the receiving telegraphic office, and in all but extremely urgent cases the labour and the cost combined will deter him from using the telegraph. If the scheme which I have described were in operation, and if he could confine his message to twenty words, write it on stamped paper, and deposit it in the nearest pillar-box or deposit-office before 12.45 P.M., he would secure its delivery free of further charge

beyond one shilling in any part of the postal district of Liverpool by 5 P.M., which delivery would leave his correspondent ample time for a rejoinder by night mail. The course which the message would take in this instance would be as follows:—From the pillar-box or deposit-office to the sorting-office by telegraph, through the South-Eastern District office, and the East Central office to the Liverpool office, and from the Liverpool office by the 3.45 P.M. delivery to the addressee.

‘But let us suppose that the resident at Sydenham desires something more than a rejoinder by night mail: let us suppose that he desires his correspondent to leave Liverpool by a train starting from Liverpool at 5 P.M. In this case he might, if the scheme which I have indicated were in operation, take his message to the Sydenham sorting-office by say 11 A.M., and secure its delivery for one shilling in any part of the postal district of Liverpool at 3 P.M.; which delivery would give his correspondent time to catch the 5 P.M. train.

‘Or let us take the case of a solicitor having his place of business in Chancery Lane or Bedford Row, and being desirous to summons a number of witnesses from the suburban district of Liverpool, and at the same time to send them money on account of the expenses of their journey. Such a solicitor, if such a scheme as I have described were in operation, might not only, by depositing his message at the West Central office by 11 A.M., have a copy sent to each witness by the 1 P.M. delivery of Liverpool, but might at the same time furnish each witness with a telegraphic money-order, and the witnesses would have ample time to obtain cash for these telegraphic money-orders before their departure from Liverpool on the same day.’

This scheme no doubt is very convenient, but unfortunately it is only likely to be a matter of the future, inasmuch as the forwarding of money-orders by electric telegraph has been deferred, at least for the present. Seeing that money-order telegraphic offices are the centre of life of the new system, it certainly is to be regretted that their usefulness, after being promised in such glowing language, is still *in futuro*. The scheme is in full work in Belgium, and we cannot see that its introduction here would overtax the powers of the Post-office. These facilities were given us by the Electric and International Company; it is hard that the public should have to pay dear for intercivic telegrams, and at the same time have less facility than it had before.

It would seem that our natural predilection for the sea has shown itself in the vigour with which our public companies have already, or are preparing to thread the ocean with electric cables. When the first cable from Dover to Cape Griznez was made in 1850, and its rapid destruction took place through fretting upon the rocks of that promontory, other ventures, it might have been thought, would have been discouraged, but, on the contrary, the mishap only served to incite us to

further exertions. In another month, a still stronger cable, well armoured with iron wires externally, was constructed. But Neptune again seemed to resent the intrusion upon his domain ; for whilst the cable was being laid a gale of wind sprang up, the cable was violently dragged out of the ship, and she drifted full a mile out of her course, and in addition, a kink, or twist in the cable, took place. These mishaps so shortened it, that when an attempt to land it was made, it was found to be half a mile too short. A fresh piece was, however, spliced, and this very cable—the first that ever laid in sea-water, has remained in perfect condition ever since. These mishaps, however, were sufficient to create grave doubts of the practicability of laying marine cables of any great length. It was admitted that we knew nothing of the bottom of the ocean ; it was supposed to be interspersed with hills and valleys, and submarine rocks just as abrupt as those found in mountainous countries ; and it was suggested that the feeble cable, suspended from point to point of these elevations, would inevitably break by its own weight ; that unknown ocean currents would drift the cable away ; and it was gravely argued in a volume written by a naval officer, that it would never sink to the bottom when laid in oceans of great depth, the condensation of the water being sufficient to suspend it in mid-ocean. Unacquainted as we were with the laying of submarine cables, it did seem discouraging to find so many disasters occurring in a channel only twenty miles across ; but further knowledge has taught us that these are the most dangerous of all places in which cables can be laid. The rush of waters in such confined channels is far more disturbing to their position and to their subsequent repose than are the deepest ocean beds. Marine life, which is sometimes injurious to cables, is also more abundant ; and in addition, there are all the chances of breakage consequent upon their being within anchorage ground, and their liability to be dragged by ships. These circumstances are all drawbacks to these small ventures, from which the larger ocean cables are free.

The next cable attempted to be laid was the one between Donaghadee and Port Patrick, by the Magnetic Telegraph Company, in 1852. This failed in consequence of a violent storm in the comparatively shallow waters of the Irish Sea. The failure, again, of the cable from Orfordness to the Hague, in 1854 ; the Verona and Balaclava, in 1855 ; and of others, either from being laid in shallow water, or from being too slight, and more especially the destruction of the Atlantic Cable from Valentia to Newfoundland, in 1858,

through defective insulation, completely discouraged speculation, especially in the longer lengths of submarine cables. The public looked upon such ventures as purely speculative; some, indeed, who should have known better, condemned them as impossibilities; and the chance of speaking with our children across the Atlantic was looked upon as a mere dream to impose upon shareholders. Science, however, was not to be denied; she still, although cruelly balked, believed in the perfect feasibility of the undertaking. The cable had spoken during the month that had elapsed before it failed: 366 messages passed through it between this country and America. The Queen had addressed the President in words of congratulation; our War-office had stopped the departure of two regiments from Canada, at a saving of 50,000*l.*; and we had received the news of the safe arrival of the 'Europa' after her collision with the 'Arabia.' The engineers discovered where the electrical leakage was, and measured it off to the mile in which it occurred. Having proved that we could pass the electric fire beneath the deep sea for such a distance, it was not to be supposed that the enterprise would be abandoned; although for a moment there had been a failure, those best able to judge had discovered the various causes that led to it.

It was seen that with cables that had to be submerged to such a tremendous depth, it was advisable to construct them proportionately stronger and specifically lighter than the first Atlantic line, so that they might be more easily recoverable. It was also obvious that for so long an unbroken circuit, the copper conductor should be larger and the gutta-percha insulator more perfect, so as to enable a greater speed of transmission to be obtained with a less current; the fact being ascertained that, the weaker the electric charge capable of producing an effect at the other end, the less tendency it would have to burst its way through the gutta-percha at any defective point, and get to earth, and therefore the more likely the cable would be to last. It was eight years, however, before public confidence could be re-established. Through this period of despondency, however, the Company managed to keep the venture afloat, and in 1865 a new cable was manufactured both stronger and specifically lighter than its predecessor, with a far heavier conducting strand. The great additional weight in the cable, however, led to a change in the method of paying it out. For the former cable the reader will possibly remember two ships were employed for that purpose, the 'Agamemnon' and the 'Niagara,' supplied by the navies of

England and America.* Each ship had its appointed load, they met in mid-ocean, and having spliced the two ends, separated for either shore. But neither ship of war could carry the far bulkier and heavier cable about to be laid (as it was, the 'Agamemnon' nearly foundered in the great storm which overtook and displaced the half length she had on board), and the necessity of the case called for the instrument that had so long lain idle, and had been deemed but a costly failure of an ambitious engineer. Great events cast their shadows before them, and great geniuses, by an unconscious foresight, forecast their designs to ends that are hidden from them. When Brunel drew the lines of the 'Great Eastern,' how little he imagined she was to be the means of joining in speech two quarters of the globe; how little the shareholders that sneered at his costly experiment thought they were co-operators in an event that would make a lasting mark in civilisation. The 'Great Eastern' had at last found her mission; with her enormous carrying capacity, the whole length of the cable could be stowed in her with ease. The paying out of the line commenced on the 23rd of July; all went well the first day, but on the second a fault in the insulation was discovered a few miles from the ship, and it was necessary to pick up the cable; when about ten miles had been recovered, the fault was found to have arisen from a piece of iron wire that had pierced the gutta-percha and touched the conductor. This created great consternation among the engineers, as the accident was supposed at the time to have been a deliberate resolve by some one on board to stab the cable. The piece was cut out and repaired, and for another five days the process of paying out went on well. On the 29th of July, however, when the ship was in soundings of more than two miles deep, another fault was discovered. From this depth the cable had to be hauled back. Again the same cause was found to have produced the mischief, and after repairs the ship again proceeded. For a third time, however, on the 2nd of August, another loss of insulation was discovered, but in this instance the cause of the mishap was never known, for whilst the cable was being lifted at the bow, the hawse hole of the ship, as she drifted, caught and so chafed it that it broke. Nothing daunted, the process of grappling for the cable was immediately proceeded with. Again and again the rope was caught by the grapnel—once, indeed, it was lifted more than a mile—but in each instance the wire rope of the lifting apparatus was not strong enough for its work, and when at last all the picking-up

* See Ed. Review, vol. cxiii. p. 190.

apparatus had gone the way of the cable, the expedition had sorrowfully to return home.

Nothing daunted by misfortune after all promised so well, the company determined to manufacture a new cable, and make a final attempt. It was clearly proved that the mishap had occurred through circumstances that were quite irrespective of the feasibility of the attempt. Either the cable had been stabbed purposely, or the wires covering the cable must have sprung and wounded it. In either case, the cause of failure could be avoided in the new venture. It was also certain that with a sufficiently strong picking-up apparatus, the cable if lost could be recovered and repaired even in the deepest water. Taking this sanguine view of the case, a new company was immediately formed under the name of the Anglo-American. The new cable was manufactured without the tarry composition covering the outside strands of wire, in order to give a quicker discovery of any fault, and a more perfect gutta-percha insulator was adopted. For this expedition the testing for faults were made continuously, no period being allowed to elapse, as in the cable of 1865, for passing messages between ship and shore. By the new arrangement, both processes were carried on at the same time, and thus the danger of ceasing for a moment the insulation test was avoided. We may here mention incidentally that so perfect was the nervous life, if we may so term it, of the cable, that every time the ship rolled in mid-ocean, the throb was conveyed along the wire to the watchers at Valentia in Ireland.

A singularly ingenious instrument, the galvanometer, has been adapted for the purpose of testing by Sir William Thomson, by which a signal is produced by an extremely minute movement of a magnetic needle, worked by the feeblest current passing through the cable. We quote a description of this delicate instrument from Bright's edition of Lardner's 'Electric Telegraph':—

'The apparatus, which is similar in principle to Gauss and Weber's telegraph of 1837, consists of a small and exceedingly light steel magnet with a tiny reflector or mirror fixed to it—both together weighing but a single grain, or thereabouts. This delicate magnet is suspended from its centre by a filament of silk, and surrounded by a coil of the usual copper wire silk covered. When electricity passes through the surrounding coil of wire the magnet and mirror take up equilibrium between the elastic force of the silk and the deflecting force of the current of the cable circulating through the coil. A very weak current is sufficient to produce a slight though very perceptible movement of the suspended magnet. A fine ray of light from a shaded lamp behind a screen at a distance is directed through the open centre

of the coil upon the mirror, and reflected back to a graduated scale upon the side of a lamp-screen turned towards the coil. An exceedingly slight angle of motion of the magnet is thus made to magnify the movement of the spot of light upon the scale, and to render it so considerable as to be readily noted by the eye of the operator; this ray is brought to a focus by passing through a lens. By combinations of these movements of the speck of light (in length and duration) upon the index an alphabet is readily formed.'

The inventor, has since this paragraph was written, added a recording appliance, which is noticed in the 'Times' in the following terms:—

'The new instrument receives and indicates everything indicated by Sir William's earlier invention, and writes it indelibly; this is accomplished without any sacrifice in the sensitiveness of the instrument. A very fine glass siphon waves to and fro over a running strip of paper without touching it, and from this siphon ink is spurted on to the paper by a series of electric sparks, these sparks being generated by a peculiar induction machine. This fine rain of ink leaves a trace of the position of the siphon at every instant, in a fine continuous line. The siphon follows faithfully the rise and fall of the received current, and these alternations are arranged so as to form an alphabet, as in the usual single needle instruments. The rain of ink opposes not the slightest resistance to the free motion of the siphon. The instrument has been doing commercial work on the French Atlantic Cable for a couple of months in the island of St. Pierre.'

The mere discovery of a fault, however, after the cable has passed out of a ship, would be of little avail unless the electrical engineer were able to localise it. How this is done is the greatest marvel of all the marvellous curiosities of electricity to non-scientific persons. To be able to measure the distance at which a fault or hole in the gutta-percha insulator, not bigger than a pin's head, exists in a rope 2,000 miles long, at two miles' depth in the sea, seems incredible; but, were it not for this power, notwithstanding our skill in cable manufacture, the danger in laying them would be so enormously increased that the art would be nothing more than purely speculative. It is difficult to explain to the non-scientific reader the method by which the electrician sets to work to make this discovery; but we may perhaps be permitted to quote from an able article on submarine telegraphy, in the September number of the 'North British Review' of 1866, the following comparison of the flow of electricity through a cable to the flow of water through a pipe, which, to those not versed in the technical terms of electric science, will make the matter tolerably clear:—

'Let us take a pipe 150 yards long, and suppose that we know ex-

actly how much water will run through any given length of pipe of that diameter from given cisterns at each end. Now, suppose a leak to occur in that pipe; if we stop up the far end, and let the water run in from our cistern, we find that as much water runs out as would be allowed to pass by a pipe ten yards long; we then stop up our end of the pipe, and let the water run out from the far cistern; we find as much water is conveyed away as would be allowed to pass by a pipe of 150 yards long. Then as in the electrical case the leak in the pipe must clearly be five yards from our end, and it must have a resistance equal to five yards of pipe. Thus the position of a leak in a water pipe might be discovered although the leak itself were buried in the ground. The electrical experiment is quite analogous to this, and is in practice much more easily made, for the laws of the flow of water in pipes are much less well understood and less simple than the laws of the flow of electricity, although we may think we know better what water is than what electricity is.

'In cables containing more than one wire the above test, or something analogous to it, can always be made, for the faulty and good wire being joined together at the distant station, can be treated as one conductor, of which the observer has the two ends in his possession. He can then arrange his tests so that his observations at both ends are simultaneous with the fault in the same condition when added to the two circuits. . . . Another class of fault is more easy to manage. If by accident the pipe get choked up, instead of getting a hole in it, nothing would be easier than to tell where the obstruction lay by measuring the quantity of water we could pour into the pipe before filling it. Then knowing the capacity per unit of length we could calculate the distance by simple division. Exactly so the capacity per unit of length of an electric cable for electricity can be, and is, measured; so that if the conductor is broken inside the insulating sheath, without a fault of insulation occurring, the distance of such fault can be obtained by a simple measurement of the charge which the insulated conductor will take.'

Thus provided with a better cable, a means of testing continuously, the third expedition started on the 13th of July, 1866. All went on well until about midpassage was made, when a turn of the cable fouled as it came up, and brought three others with it, making a confused knot, like that on an angler's line; but, the ship being instantly stopped, the foul fluke was set straight again, and without another mishap the cable was landed on the 27th of July. Thus the greatest engineering experiment of the century, after failures that would have broken the spirit of any other nation, at last succeeded through the sheer determination of the scientific men who carried it through.

But, with the greetings that passed between the Queen and the President, Sir Samuel, then Mr. Canning, was not content. Beside the living wire that carried them, there lay the dead

wire of the former year not far off, representing 600,000*l*. To recover this booty was worthy a trial. He had now the means, and, as the event proved, the skill to accomplish it. Even to well-educated persons there is something so astonishing in the fact that it amounts to a marvel more astounding than anything in the 'Arabian Nights.' Here was a mere spider's thread, for so it may well be called in comparison with the deep ocean in which it lay, the very whereabouts of which was lost sight of. To hit upon this film merged in the ocean upwards of two miles in depth, this modern gin set to work. The tackle with which he groped for this regal prize was a grapnel, with springs so inserted as to prevent the cable surging from its flukes when hooked. This grapnel was secured to a fishing-line of steel wire and hemp spun in strands together. Its strength was sufficient to bear a strain of 30 tons. The winch with which this powerful line was hauled in, consisted of a pair of large drums at the bow of the vessel, worked by a donkey-engine. To make the analogy to a fishing-line more complete, a dynameter was attached to the line, which acted like a float, and marked when the grapnel was nibbling at the sunken cable. The bite was, however, in proportion to the magnitude of the tackle; just a feel at the hook was indicated by an additional pull of three tons, which increased as the prize neared the surface to eleven tons. The first stage in the process was to gain the exact spot where this gigantic bottom-fishing was to begin. To the multitude this would seem like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. The only clue to the whereabouts of the lost prize lay in the observations made by Captain Moriarty, when it ran overboard. To this point, in latitude 38.5°, the ships constituting the squadron repaired. Here, on the 10th of August, in water 14,000 feet deep, or the height of the peak of Mont Blanc, the cable was hooked, lifted some distance, and buoyed by the 'Albany' grappling ship, but the buoy-chain parted in a gale of wind on the night of the 12th. The 'Great Eastern' and the 'Medway' came to the rendezvous. We may picture the extraordinary excitement of the little group of engineers on the bow of the former as the grapnel groped along the bottom of the ocean for this waif and stray. On the 18th of August it was caught and buoyed, but the rope slipped in the act. Two days afterwards the cable was lifted bodily out of the water, but, whilst all hands were cheering, it parted and slipped back again to its ocean bed. After hooking and missing it many times, until they were, in Captain Anderson's words, 'shattered in hopes and in ropes,' which had fouled the cable

in their efforts to secure it, they determined to proceed to a shallower part at longitude 36.7° west. On the 1st of September, in calmer weather,

'The cable was caught by the "Great Eastern," lifted 1½ of a mile from the bottom and buoyed. She then shifted ground a few miles to the westward, and at night again hooked it. The "Medway" at the same time grappled the cable two miles further west, and was signalled by the flashes of light to haul up quickly so as to break it, and thus take the strain off the portion the great ship had hold of; she did so, and the bight then came in readily but slowly, as if reluctant to leave the soft ocean bed upon which it had been so long reposing. The vast ship hung lightly over the grappling rope, as if fearful of breaking the slender cord which was clenched in the iron grasp of the grapnel flukes 10,000 feet down in the depth of the sea. With a strain of eleven tons upon it, the tough unyielding fishing-line came in over the bows as rigid as a bar of iron, and as slow but sure is an axiom in cable-fishing, so slowly but surely coil after coil of the huge grappling-rope was drawn on board by the picking-up machine until at last, amidst breathless silence, the long-lost cable for the third time made its appearance above water. The voices of Mr. Canning, Mr. Clifford, and Captain Anderson were alone heard as their arrangements were made to put huge hempen slippers over the cable, which were speedily attached to a five-inch rope, and having been relieved from the tenacious grasp of the grapnel, was hauled in by the machine, after cutting away the western end of the bight.'

The ringing cheers with which in mid ocean, upon testing, it was found that the cable was in perfect order, may be imagined; neither can we omit to mention the dramatic incident that was at the same moment taking place in the telegraphic cabin in Forthommeran, Newfoundland, where the staff had been watching day after day, almost all hope of success having been lost.

'Suddenly, on Sunday morning, 2nd September, at a quarter to six, while the strong ray of light from the reflecting galvanometer was being watched, the operator observed it to move to and fro upon the scale. A few minutes afterwards the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency; the long speechless cable began to talk, and the joyful assurance:—"Canning to Glass—Valentia: I have much pleasure in speaking to you through the 1865 cable. Just going to make "splice."'

Thus the courage of the company in making the second venture was rewarded by the recovery of the whole loss of the previous year; and, more encouraging still, it was found upon the completion of the splice that the 1865 cable was even better than the last one laid; the twelvemonth during which the 1,200 miles of cable had lain in the bottom of the sea had so condensed the insulation that the wire yielded better results.

When fished up the cable looked like a party-coloured snake; the under half that had sunk into the ocean bed of grey ooze formed by microscopic shells, and the upper half uncovered being black. Thus the bottom of the Atlantic was found to be the safest resting-place of a telegraphic line. The level plateau which runs from the coast of Ireland to Newfoundland, is composed of countless millions of sea creatures, killed and deposited here through the ages by the sudden change of temperature, caused by the arctic current here bounding the Gulf-stream. This successful experiment has for ever laid at rest the feasibility of traversing great marine depths with the electric wire, such cables once laid being secure from the dangers troubling those in shallow waters, the sea in deep soundings being perfectly tranquil and free from the animal life which is so profuse in ocean beds of shallow depth. Both of these remained for some time in good working order, but we understand that the cable of 1865 is again under repair. The knowledge gained of the folly of forcing messages through poorly insulated cables by an increase of battery power was of immense value to electricians. The failure of the cable of 1858, it is now believed, was caused by this misapplication of power, a leak once occurring becoming rapidly enlarged by the forced current rushing through it to earth.

In order to show the small power with which a well-insulated cable can be worked, Mr. Latimer Clerk had the ends of the two conducting wires of these cables connected in Newfoundland, and thereby made a loop of 3,700 miles. Through this continuous wire, with a little acid placed in a lady's thimble, together with a small piece of zinc and copper, he succeeded in passing signals through both cables in a little more than a second of time. In July 1869, a third cable was successfully laid between Brest and Boston, touching on the way at the Island of St. Pierre. We hear, however, that for some little time this cable has been out of order and is in course of repair in that small portion of it running from the island of St. Pierre to Newfoundland. The cable of 1866 is, however, so efficient that it is able to do triple work. As the three Atlantic Companies have come to an agreement with respect to working expenses, and have also engaged in case of need, such as now occurs, to forward each other's messages, the delay caused by repairs will not be of so much moment. A short cable from Brest to some point on the coast of Devonshire has been laid, and gives to the British public the convenience of an extra route to the United States.

The recovery of the lost Atlantic cable is not an isolated

instance of the power of fishing them up from deep waters. A similar feat to that performed by Sir Samuel Canning was accomplished by Sir Charles Bright in 1869, whilst laying the cable between Florida and the Havannah. The Gulf-stream here rushes like a mill sluice through the narrow Florida channel; notwithstanding which, and despite the rocky coralline nature of the bottom, the cable was safely recovered from a depth exceeding a mile, spliced, and safely laid, and is now in admirable working order, and forms one of the links which are to thread the West India islands, and will in a short time place North America and Mexico in communication with nearly the entire seaboard of South America, the cable on the west of that continent extending as far as Valparaiso, and going inland to Buenos Ayres, and on the east skirting the coast past Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro to Monte Video, and by Rio de La Plata until the circuit is complete at Buenos Ayres.

It is now generally understood, that the submerged cable is less likely to get out of repair and less liable to injury than land lines traversing uncultivated regions; and this holds true in times of war as well as in times of peace. In all probability, the conference about to be held at Florence with reference to submarine cables will decide that an international understanding shall be come to, holding these true messengers of civilisation inviolable in time of war. Deep-sea cables are, of course, quite safe from the attacks of semi-barbarous populations. We have found that it requires all the resources of a rich people, and all the appliances of science, to fish-up a deep-sea cable; a vessel especially appointed for the purpose, and so encumbered with machinery, would stand little chance of doing mischief. Such a craft could not escape observation, would be certainly closely watched, and neither in a condition to fight or to run away. In looking at the telegraphic map of the world, the growing predilection for submarine lines is remarkably obvious. The cable that has just been landed at Falmouth forms the last link of the submarine line which puts us in connexion with India, and will very speedily link us with Australia, China, and Japan. By means of these sea-protected wires we avoid all the dangers and delays of the land lines forming the Indo-European system. It was felt that our connexion with our Indian empire should not be at the mercy of countries that may not always be friendly with us. Especially our Government and merchants felt the necessity of being independent of Russia, through which empire a portion of the Indo-European line passes, and also the northern line, crossing the frozen steppes of Siberia, on its way to the Amoor river, China,

and Japan. Even in peace these lines, running through desert wastes, are continually getting out of order, and are liable to be destroyed by weather (especially snow-storms), as well as by the assaults of man and the wild animals. Even in semi-civilised India it is found that wires, such as we use in Europe, are liable to be twisted by troops of monkeys; and flocks of the largest of all birds, the adjutant, perch upon them, and by their mere weight break them down. The engineers, consequently, are obliged to employ as conductors rods of metal three eighths of an inch in thickness. The effect of storms, so often occurring in tropical countries, is for the time destructive to electrical communication, and even fatal to the workers, the lightning running along the wires, and striking down the manipulators at their instruments. In cold countries, again, heavy falls of snow constantly place the wires *hors de combat*. When we say that the heavy snow-storm that fell in England in 1866 cost the Electric and International Company 10,916*l.*, in damaged wires alone, what may we expect will be the destruction of the land wires running through the frozen land of Siberia, and what the fate of messages in mere average Russian winters? We are told also of stockbrokers' tricks, not less damaging to the wires than variations of weather. When cotton is fluctuating, it is said that messengers are sometimes despatched upon dromedaries, with nippers to cut the wires where necessary. Great heat appears to be equally injurious to the free working of the electric wire. It is stated that during the months of July and August the telegraphs in South America cannot be worked from two to six in the afternoon, the hottest hours of the day. The reason is not fully understood, but atmospheric effects are supposed to be the cause. In certain waters, such for instance as the Mediterranean, cables are liable to attacks from the teredo worm. This creature has a great appetite for hemp, and all the cables covered with that fibre were found to be perfectly honeycombed by its sawlike teeth, leaving the wires loose underneath. Such cables are now served with a composition patented by Sir C. Bright, which contains in it a large amount of powdered silicate, a substance that seems to take the edge off the worms' cutters and blunt their destructive powers.

Independently of the objection to wires passing through intermediate states between this country and its dependencies, the difficulties foreign clerks have in translating our messages are fatal to such lines. The 'Times,' at the beginning of the year, gave an example of the mutilation such messages coming from China suffered during transmission through

wild countries, at anything but electric speed. The following curious jumble of words is a literal copy of a message received by the Russian Northern Line, and so printed, having taken two calendar months in its passage:—

'Treaty reorgan duty on opium raised to fifty taels duty on silk doubled right to a treaty port in Haman to thirteen dired and ports of wenchow and nohamn yantze to be opened a chinclu gowernment steamer to tow Suropcean merchants boros of day goods on the pagano lake the three eral mines of Kalong luprlurping and cheyong to be opened to European a trunt duty of two once a half per cent. to be owen om imports of treaty ports on and to the present duty of five per cent. Imports To the subsequently. Held free of duty by chynesi goot of the goods are taxed a receiptes to begiven and the amount levied made good by the Government bonded ware house to be ertal-lested at treaty ports courteous of some to be arranged by the Chinese Government.'

These hieroglyphics when deciphered read as follows:—

'Treaty negotiated—Duty on opium raised to fifty taels. Duty on silk doubled. Right to a treaty port in Hinan . . . and the ports of Wanchow and Nohamo on the Yangtze to be opened. Chinese Government steamers to tow European merchant boats of dry goods on the Poyang lake. The three coal mines of Kelung . . . and Cheyong to be opened to Europeans. A transit duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to be levied on imports at treaty ports in addition to the present duty of 5 per cent. Imports to be subsequently held free of duty by the Chinese Government. If the goods are taxed, a receipt to be given, and the amount levied to be made good by the Government. Bonded warehouses to be established at treaty ports; conditions of the same to be arranged by the Chinese Government.'

The sea-route, for the reasons already given, having a decided advantage over land lines, and as we are the sole manufactures of electric cables, it may be assumed that British capital will be mainly employed in filling up the gaps that at present exist in the electrical connexion of the world. In order that our readers may see at a glance the astounding progress electric telegraphy has taken within a few years, we append the following list of cables, by which it will appear that nearly every quarter of the globe is now bound in these bonds, which abundantly promise a rapid advance in civilisation:—

Submarine Telegraph Cables, laid and worked in June 1870, or in course of manufacture and expected to be laid within twelve months.

| Name of Company | Termini of Cables | Length in Nautical Miles | Date when Opened, or expected opening | Remarks as to Connexions |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| Submarine Telegraph Company | England and France, 5 cables; England & Belgium, 2 cables; England, Jersey, and France, 1 cable; England & Holland, 2 cables; England & North Germany, 1 cable | About 1,100 | First submarine cable ever laid, Dover to Calais in 1851; the other cables at various times subsequently. July, 1870 | Worked in conjunction with the British land wires and on joint account, under Parliamentary agreement, with the Post Office |
| Jersey and Guernsey | England to Channel Islands . | About 100 | | Negotiation for purchase by the Post Office |
| Anglo-American . . | Ireland and Newfoundland, 2 cables | 1st cable . . 1,852 2nd cable . . 1,898 | July, 1866 | Amalgamated with its predecessor, the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Joint purchase agreement with the French Atlantic Company. Gives of gross revenue: to Anglo-American Company, 63 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.; to French Atlantic Company, 36 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. |
| French Atlantic (Société du câble Transatlantique Française) | Brest to St. Pierre, and St. Pierre to Boston | 3,047 | July, 1869 | |
| Cuba Submarine . . | Havana to Santiago de Cuba . | Batabano-Santiago 540 (30 miles of land wire from Havana to Batabano) | June, 1870 | Connected with United States land wires and cable from Havana to New York, &c., and with the West India and the South Pacific Companies' systems |

| Name of Company | Termini of Cables | Length in Nautical Miles | Date when Opened, or expected opening | Remarks as to Connections. |
|---------------------------------|--|--|---------------------------------------|---|
| West India and Panama | Santiago to Jamaica, Panama, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, Antigua, and other islands of the West Indies, to Trinidad and Demerara | Submarine . 2,640 (land wires, 350) | July or August, 1870 | Working arrangements with the Cuba, and the Panama and South Pacific Companies, and intended arrangements with the Brazil Telegraph, for which a concession has been granted, June 1870 |
| Panama and South Pacific | Panama to Tumbez in Peru | Submarine . 1,100 (land wires, 30) | March, 1871 | Arrangements as above, and with the Peruvian land wires, which continue the system to the Chilean lines to Valparaiso, and ultimately to Buenos Ayres |
| Falmouth, Gibraltar, and Malta* | Penzance, via Gibraltar, to Malta | 2,456 | June, 1870 | Working arrangement with the Anglo-Mediterranean, British Indian, British Indian Extension, British Australian, and China Submarine Companies |
| Anglo-Mediterranean | Malta to Alexandria, & second line via Tripoli | Direct line . 900 line via Tripoli 1,160 | October, 1868 | Connected as above, and with the Marseilles, Algiers, and Malta, and Mediterranean Extension Companies |
| Marseilles, Algiers, & Malta | Points named | Submarine . 862 | August, 1870 | As above, accommodating French interests. |
| Mediterranean Extension | Malta and Sicily; Otranto to Avlona | About . . . 110 | November, 1857 | British Government guarantees 6 per cent. interest. |
| British Indian Submarine | Alexandria to Bombay . . . | Suez to Bombay 3,600 (Suez to Alexandria (land wires 120) | April, 1870 | Connected with Falmouth, and with Singapore, China, and Australia |
| British Indian Extension | Madras to Singapore | Submarine . 1,800 | In autumn 1870 | As above, and with Indian Government land wires between Bombay and Madras |

* This Company, the Anglo-Mediterranean, and British Indian Submarine form the continuous route to India popularly termed the Submarine Line.

| Name of Company | Termini of Cables | Length in Nautical Miles | Date when Opened, or expected opening | Remarks as to Connexions |
|---|--|--|---------------------------------------|--|
| British Australian | Singapore to Batavia and Port Darwin | Submarine : 1,726 (land wires in Java, and from Port Darwin to Queensland) | In 1871 | Joining the whole of Australia with China, India and Europe, and America |
| Tasmanian | Melbourne to Tasmania | Submarine . . 160 | In 1870 | Australian Colonial Line. |
| China Submarine | Singapore to Hong Kong | Submarine . . 1,640 | June, 1871 | Arrangements with Companies to India and Britain, and with the Great Northern China Extension Company from Hong Kong to Shanghai and Japan |
| Great Northern | England to Denmark, Scotland to Norway, Denmark to Norway, Sweden to Russia, Denmark to Russia | Total submarine 1,070 (several land wires in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden) | September, 1869 | In connexion with the Russian Government land wires to Posietta Bay, on Pacific Coast, and with Great Northern China Extension Company to Japan, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, as above, and joint-purse arrangements with the China Submarine Company for section between Shanghai and Hong Kong |
| Great Northern, China & Japan Extension | Posietta to Shanghai, & thence to Hong Kong | 2,300 | In 1870 | Connects with the Indian Government cable at Bushire, which continues the line to India; and connected, through European land wires, with England via Submarine Company |
| Indo-European Telegraph Company | Crimea to Potti in Caucasasia, along Russian coast of the Black Sea | Submarine . . 300 (Land lines through Europe to Crimea, and from Potti through Persia to Bushire) | In 1870 | |

| Name of Company. | Termini of Cables | Length in Nautical Miles | Date when Opened, or expected opening | Remarks as to Connexions |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| Indian Government. | Head of Persian Gulf to Kur-rachee | Submarine . . 1,200 (Land wires in Beluchistan and Persia) | In 1863 | Worked by Indian Government in connexion with Turkish lines from Bushrah to Constantinople, and Austrian Frontier, &c., to England; connected also at Bushire with the Indo-European Company's route through Russia to England |
| Indian Government. | Indian coast to Ceylon . . . | About . . . 70 | In 1863 | |
| British Government. | Great Britain and Ireland, 3 cables | About . . . 100 | In 1853 | |
| French Government. | Spezia to Corsica | About . . . 90 | In 1856 | |
| Spanish Government. | Barcelona to Balearic Isles . . | About . . . 250 | In 1861 | |
| | | 32,076 | | |

The above list includes, it is believed, all the submarine cables which are now in working order, or which are in course of construction, and in a forward state, likely to be opened during this or the next year. But no account is here taken of cables which have been laid, but have subsequently been taken up again or abandoned; nor of the numerous projected enterprises, some of which are likely to be ere long carried out; and amongst these are—the Brazil, about 4,300 miles, from Demerara along the coast of Brazil to Buenos Ayres; and the North Pacific from the Russian Pacific coast at Posietta, via Japan, to Vancouver's Island and San Francisco, about the same length, completing, in Puck's words, 'a girdle round the earth in (less than) forty minutes.'

As we have before said, the Post-office authorities have no intention of purchasing these cables at the present time, with the exception of the strictly British lines to Ireland, and the cables to the Hague and Norderney which formed part of the bargain with the Electric and International Company. But the day may arrive when, on imperial grounds, the Government will have these cables forced upon them by the interests of the nation, although, it must be borne in mind, that the risks and triumphs of these great submarine lines have been met and won entirely by private enterprise, and that (except in one case (which was a failure) the Government has done nothing to assist the adventurers to whom it is so deeply indebted. The advantages of telegraphs are measured by the length of distance they run. To all remote points the telegraph will practically supersede the post; it will link together all our military stations and establishments. At a day not very distant, the War-office must have its cable to every British military post throughout the world, as it now has to Aldershot and Chatham. The Navy department, in like manner, must have instant means of communication with its sea sentinels wherever they may be on the broad ocean. We cannot hope to hold together, in a military sense, our great dependencies, unless they are within instant call. The world is rapidly assuming a nervous energy it has never before known. When war comes, we shall be able to strike simultaneously from many points at once; and when peace arrives, we shall resume our mercantile activity throughout the globe the day the treaty is signed. It is impossible to suppose the Government will be able to restrict their control of the marvellous new agent to these islands, or that the country will permit it to forego its centralising power. This England of ours has a heart too large for its immediate body, and its vital force will only have full and sufficient play when it will be able to act and sympathise with her people in every quarter of the globe when occasion may arise. Taking this wide view of the necessity of the telegraph as a governing agent, we think we may assume that, sooner or later, all the cables running from these islands to our colonies and dependencies will fall under imperial control. What will they cost? the reader naturally asks, mindful that we have just purchased the home wires at six and a half millions of money. What these ocean cables may be worth a dozen years hence it would be difficult to estimate, considering the rapid manner in which the world is being educated in their use, but we think we can give a very fair estimate of their present value.

If the submarine cables of Great Britain, which extend from her coasts to the adjoining coasts of Europe, to British North America, and to Gibraltar, Malta, India, China, and Australia in a continuous line, were to be purchased by the nation and worked by the Post-office, in connexion with the system of inland telegraphs, it may be estimated that their actual cost has been about 6,960,000*l.* on the following scale:—

| | |
|---|------------|
| Viz. Submarine Telegraph Company . . . | 420,000 |
| Anglo-American, 1,575,000 } . . . | 2,775,000 |
| French-Atlantic, 1,200,000 } . . . | |
| Falmouth and Malta | 660,000 |
| Anglo-Mediterranean | 260,000 |
| British-Indian Submarine | 1,200,000 |
| British-Indian Extension to Singapore . . . | 460,000 |
| British-Australian | 660,000 |
| China Submarine to Hong Kong | 525,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £6,960,000 |

The Admiralty could render efficient service in the maintenance and repairs of cables in all parts, and through such an agency the Post-office department could maintain its cable property at much less cost than the several private companies now owning them can do. We have excluded from our estimate all cables which, like the Marseilles, Algiers, and Malta, and the Chinese-Japan extension of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, are either chiefly for the accommodation of non-British interests, or are entirely out of British jurisdiction. But, on the other hand, as the Government threw the whole risk of these costly and hazardous experiments on private companies, which are now reaping their reward in the shape of a very high rate of interest, the purchase of the Submarine lines by the State would involve an outlay very far exceeding their original cost. In the home lines there was, comparatively speaking, no risk at all.

It was fully apprehended by the officers of the old Telegraph Companies that the transfer of the wires to the Government could not, in the nature of things, fail to produce some temporary inconvenience in the free working of their machinery. The best constructed engine heats in its bearings when started for the first time; what was then to be expected of a machine which had to be transferred from one department to another, and suddenly, without any preliminary trial, set in motion, with the whole community on the look-out for any shortcoming? Small complaints from the public were to be expected, but the fates seemed determined to harass Mr. Scudamore with more

than ordinary perversity, perhaps by way of warning him against over-confidence. Scarcely a week had elapsed after the wires had passed into his hands, when, the first public occasion having arisen in which their use was required, a dead failure occurred. On Friday the 8th of February, just after the Queen's Speech had been transferred to the wires, a sudden paralysis seized those connecting London with Scotland and Ireland and the principal towns in the north-west of England. The country papers were in despair. Those which had received the Royal message were cut suddenly short, without a word of the address, whilst others suddenly arrested her Majesty in the midst of her speech. It was as though she had been struck dumb in the presence of her whole people. 'Magnetic disturbance,' the cat of the telegraphic system, which gets the blame of all failings on the part of the wire, was freely debited with the disaster so unpropitious to the Government; but, on examination, a more material explanation of the occurrence was afforded. A workman in the hurry of the transfer of the wires to the new establishment, in some alterations he had to make in one of the local offices, by accident removed a bundle of wires which unfortunately happened to be the channel of communication between the Metropolis and the North and West. The effect was the paralysis, electrically speaking, of three parts of the United Kingdom. The mischief which caused so much surprise was set right immediately upon the discovery of the cause. Since that time the sister country, magnetically true to her old motto 'England's adversity is Ireland's opportunity,' has had an excuse for a fling at Imperial management by reason of the breakage of the Port Patrick Cable; this, together with the failure of the Wexford Cable, has afforded ample opportunity for complaints as to the treatment of our fellow-subjects across the water. We think Mr. Scudamore can afford to listen to these indignant outbursts with complacency, as on the whole there can be no doubt that he has managed to take the reins with as little disturbance to the ordinary working of the telegraphic system as could have been expected. For the parting of a cable he cannot be held responsible. The only precaution that can be taken against its recurrence is to lay down duplicate cables to the different points across the Irish Sea; and this we believe will be done. These short cables, however, will give more trouble than those which traverse the Eastern and Western Oceans.

We cannot close this article without referring to what may be termed the public opening of the submarine cable to India, which was inaugurated at the entertainment given by Mr.

Pender, the Chairman of the Company, at his mansion in Arlington Street, and at which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present. It is a new idea, whilst holding high festival, to exchange courtesies, not as of old, with friends across the table, but with great Princes and high personages on the other side of the world. Mr. Cyrus Field has the credit of inventing this startling means of enlivening the ordinary chit-chat of the dinner-table, for at the banquet given in 1868 at the Palace Hotel, he induced the Electric and International Telegraph Company to bring into the room the wire in connexion with the Atlantic Cable, and announced to the guests the compliments he was forwarding and receiving from his wife at New York, and the Governor-General of Cuba, and the President of the United States. Mr. Pender, to whose commercial energy and financial aid we owe the laying of the sea-line to our great Indian Empire at so early a date, was not to be outdone, and all England was startled to find by the 'Times' of June 25th, that during the previous evening the Prince of Wales had been holding converse with the Khedive, the Governor-General of India, and the King of Portugal.

The services rendered by Mr. Pender to international telegraphy are not of a scientific nature, and there is, therefore, some danger that they may be overlooked; but they are nevertheless of so vital a character, that without them we believe the great submarine lines would probably not yet be in existence. It is, therefore, worth while to record them. After the failure of the Atlantic experiment of 1858, it became apparent that the cable had been ill-made and ill-laid. The public lost heart after the loss (as it was supposed) of 600,000*l.*; no more capital could be raised. Mr. Pender and a few of his friends persevered. They first bought up the two existing establishments for the manufacture of submarine cables, so as to insure the perfect construction of the article, and for this purpose Mr. Pender gave a personal guarantee of 250,000*l.* This was in fact the turning-point in the operation. The Company which was then formed to manufacture the cables also undertook to lay them; and thus, in conjunction with the new Anglo-American Company, a further sum of 200,000*l.* was raised, and the line of 1866 was successfully laid by the Great Eastern, which they chartered for the purpose.

The Indian Government, under successive Ministers, refused to co-operate in the work of laying a direct submarine line to India. In 1869, it was resolved, by the same persons who had so powerfully aided the Atlantic lines, to raise the capital to do the work to India, without any further appeal to the Govern-

ment. The British Indian Submarine Company was formed. Again Mr. Pender took the largest share of the risk; but he has been rewarded by a prompt and complete success. The wires are already laid, and on the 23rd June, Calcutta was in magnetic communication with his house in Arlington Street. The work will have been carried out at a cost of nearly *four millions*, when it is extended to Eastern Asia and Australia.

We had finished our task, and this article was already in type, when we received a volume which we should have been happy to use if it had reached us a few days sooner, for it contains a complete narrative by Mr. J. C. Parkinson of the creation of the Ocean Telegraph to India. It is a volume of the highest interest, and it shows in conclusion that we are within a few months of completing the most extraordinary scientific and mechanical operation ever undertaken by man. The cable of the British Indian line, passing from Falmouth to Lisbon, Gibraltar, and Malta, has already placed England in direct communication with those harbours and with India. To this Mr. Parkinson adds, that

'the British Indian Extension, the China Submarine, and the British Australian Telegraph Cables now in course of manufacture will next be laid in succession. From Madras a cable will be carried to Singapore, touching at Penang. From Singapore one line will proceed north to Hong Kong, Amoy, and Shanghai, and another south to Batavia and through Java to Port Darwin at the north of Australia. Thence a coast line will be taken round the north side of the Australian continent to Burketown, whence lines exist to Cardwell, Rockhampton, Brisbane, and Sydney, uniting with the telegraph from Sydney to Melbourne and Adelaide, and with that from Melbourne to Launceston and Hobart Town. From Hobart Town a cable is projected to New Zealand; and to complete the circle round the world, Mr. Cyrus Field and some American capitalists have been negotiating for another across the Pacific, from China to California, by way of Japan and Alaska. It may be assumed that by Christmas of this year we shall be in perfect telegraphic communication with Singapore and Batavia; in 1871, with Australia, Tasmania, and China; and that by the end of 1874, England will be supplied with news not twelve hours old from every part of the civilised globe.' (*Parkinson's Ocean Telegraph*, p. 299.)

ART. IX.—*The Life and Adventures of John James Audubon, the Naturalist.* Edited, from Materials supplied by his Widow, by ROBERT BUCHANAN. London: 1868.

ABOUT eighteen years ago there died a man whose whim it had been to hunt in black satin breeches, to shoot in dancing ‘pumps,’ to dress, whilst on his woodland expeditions, in the finest ruffled shirts he could obtain from France; at one time eschewing all butcher’s meat, living chiefly on fruit, vegetables, and fish, and never drinking a glass of wine or spirits until his wedding-day. Of his own personal appearance he thus writes:—‘I measured five feet ten and a half inches, ‘was of fair mien, and quite a handsome figure; large, dark, ‘and rather sunken eyes, light-coloured eyebrows, .aquiline ‘nose, and a fine set of teeth; hair, fine texture and luxuriant, ‘divided and passing down each ear in luxuriant ringlets as ‘far as the shoulders.’ An English reader is inclined to accuse such a man of effeminacy and conceit; probably half the accusation is true. But the person in question was an undaunted backwoodsman, an excellent shot, one whose spirit neither misfortunes nor disappointments could conquer; moreover he lived to produce a work on American Ornithology which Cuvier described as the most gigantic enterprise of the kind ever undertaken by a single individual. The name of this queer compound of ‘Actæon and Narcissus’—to use the happy expression of his biographer—holding a gun in one hand and a looking-glass in the other, was John James Audubon, the celebrated naturalist of America.

It is somewhat curious to remark that no less than three naturalists—all working at the same time, and for a considerable period unknown to each other—acquired fame by making the birds of America known to Europe; these were a French prince, a Scotch weaver and poet, and an American trader in cambric lace—Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Alexander Wilson, and John James Audubon. In scientific merit Bonaparte was far the superior; neither Wilson nor Audubon can properly be regarded as men of *science*, in the technical sense of the term; but as a drawer of birds Audubon must hold the first place.

Audubon was born in Louisiana the 4th of May, 1780, we believe, but Mr. Robert Buchanan gives no information on this point. His father was a Frenchman, his mother of Spanish extraction. ‘His earliest recollections are associated with

‘lying among the flowers of the fertile land in which he was born, sheltered by the orange trees, and watching the movements of the mocking-bird, “the king of song,”—dear to him in after-life from many associations. He has remarked that his earliest impressions of nature were exceedingly vivid; the beauties of natural scenery stirred a “frenzy” in his blood, and at the earliest age the bent of his future studies was indicated by many characteristic traits.’ Audubon’s mother appears to have died when he was an infant; his father, a French naval officer, married again, and the young naturalist met with a step-mother very different from what step-mothers are proverbially said to be, for having no children of her own, she humoured the child in every whim, and indulged him in every luxury. The future naturalist—who, in the recesses of American forests, was to live on roots and fruits, and even scantier fare—was indulged with a *carte blanche* on all the confectionary shops in the village where his summer months were passed, and he speaks of the kindness of his step-mother as overwhelming.’ At this time they were living at Nantes. How long he was indulged in unlimited cakes and humoured in every way we are not told; it is just, however, in estimating Audubon’s character, to bear in mind the influence such mistaken indulgence most likely had on him. Audubon’s excessive vanity and conceit would probably have been knocked out of him had he been early sent to school. However, to school at last he was sent. His father wished the lad to enter the French navy as a cadet, or to become an engineer; accordingly a course of study was prescribed in mathematics, drawing, geography, fencing, and music. In the latter art he made great proficiency; he could play adroitly on the violin, flute, flageolet, and guitar; of dancing he was very fond, but, as his biographer says, it was ‘an accomplishment which, in after-years, he had more opportunities of practising among bears than among men.’ Mathematics were for the most part neglected for natural history rambles. The notorious Jacques Louis David, the French revolutionist and intimate friend of Robespierre (whose painting of the Rape of the Sabines and portrait of Napoleon I. are well known), was Audubon’s drawing-master, and to him he owed his earliest lessons in tracing objects of natural history. ‘The mannerism of the great French artist,’ Mr. Buchanan thinks, ‘may still be traced in certain pedantries discernible in Audubon’s style of drawing.’ While the old sailor was from home on naval service, the young naturalist, under the indulgent rule of his step-mother, had ample opportunities of gratifying his nest-hunting and bird-

collecting propensities. 'Supplied with a haversack of provisions, he made frequent excursions into the country, and usually returned loaded with objects of natural history—birds' nests, birds' eggs, specimens of moss, curious stones, and other objects attractive to the eye.' But Audubon would not study. His father, though he was astonished at the large collection of natural objects which the boy had made, and paid him some compliment on it, was 'evidently mortified at the idleness of the young naturalist.' He took him to Rochefort with the idea of making him study mathematics under his own eye, yet mathematics had to give place to natural history, and so ardently did the youth pursue his favourite amusement, that at Nantes he soon completed drawings of two hundred specimens of French birds. In vain his father urged him to win fame and glory by following the 'French Eagles,' Audubon's heart was with the eagles that soared aloft in the sky; for the figures that adorned the French standard he cared not at all. So the youth was sent to America to look after his father's property. He landed at New York, where he caught the yellow fever; from thence he was removed to Morristown and nursed by two kind Quaker ladies, to whose attentive care he probably owed his life. Audubon was next put under the care of a Mr. Fisher, his father's agent at Philadelphia, who took him to his villa. Now Mr. Fisher had strong objections to shooting birds and hunting; he even thought music hardly correct, and it was not likely that this lover of freedom and wild nature would be happy with so strict a religious formalist. The house was 'little livelier than a prison,' and he gladly escaped from it. There was a pretty little place—a 'blessed spot,' as Audubon termed it—called Mill Grove, on the Perkiominy Creek, which belonged to his father, and to this spot the young naturalist went. The rental paid by the tenant of this little property supplied Audubon with all the money he needed, and here, he adds, 'cares I knew not, and cared nothing for them.' Within sight of Mill Grove, and adjoining the property, was a place called Fatland Ford, where an English gentleman, Mr. Bakewell, and his daughter resided. Audubon hated the very name of an Englishman, and nothing would induce him to seek the acquaintance of Mr. Bakewell and his daughter at Fatland Ford; but one day, after the winter's frosts had set in, as Audubon was following some grouse down the creek, he suddenly came upon Mr. Bakewell, whom kindred tastes had brought to the spot. The Englishman's urbanity quickly dispelled the Frenchman's prejudices. Audubon says,—

'I was struck with the kind politeness of his manners, and found him a most expert marksman, and entered into conversation. I admired the beauty of his well-trained dogs, and finally promised to call upon him and his family. Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God that I never forget it, when for the first time I entered the Bakewell house. It happened that Mr. Bakewell was from home. I was shown into a parlour where only one young lady was snugly seated at work, with her back towards the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added with a smile, would be in a few minutes, as she would send a servant after him. Other ruddy cheeks made their appearance, but, like spirits gay, vanished from my sight. Talking and working, the young lady who remained made the time pass pleasantly enough, and to me especially so. It was she, my dear Lucy Bakewell, who afterwards became my wife and the mother of my children.'

Audubon was a capital marksman. On one occasion, while skating down the Perkiominy Creek, he laid a wager with Miss Bakewell's brother that he would put a shot through his cap, when thrown into the air by his companion, he himself skating at full speed. 'The experiment was made, and the 'cap riddled.' The young naturalist, while at Mill Grove, met with an accident that nearly cut short his career.

'Having engaged in a duck-shooting expedition up the Perkiominy Creek with young Bakewell and some young friends, it was found that the ice was full of dangerous air-holes. On our upward journey it was easy to avoid accident, but the return trip was attended with an accident which had nearly closed my career. Indeed, my escape was one of the inconceivable miracles that occasionally rescues a doomed man from his fate. The trip was extended too far, and night and darkness had set in before we reached home. I led the party through the dusk with a white handkerchief made fast to a stick, and we proceeded like a flock of geese going to their feeding-grounds. Watching for air-holes, I generally avoided them; but increasing our speed, I suddenly plunged into one, was carried for some distance by the stream under the ice, and stunned and choking I was forced up through another air-hole further down the stream. I clutched hold of the ice and arrested my downward progress, until my companions arrived to help me.'

It was three months before he recovered. The treachery and rascality of a man of the name of Da Casta, sent over from France as 'a partner, tutor, and monitor,' by the elder Audubon, ended in the naturalist leaving Mill Grove and walking straight off to New York in the middle of a severe winter. This person demurred to the proposed union with Lucy Bakewell, and appears to have made himself very objectionable in other ways. On Audubon arriving at New York with a letter of credit to a man named Kanman, he found that he had no

money to give him, and Kanman disclosed 'the partner's' treachery by hinting that Audubon should be seized and shipped for China! No wonder the young naturalist was 'furious' at such treatment, and sailed immediately to his parents' home in Nantes. The result of Audubon's voyage to France was satisfactory to himself. Da Casta was removed from his position, and the elder Audubon gave his consent to his son's marriage with Lucy Bakewell. Shooting, fishing, collecting natural history specimens, the future American 'ornithologist' was as happy as could be. In one year two hundred drawings of European birds had been completed; 'a fact,' as his biographer remarks, 'which displays marvellous industry, if it does 'not necessarily imply a sound artistic representation of the 'birds drawn.' After remaining at Nantes for one year, he entered as a midshipman the French Marine; he made one short cruise in the service of France, and then returned to Mill Gróve once more, its master. He had not yet gained possession of Lucy Bakewell, and the young lady's father advised Audubon to gain 'some knowledge of commercial 'pursuits' before marrying his daughter. With characteristic promptitude—*amor addidit alas*—Audubon started for New York, and entered the counting-house of Mr. Benjamin Bakewell. Here 'he made rapid progress in his education by 'losing some hundreds of pounds by a bad speculation in 'indigo.' It was not likely that Audubon, fond of a free, wild country life, and devoted to the study of birds and plants, ever should have been content 'behind the counter,' and so, after a season of probation, during which Mr. Bakewell became convinced of the impossibility of tutoring Audubon into mercantile habits, the naturalist gladly returned to Mill Grove. As a proof of his unfitness for business, he relates that he once posted a letter containing 8,000 dollars, and forgot to seal it.

On April 8, 1808, he was married to Miss Bakewell in her father's house at Fatland Ford. He sold Mill Grove, and, investing his capital in goods, prepared to start for the West. The newly-married pair sailed down the Ohio in a flat-bottomed float, named an ark—a mode of travelling exceedingly primitive and tedious—and reached Louisville after a voyage of twelve days. At Louisville Audubon 'commenced trade 'under favourable auspices, but the hunting of birds continued 'to be the ruling passion.' Among the Louisville planters he found a ready welcome, and his life, in the company of his young wife, was one of extreme happiness. But the study of birds and business could not go together.

Audubon's sojourn at Louisville was made memorable by

his acquaintance with Alexander Wilson, the weaver-poet of Paisley. Their meeting is thus described by Audubon:—

‘ One fair morning I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room at Louisville of Mr. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of the “*American Ornithology*,” of whose existence I had never until that moment been apprised. This happened in March 1810. How well do I remember him, as he then walked up to me! His long rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. His dress too was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country; a short coat, trousers, and waistcoat of grey cloth. His stature was not above the middle size. He had two volumes under his arm, and as he approached the table at which I was working, I thought I discovered something like astonishment in his countenance. He, however, immediately proceeded to disclose the object of his visit, which was to procure subscriptions for his work. He opened his books, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested my patronage. I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of his plates, and had already taken my pen to write my name in his favour, when my partner, rather abruptly, said to me in French, “My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to this work? Your drawings are certainly far better, and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman.” Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused disappointed him, I cannot tell; but I clearly perceived that he was not pleased. Vanity and the encomiums of my friend prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had many drawings of birds. I rose, took down a large portfolio, laid it on the table, and showed him—as I would show you, kind reader, or any other person fond of such subjects—the whole of the contents, with the same patience with which he had showed me his own engravings. His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in forming such a collection. He asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative his surprise seemed to increase. And truly such was not my intention; for until long after, when I met the Prince of Musignano in Philadelphia, I had not the least idea of presenting the fruits of my labours to the world. Mr. Wilson now examined my drawings with care, asked if I should have any objections to lending him a few during his stay, to which I replied that I had none. He then bade me good morning, not, however, until I had made an arrangement to explore the woods in the vicinity along with him, and had promised to procure for him some birds, of which I had drawings in my collection, but which he had never seen. It happened that he lodged in the same house with us, but his retired habits, I thought, exhibited either a strong feeling of discontent or a decided melancholy. The Scotch airs which he played sweetly on his flute made me melancholy too, and I felt for him. I presented him to my wife and friends, and seeing that he was all enthusiasm, exerted myself as much as was

in my power to procure for him the specimens which he wanted. We hunted together, and obtained birds which he had never before seen; but, reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for even at that time my collection was greater than his. Thinking that perhaps he might be pleased to publish the results of my researches, I offered them to him, merely on condition that what I had drawn, or might afterwards draw and send to him, should be mentioned in his work as coming from my pencil. I at the same time offered to open a correspondence with him, which I thought might prove beneficial to us both. He made no reply to either proposal, and before many days had elapsed left Louisville, on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our little town, at least by myself and my friends.'

Some time after this Audubon visited Wilson in Philadelphia and found him drawing a white-headed eagle, but though he was received civilly, Audubon says he clearly perceived that his company was not agreeable. Now let us look at Wilson's account of his stay in Philadelphia. In his 'American Ornithology' he writes:—

'March 23, 1810.—I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of everything there, but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber, nor one new bird, though I delivered my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or literature has not one friend in this place.'

How can we account for these contradictory statements? Audubon, if his own account be correct, might justly express astonishment when he read Wilson's paragraph. Why did he not at the time mention the specimens of birds he had procured for him? It was not till nearly twenty years passed by that Audubon gave his own version of the affair at Edinburgh. Mr. Buchanan fairly remarks on this subject, 'This and many other incidents related by Audubon himself must be taken *cum grano salis*.' About sixteen years after the incidents above described, Audubon wrote this entry in his diary:—'Passed poor Alexander Wilson's school-house, and heaved a sigh. Alas! poor Wilson, would that I could once more speak to thee and hear thy voice!' From Louisville, where their commercial prospects were imperilled by war, Audubon and his partner Rosier transferred their stock to Hendersonville, and being still unsuccessful, removed some time after to St. Geneviève, a settlement on the Mississippi. Audubon gives a picturesque narrative of his perilous journey up this river, it being then nearly covered with floating ice of a dangerous thickness, which rendered it impossible to ascend the river beyond Cask Creek, a small stream with deep water

and a good harbour, where they were delayed for some days. Here Audubon, with the assistance of some Shawnee Indians, obtained a great many swans from a neighbouring lake, whose skins were intended for the ladies in Europe. The Indians are bold hunters and will attack a bear single-handed. While at Cask Creek Audubon was invited by these hunters to a bear-hunt.

‘A tall, robust, well-shaped fellow assured me that we should have some sport that day, for he had discovered the haunt of one of large size, and he wanted to meet him face to face, and we four started to see how he would fulfil his boast. About half a mile from the camp he said he perceived his tracks, though I could see nothing; and we rambled on through the canebrake until we came to an immense decayed log, in which he swore the bear was. I saw his eye sparkle with joy; his rusty blanket was thrown off his shoulders, his brawny arms swelled with blood, as he drew his scalping-knife from his belt, with a flourish which showed that fighting was his delight. He told me to mount a small sapling, because a bear cannot climb one, while it can go up a large tree with the nimbleness of a squirrel. The two other Indians seated themselves at the entrance, and the hero went in boldly. All was silent for a few moments, then he came out and said the bear was dead and I might come down. The Indians cut a long vine, went into the hollow tree, fastened it to the animal and with their united force dragged it out. I really thought that this was an exploit.’

In the winter of the same year Audubon and his partner arrived at St. Geneviève, which our naturalist soon discovered to be no place for him; so he sold his interest in the business to Rosier and returned to Hendersonville. On his way across a wild prairie Audubon met with a terrible adventure which nearly resulted in his assassination. In an Indian log hut there was a woman and an Indian who had accidentally wounded his eye with an arrow. As Audubon lay down on a pallet of bear skins, with his gun close to his body and his dog at his side, to all appearance asleep, ‘two athletic youths made their entrance with a dead stag on the pole. They disposed of their burden, and helped themselves freely to the whisky.’ They talked together, and Audubon soon perceived his life was in imminent danger.

‘The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my

determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon —, and then for the watch!"

Fortunately just at this moment the door was opened and two stout travellers entered, each with a long rifle; the tale was soon told and the intended murderers secured. All bound hand and foot they lay till the morning; their feet were then unbound, their arms still securely tied, and they were marched into the woods; their cabin was set on fire, the skins and implements were given to the young Indian, and the travellers proceeded towards the settlements. How far this interesting narrative has been coloured must remain uncertain.

Misfortunes now began to crowd thickly upon Audubon; he joined his brother-in-law in business at New Orleans, under the firm of 'Audubon & Co.,' but instead of attending to his interests he remained hunting in Kentucky, and in consequence lost all the fortune at his disposal. About this time his father died, but poor Audubon did not receive legal notice of the event for more than a year. His father left him some property in France and seventeen thousand dollars; these had been entrusted to a merchant in Richmond, Virginia. Strange to say, Audubon took no steps to obtain possession of his French property. The merchant died insolvent, and Audubon never received a dollar of his money. It is impossible to read of the naturalist's often self-inflicted troubles, without a feeling of anger. Audubon was bringing anxiety and sorrow upon his wife and children by his recklessness and enthusiastic devotion to hunting and bird-collecting. 'Bills fell due and unmeasured vexations assailed him. He handed over all he possessed and left Hendersonville, with his sick wife, his dog and his drawings, but without feeling really depressed at his prospects.' The family now went to Louisville, where they were received by a kind neighbour, and Audubon started as a portrait draughtsman, and working at very low prices soon had his hands full. His skill as an artist in crayons was considered great, and 'his business spread so far in Kentucky that affluence was again enjoyed by the wanderer.' It is said that he was so successful in drawing the features of the dead, that a certain clergyman exhumed the dead body of his child in order that Audubon should take a portrait of the corpse! Audubon, whilst resident in Kentucky, had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated Boone 'barking squirrels.' He thus speaks of the sport:—

We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered

with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a home-spun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually . . . and fired. I was astonished to find that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up.

Mr. Buchanan gives us an amusing account of Audubon's introduction to Rafinesque the botanist, 'whose manner of life, dress, and oddities of conduct' appear to have greatly interested the naturalist.

'The stranger reached the banks of the Ohio in a boat, and carrying on his back a bundle of plants which resembled dead clover. He accidentally addressed Audubon, and asked where the naturalist lived. Audubon introduced himself and was handed a letter of introduction by the stranger in which the writer begged to recommend "an odd fish," which might not have been described in published treatises. Audubon innocently asked where the "odd fish" was, which led to a pleasant explanation and a complete understanding between the two naturalists. . . . A long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sack. A waistcoat of the same with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were, buttoned down to the ankles. . . . He requested to see my drawings, anxious to see the plants I had introduced besides the birds I had drawn. Finding a strange plant among my drawings, he denied its authenticity, but on my assuring him that it grew in the neighbourhood, he insisted on going off instantly to see it. When I pointed it out the naturalist lost all command over his feelings, and behaved like a maniac in expressing his delight. He plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me he had got, not merely a new plant but a new genus.'

Rafinesque's eccentricities were not, however, always so harmless. When all had retired for the night—Rafinesque was Audubon's guest—a great noise was heard in the botanist's bedroom.

'I got up,' writes Audubon, 'reached the place in a few moments and opened the door; when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running naked, holding the handle of my favourite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued jumping and running round and round until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to a "new species." Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished Cremona, and administering a sharp tap to each of the bats as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good night, but could not help observing the state of the room. It was strewn with plants, which had been previously arranged with care.'

While Audubon was at Natchez, a companion of his was in want of a new pair of boots, but neither he nor the naturalist had money to spare to buy them. Audubon proposes to paint the portraits of the shoemaker, to whom he goes, and his wife, and to receive in return two pairs of boots. This satisfied the shoemaker, and the portraits were sketched in a couple of hours.

Probably there have been few persons whose fortunes varied so exceedingly as Audubon's. At one time in affluence, at another without a dollar in his pocket, yet nearly always apparently cheerful and self-reliant. In his Diary, dated October 25—the year is not given—apparently 1821—he writes:—

'Since I left Cincinnati, October 12, 1820, I have finished sixty-two drawings of birds and plants, three quadrupeds, two snakes, fifty portraits of all sorts, and have subsisted by humble talents, not having had a dollar when I started. I sent a draft to my wife, and began life in New Orleans with forty-two dollars, health, and much anxiety to pursue my plan of collecting all the birds of America.'

Neither vicissitudes of fortune, nor the necessity of separation from his wife, who for economic reasons had to live as 'companion to a lady,' could knock out of Audubon his excessive vanity and fondness of dress. He speaks with 'boyish gaiety of the comfort which a new suit of clothes gave him.' So reduced was he at times that he was unable to purchase a book in which to write his journal! and the records of his life for the first two months of 1822 are accordingly very few and imperfect. 'The one at last obtained was made of thin poor paper, and the records entered are rather in keeping with his financial difficulties. It took all his means at this time to supply his family with the necessities of life.' Audubon was determined at all risks to win for himself renown as a naturalist, and to make his name known throughout the world; he even sometimes deplored his

engagements to teach drawing, or to paint portraits, as they kept him away from his beloved woods and birds. In his Diary, July 8, 1822, he writes:—‘While work flowed upon me, the hope of completing my book upon the Birds of America became less clear; and, full of despair, I feared my hopes of becoming known to Europe as a naturalist were destined to be blasted.’

The reader must refer to his biographer if he would follow Audubon as he wandered from place to place, now pleased, now disgusted with the people; at one time teaching drawing to pupils, at another painting portraits, the interior of a steam-boat, or views of American scenery, in order to procure the necessaries of life.

Audubon has given a graphic account of the devastation caused by the overflows of the great Mississippi; it overflows its banks and sweeps inland

‘Until the country is a turbid ocean, checkered by masses and strips of the forest through which the flood rolls lazily down cypress-shadowed glades under the gloomy pines, and into unexplored recesses where the trailing vine and umbrageous foliage dim the light of the noonday sun. In islets left amid the waste, deer in thousands are driven; and the squatter with his gun and canoe, finds on those refuges the game which he slaughters remorselessly for the skins and feathers that will sell. Floating on a raft made fast by a vine rope to some stout trees, the farmer and his family preserve their lives, while the stream bears away their habitation, their cut wood, their stores of grain, their stock, and all their household goods. . . . I have floated on the Mississippi and Ohio when thus swollen, and have in different places visited the submerged land of the interior, propelling a light canoe by the aid of a paddle. In this manner I have traversed immense portions of the country overflowed by the waters of these rivers, and particularly whilst floating over the Mississippi bottom lands, I have been struck with awe at the sight. Little or no current is met with unless when the canoe passes over the bed of a Bayou. All is silent and melancholy, unless when the mournful bleating of the hemmed-in deer reaches your ear, or the dismal scream of an eagle or a heron is heard, or the foul bird rises, disturbed by your approach, from the carcase on which it was allaying its craving appetite. Bears, congars, lynxes, and all other quadrupeds that can ascend the trees, are observed crouching among their top branches; hungry in the midst of abundance, although they see flocking around them the animals on which they usually prey. They dare not venture to swim to them. Fatigued by the exertions which they have made in reaching dry land, they will there stand the hunter’s fire, as if to die by a ball were better than to perish amid the waste of waters. On occasions like this, all these animals are shot by hundreds.’

• Whilst Audubon was in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1824,

he was introduced to Charles Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, who, as we have already said, was engaged on the 'Ornithology of America.' Buonaparte examined Audubon's drawings, and was 'complimentary in his praises.' Audubon found him 'very gentlemanly.' The Prince took him to Peel, the artist, who was drawing birds for his work. Audubon did not appear to think much of them; 'from want of knowledge of the habits of birds in a wild state, he represented them as if seated for a portrait, instead of with their own lively animated ways when seeking their natural food or pleasure.' Audubon then went with the Prince to Mr. Lawson, who engraved Wilson's plates. This gentleman—whose 'figure nearly reached the roof,' whose face was 'sympathetically long,' and 'whose tongue was so long' that there was no opportunity to speak in his company—thought Audubon's drawings too soft, too much like oil-paintings, and objected to engrave them. Audubon here characteristically observes that another engraver, Mr. Fairman—the name is significant—was better able to appreciate his drawings. He advised him to go to England and have them engraved 'in a superior manner.' This advice seems to have taken a firm hold of Audubon. The Prince of Canino engaged him to superintend his drawings intended for publication; but Audubon adds, 'my terms being much dearer than Alexander Wilson asked, I was asked to discontinue this work. I had now determined to go to Europe with my "treasures," since I was assured nothing so fine in the way of ornithological representations existed. I worked incessantly to complete my series of drawings.' In his Diary, August 1st, 1824, Audubon records that he was 'in good health, free from debt, and free from anxiety about the future.' He was then in New York. Here he again met the Prince of Canino; he visited the museum, and found the specimens of stuffed birds set up in unnatural and constrained attitudes. 'This appears to me,' he says, 'the universal practice; and the world owes to me the adoption of the plan of drawing from animated nature. Wilson is the only one who has in any tolerable degree adopted my plan.' It is absurd to suppose that Alexander Wilson copied Audubon, who could not depict birds in the act of flying; several of his birds assume a grotesque and impossible attitude, so that how far he drew from nature is questionable.

Audubon was fortunate in the possession of a most noble and self-denying wife, and in her presence he forgot his troubles and was spurred on to renewed exertions. Not only did Mrs. Audubon cheer the naturalist by her kindness and self-denial,

but at one time her industry and talents brought her nearly three thousand dollars a year, which she generously offered to forward the publication of her husband's long-cherished work. Audubon here adds that he resolved by new efforts to increase his finances; accordingly he turned dancing-master; and, with his fiddle under his arm, entered the ball-room. 'How I toiled,' he says, 'before I could get one graceful step or motion! I broke my bow and nearly my violin in my excitement and impatience.' A dancing-master and a backwoodsman can both be impersonated by Audubon. However, the dancing speculation brought two thousand dollars, 'and, with this capital and my wife's savings,' he remarks, 'I was now able to foresee a successful issue of my great ornithological work.' In England he 'expected to find the fame given to all heroes so tardily in their own country.'

Audubon sailed for Liverpool in April, 1826. He had obtained many letters of introduction to friends in England, and amongst them one to Mr. Richard Rathbone, a name long remembered and justly honoured by the people of Liverpool. Audubon's object was to find a purchaser and a publisher for his drawings, upwards of four hundred in number. He landed in Liverpool in July, 1826, and was the guest of Mr. Rathbone. In Liverpool he met with a well-merited reception; his Diary day by day is full. He got letters of introduction to various literati—Baron Humboldt, Scott, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Hannah More, &c. 'I am cherished,' he writes, 'by the most notable people in and around Liverpool.' Lord Stanley at first he found 'rather shy,' but a frank and agreeable man, and, what was more importance to Audubon, one who could thoroughly appreciate his drawings. These were exhibited at the Royal Institution, for which he painted a wild turkey, full size; and if we remember rightly, the painting is there to this day. From Roscoe he got a letter of introduction to Miss Edgeworth, in which Audubon's pursuits and acquirements were referred to in 'flattering language.' He realised 100*l.* by the exhibition of his pictures at the Royal Institution. From Liverpool Audubon went to Manchester. Here he first became acquainted with the English fashion of shooting; such tame sport did not please him. He exhibited his pictures in a gallery at Manchester, at one shilling for entrance; this did not pay. From Manchester Audubon returned to Liverpool, then back again to Manchester. At Mr. Rathbone's he met with the well-known publisher Mr. Bohn, who advised him to go to Paris and consult about the cost of the publication of his work. He

drew a figure of the American wild turkey, the size of his thumb-nail, which Mrs. Rathbone had engraved as a seal and presented to him. He visited Matlock, and paid five pounds for spas to take home to his wife; he gathered wild flowers from the hills she had often played over when a child; and passed through the village of Bakewell, called after some one of her family.

Audubon next went to Edinburgh, October 25, 1826, with letters of introduction to Professors Jameson and Duncan, and Dr. Knox the anatomist. In the fishwives of the old place he detected a resemblance to the squaws of the West. Their rolling gait, inturned toes, and manner of carrying burdens on their backs, reminded him of the Shawnee women. He considered the men 'extremely uncouth in manners and in speech.' Prospects in Edinburgh, however, were 'dull and unpromising,' for people were shy of putting their names down as subscribers to a work of a most costly character, the author of which, having lived most of his life in the backwoods of America, was almost unknown to them; yet he met with most enthusiastic admirers of his drawings. Mr. Lizars, the well-known engraver of Selby's great work, 'The Birds of Great Britain,' thus forcibly expressed himself when Audubon's portfolio was opened before him: 'My God! I never saw any thing like these before!' Audubon made the acquaintance of several eminent men while in Edinburgh; for instance, Sir Walter Scott, Sir W. Jardine, Professor Wilson, and other celebrities of the day, but he records nothing concerning them beyond the gratification their appreciation of himself or his drawings gave him. Combe, the phrenologist, examined Audubon's 'skull with the accuracy and professional manner 'in which,' he says, 'I measured the heads, bills, and claws of my birds. Among other talents he said I possessed largely 'the faculties which would enable me to excel in painting.' At this time he records in his Diary, 'I have taken to dressing 'again, and now dress twice a day, and wear silk stockings 'and pumps. I wear my hair as long as usual; *I believe it does 'as much for me as my paintings.*' On one occasion he dined with Captain Basil Hall, and was fortunate in meeting Jeffrey and M'Culloch, 'a plain, simple, and amiable man; Jeffrey is 'a little man with a serious face and dignified air. He looks 'both shrewd and cunning, and talks with so much volubility 'he is rather displeasing. In the course of the evening, 'Jeffrey seemed to discover that if he was Jeffrey, I was 'Audubon.'

.. We have seen how Audubon prided himself upon his long

flowing hair. Some of his friends had been urgent upon him that he should cut it and wear it according to the prevailing fashion. He thus records the sad curtailment of his ringlets:—

‘Edinburgh: March 19, 1827.—This day my hair sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution, when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low.

‘JOHN J. AUDUBON.’

The margin of the sheet on which this obituary occurs is painted black, about three fourths of an inch deep all round, as if in deep mourning for the ‘rape of the lock.’

Audubon painted a picture with the intention of presenting it to George IV. Sir Thomas Lawrence called on Audubon and wished to see it:—

‘He came and pushed off my roller case, bade me hold up the picture, walked from one side of the room to the other examining it, and then coming to me tapped me on the shoulder and said, “Mr. Audubon, that picture is too good to be given away; his Majesty would accept it, but you never would be benefited by the gift more than receiving a letter from his private secretary, saying, that it had been placed in his collection. This picture is worth three hundred guineas, sell it, and do not give it away.” I thanked him, exhibited the picture, refused three hundred guineas for it soon after, kept it several years, and at last sold it for one hundred guineas to my generous friend, John Heppinstall, of Sheffield, England, and invested the amount in spoons and forks for my good wife.’

Audubon was now in London, where he ‘continued his canvass with great success among the aristocracy.’ He now determined to remove the publication of his work on ‘The Birds of America’ from Edinburgh to London, from Mr. Lizars to Mr. Robert Havell, because he thought the work would proceed more rapidly, and be done better and cheaper in the metropolis.

Mr. Children was at this time curator of the British Museum, and to him Audubon sold a proof copy of the first number of the ‘Birds’ for two guineas, the subscribers’ price. At his request Audubon sent a copy to the King:—

‘His Majesty was pleased to call it fine, and permitted me to publish it under his particular patronage, approbation, and protection, and became a subscriber on usual terms, not as kings generally do, but as a gentleman. And I look on such a deed as worthy of all kings in general. The Duchess of Clarence also put down her name; and all my friends speak as if a mountain of sovereigns had dropped in an ample purse at once—and for me.’

Audubon now determines to visit Paris. He left London

on September 1, 1828. His biographer says that 'his Diary 'freshens a little after the salt breeze of the Channel.' His first visit on the arrival at the French capital was to the Jardin des Plantes to see the great Cuvier. Audubon was astonished to hear that his great ornithological work had not even been heard of in Paris. Swainson was Audubon's companion on the occasion of the visit to France. On their arrival at Baron Cuvier's house, they knocked, but were told the great comparative anatomist was too busy to be seen. However, they were determined to look at the great man, so they knocked again, and sent up their names :—

'Monsieur le Baron, like an excellent good man, came to us. He had heard much of my friend Swainson, and greeted him as he deserves, and was polite and kind to me, although he had never heard of me before.'

On the following Saturday Audubon had the honour of dining with the Baron. At a meeting of the Royal Académie des Sciences, Audubon exhibited his portfolio. Cuvier arose and spoke of the work. It was admired as usual, and the Baron was requested to review it for the memoirs of the Academy. Audubon was pleased with the reception he met with from so many celebrated men. From the respect with which he was everywhere received, he imagined he should get several subscribers. In the midst of this charming vision, he writes to Mrs. Audubon in the following words :—

'I have now run the gauntlet of Europe, Lucy, and may be proud of two things—that I am considered the first ornithological painter, and the first practical naturalist of America.'

The date of this letter is September 9. Poor Audubon! On the 15th of the same month, he writes most despondingly to his wife :—

'France is poor indeed! This day I have attended the Royal Academy of Sciences, and had my plates examined by about one hundred persons. "Fine, very fine!" issued from many mouths; but they said also, "What a work! what a price! who can pay it?"'

When Audubon mentioned that he had thirty subscribers in Manchester, they stared and seemed surprised.

'Poor France,' he continues, 'thy fine climate, rich vineyards, and the wishes of the learned avail thee nothing; thou art a destitute beggar and not the powerful friend thou wert represented to me. Now it is that I plainly see how happy or lucky it was in me not to have come to France first; for if I had, my work now would not have had even a beginning. It would have perished like a flower in October; and I should have returned to my woods, without the hope of leaving behind that eternal fame which my ambition, industry, and perseverance long to enjoy. Not a subscriber, Lucy, not one!'

But Audubon was not doomed to such a heavy misfortune as this. He afterwards received a note from Baron de la Bouillerie, announcing the King's subscription for six copies, and obtained altogether in France thirteen subscribers. Most eulogistic is Cuvier's report on Audubon's work, which is characterised 'as the most magnificent monument yet erected to Ornithology. If Mr. Audubon's work should ever be completed, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that America, in magnificence of execution, has surpassed the Old World.'

After an absence from England of two months, Audubon returned to London, where he remained till the spring of 1828; he then revisited America, and proceeded, after three weeks' stay in Philadelphia, to the shores of New Jersey and the Great Egg Harbour. Here Audubon was once more free to roam where he listed. His chief object for visiting Egg Harbour was to procure birds known to the people there by the name of 'lawyers.' We presume they must have been birds with long bills. A fish, which he considered a curiosity, was transmitted to Cuvier. Audubon passed several weeks along those delightful and healthy shores; one day going into the woods to search the swamps in which the herons bred, passing another amid the joyous cries of the thrush hens, and on a third carrying slaughter among the white-breasted gulls; by way of amusement, sometimes hauling the fish called the 'sheep's head' from an eddy along the shore; watching the gay terns as they danced in the air, or plunged into the water to seize the tiny fry. Many a drawing he made at Egg Harbour, and many a pleasant day he spent along its shores. Then follows an interesting account of the Great Pine Swamp or Forest. Our naturalist spent six weeks here, and found the wild turkey, pheasant, and grouse tolerably abundant; but how would an angler's heart beat with joy to think of the trout streams in the river Sehig! 'Ah! reader,' exclaims Audubon, 'if you are an angler, do go there and try for yourself. For my part, I can only say that I have been made weary with pulling up from the rivulets the sparkling fish, allured by the struggles of the common grasshopper.'

Audubon now started off to his wife and children, whom he had not seen for some years. The former was now at Bayou Sara, in Mississippi, resident in a house belonging to a Mr. Johnson. There he remained three weeks, busy hunting the wood and drawing birds and other animals. But Audubon would again be a wanderer; he left his squs in America, and went with Mrs. Audubon to Washington and Philadelphia, thence to New York, thence once more to England. Every-

thing, he writes, had gone on well in England; and, although the subscribers' list had not increased, it had not much diminished. He found he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society during his absence, for which he believes he was indebted to Mr. Children and Lord Stanley. Subscribers, however, did not 'pay up' as regularly as he expected; and, money being wanted, he set to work again with pencil and brush. Audubon visited Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, York, Hull, and other places, and once more came to Edinburgh on October 13, 1830. He made an agreement with the well-known and deservedly-appreciated naturalist, William Macgillivray, to assist him in arranging the more scientific part of the 'Biography of the Birds,' and in 'correcting his ungrammatical manuscripts.' Macgillivray was to receive for his supervision two guineas per sheet of sixteen pages; and Audubon began at once to write the first volume. On April 15, he writes:—

'I have balanced my accounts with the birds of America, and the whole business is really wonderful; forty thousand dollars have passed through my hands for the completion of the first volume. Who would believe that a lonely individual, who landed in England without a friend in the whole country, and with only sufficient pecuniary means to travel through it as a visitor, could have accomplished such a task as this publication? Who could believe that once in London Audubon had only a sovereign left in his pocket, and did not know of a single individual to whom he could apply to borrow another, when he was on the verge of failure in the very beginning of his undertaking? and above all who could believe that he extricated himself from all his difficulties, not by borrowing money, but by rising at four o'clock in the morning, working hard all day, and disposing of his works at a price which a common labourer would have thought little more than sufficient remuneration for his work?'

On September 3rd, 1831, Audubon and his wife are once more in New York. He knew of unexplored regions which he felt certain would furnish large additions of new birds to his collection; and so, after remaining a few days with his friends at Boston, he proceeded to East Florida, where he intended to pass the winter. The forests of East Florida for the most part consist of what are called 'pine barrens' in that country. The only trees that are seen are tall pines of indifferent quality, beneath which rank grass and low bushes grow. The soil is sandy, either covered with water in the rainy season, or parched, with the exception of occasional pools of water, in the dry season. Various kinds of game abound in these wilds. Here and there the traveller is pleased to find a dark 'humthock' of

live oaks and other trees, 'seeming as if they had been planted 'in the wilderness.' The traveller approaching these 'hummocks' of oaks, feels the air cooler and more salubrious, he hears the songs of numerous birds; he enjoys the grateful odour of luxuriant flowers. In the midst of these extensive forests a race of men ply their vocations; these are the 'live-oakers,' or wood-cutters of Florida. They dwell in log huts or cabins, with their wives and families. The wood is used principally for ship-building. It is not an uncommon thing for a 'live-oaker' to be lost in the woods; and Audubon tells a painful story of one who had missed his way. One 'hummock' is so like another, and the grass, unless it has been burned, is so tall that a man cannot see over it. So difficult it is to preserve the little-beaten trail, and so heavy are the fogs, that wanderers in these extensive wilds have to exercise extreme caution and observation. Audubon describes a hurricane he experienced while off the coast of Florida in glowing language:—

'We were not more than a cable's length from the shore, when with imperative voice the pilot calmly said to us, "Sit quite still, gentlemen, for I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still. Here we have it!" Reader, persons who have never witnessed a hurricane, such as not unfrequently desolates the sultry climates of the South, can scarcely form an idea of their terrific grandeur. One would think that not content with laying waste all on land, it must needs sweep the waters of the shallows quite dry to quench its thirst. No respite for a moment does it afford to the objects within the reach of its furious current. . . . On it goes with a wildness and fury that are indescribable; and when at last its frightful blasts have ceased, nature, weeping and disconsolate, is left bereaved of her beautiful offspring. In instances even a full century is required before, with all her energies, she can repair her loss. The planter has not only lost his mansion, his crops, and his flocks, but he has to clear his lands anew, covered and entangled as they are with the trunks and branches of trees that are everywhere strewn. The bark overtaken by the storm is cast on the lee-shore, and if any are left to witness the fatal results, they are the "wreckers" alone, who, with inward delight, gaze upon the melancholy spectacle. Our light bark shivered like a leaf the instant the blast reached her sides. We thought she had gone over, but the next instant she was on the shore; and now in contemplation of the sublime and awful storm, I gazed around me. The waters drifted like snow; the tough mangroves hid their tops amid their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest. It was not rain that fell; the masses of water flew in a horizontal direction, and where a part of my body was exposed, I felt as if a smart blow had been given me on it.'

There is an interesting chapter on the Wreckers of Florida,

of whose cruel and cowardly methods to allure vessels to the dreaded reefs so much had been said. Audubon, however, seems to have found them good sort of fellows, who gave him a hearty welcome. He paid a visit to several Florida vessels, when at the Tortugas. The commander of one of these vessels showed the naturalist a collection of marine shells, and whenever he pointed to one he had not seen before, offered it with much kindness. He also presented him with many eggs of rare birds. When Audubon showed the men some of his drawings, they expressed their pleasure, and 'offered their services 'in procuring specimens of birds.' So Audubon and the wreckers started off to Booby Island, ten miles from the Lighthouse. Here they had capital sport. The wreckers were first-rate shots, had excellent guns, and 'knew more about boobies 'and noddies than nine-tenths of the best naturalists in the 'world.' These wreckers are capital deer-hunters, and would 'dip like ducks' into the water, and emerge with some beautiful shell in the hand. It was with sincere regret that he 'bade 'these excellent fellows adieu.'

The lumberers of Maine are another interesting class of men Audubon met with. These men are employed in cutting down the trees and conveying the logs to the saw-mills, or the places for shipping. The pine-forests, where they ply their vocation, are truly magnificent; and so covered is the ground 'with decaying trunks of immense trees, which have fallen 'either from age or in consequence of accidental burnings,' that they have frequently to cut a way for themselves for considerable spaces. Their cattle are extremely fine and tractable. 'No rods do their drivers use to pain their flanks; no 'oaths or imprecations are ever heard to fall from the lips of 'these most industrious and temperate men. Why, reader, 'the lumberers speak to them as if they were rational beings; 'few words would seem to suffice, and their whole strength is 'applied to the labour, as if in gratitude to those who treat 'them with so much gentleness and humanity.'

Audubon next visited the Bay of Fundy, to procure water-fowl; and then removed to Boston, where he remained for two winters. He sent his eldest son to England to superintend the engraving and look after his general interests; and, after having recovered from a severe illness whilst in Boston, which he attributes to a 'sedentary life and too close application,' we find him again on the move in search of fresh materials for pen and pencil. Accordingly, on June 6th, 1833, he sailed from Eastport, in the schooner 'Ripley,' for Labrador. Here he was astonished beyond measure at the extraordinary

abundance of fish; as many as twenty or thirty thousand cod-fish were sometimes taken by a single haul of a long and deep seine net. 'You may form,' he says, 'some notion of the matter, when I tell you that the young gentlemen of my party, while going along the shores, caught cod-fish alive with their hands, and trouts of weight with a piece of twine and a mackerel-hook hung to their gun-rods, and that if two of them walked knee-deep along the rocks, holding a handkerchief by the corners, they swept it full of capelings.'

Almost equally abundant around the rocky coast of Labrador are the sea-fowl. On the voyage from the Magdalene Islands, Gulf of St. Lawrence, which Audubon visited *en route* to Labrador, in the distant horizon a speck was seen. This was a rock, the top of which was apparently covered with snow; but the pilot asserted that the snow, apparently two or three feet deep, 'was the white gannets that resort there.'

'I rubbed my eyes,' says Audubon, 'and took my spy-glass, and instantly the strange picture stood before me. They were indeed birds, and such a mass of birds, and of such a size as I never saw before. The whole of my party were astonished, and all agreed that it was worth a voyage across the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to see such a sight. The nearer we approached the greater was our surprise at the enormous number of these birds, all calmly seated on their eggs, and their heads turned to the windward towards us. The air for a hundred yards above and for a long distance around was filled with gannets on the wing, which from our position made the air look as if it was filled with falling snowflakes, and caused a thick foggy-like atmosphere all around the rock. The wind was too high to allow us to land, but we were so anxious to do so that some of the party made the attempt. The vessel was brought to and a whale-boat launched, and young Lincoln and John pushed off with clubs and guns; the wind increased and rain set in, but they gained the lee of the rock, but after an hour's absence returned without landing. The air was filled with birds, but they did not perceptibly diminish the numbers on the rock. As the vessel drifted near the rock, we could see that the birds sat so close as almost to touch one another in regular lines. The discharge of a gun had no effect on those which were not touched by the shot, for the noise of the birds stunned all those out of reach of the gun. But where the shot took effect the birds scrambled off in such multitudes and such confusion, that whilst eight or ten were falling in the water dead or wounded, others shook down their eggs, which fell into the sea by hundreds.'

Audubon expresses himself in very strong but justifiable language against the 'egggers' of Labrador. The appellation is given to certain persons whose almost exclusive avocation is to procure sea-birds' eggs, with a view of selling them at some

distant port. 'Their great object is to plunder every nest, no matter where, and at whatever risk. They are the pest of the feathered tribe, and their brutal propensity to destroy the poor creatures after they have robbed them is abundantly gratified whenever opportunity presents itself.' In consequence of the wholesale destruction of these 'egggers,' species of birds once common are now very rare, and Audubon could not procure a young guillemot before the marauders had left the coast.

Audubon returned from Labrador and reached New York on September 7, 1833; he found all well, remained there three weeks, and then made arrangements for another journey to Florida. He sent thirteen drawings of land-birds to his son in England, which were to complete the second volume of his work; he also left seventeen drawings of sea-birds, which were to be forwarded in October, for the commencement of the third volume. 'As an evidence of the value Audubon set on these drawings we may note that he insured both parcels for two thousand dollars each.'

Audubon was unable to pay another visit to Florida; and in consequence of a letter from his son Victor desiring him to return to England, Audubon, his wife, and son John sailed on April 16, 1834. They arrived in London on May 12, and found Victor well, 'work and business going on prosperously.' Audubon gives an account of his introduction to Baron Rothschild, who with bad grace and great reluctance promised to take a copy of the 'Birds of America,' but on learning the price he would have to pay, refused to fulfil his promise. The copy had accordingly to be sent back to Mr. Havell's shop. In the autumn of 1834, Audubon went with his family to Edinburgh, but kept no Journal there. In the summer of 1836, he once more removed to London, sailing for America on July 30 of the same year. We will not follow him in his wanderings there, but only record that he again visited London in 1838, and Edinburgh in 1839, where he published the fifth volume of the 'Ornithological Biography.'

Audubon then prepared 'for his last great journey, the grandest of all his journeys, to the Western Wilderness.' With a party of five or six more, he left New York on March 11th, 1843, on an expedition to the Yellow Stone River and adjacent regions in order to procure materials for his work, 'The Quadrupeds of North America.' This journey lasted about eight months. Many pages of the Journal describe the daily incidents of the few weeks in which the party in the 'Omega,' the vessel in which they were proceeding, were slowly passing

their way up the Missouri, or making excursions for natural history purposes. Audubon's account of the Indian race of Mandans, who live in mud huts, and live chiefly on corn, pumpkins, and beans, is interesting. He gives a story of the fearful ravages occasioned by the small-pox which decimated the Mandan savages in 1837. Of this once powerful tribe of the Mandans, we are told, 'only twenty-seven persons remained, and one hundred and fifty thousand perished.' This appears incredible; no doubt there is great exaggeration in the story. Audubon returned from this Great Western Prairie expedition in October 1843.

'The interval of about three years which passed between the time of Audubon's return from the West and the period when his mind began to fail, was a short and sweet twilight of his adventurous life.' During this period the volume of the 'Quadrupeds of North America' * appeared. Audubon was now getting on in years; if he was born in 1780, as we believe, he would be at this time about sixty-three. In 1846 his mind entirely failed him, and for the last few years of his life his sight went from him, and he had to be led about by the hand of a servant. He expired on January 27, 1851. It is pleasant to think of that happy interval between the return from his last expedition and the time when his mind failed him. 'There are but few things in his life more interesting and beautiful than the tranquil happiness he enjoyed in the bosom of his family, with his two sons and their children under the same roof.'

We have already said that as a scientific naturalist Audubon cannot be considered to hold a high place. He is inferior to Wilson, whose facts can be confidently quoted as authentic, whilst those of Audubon must be taken, as his biographer has justly said, *cum grano salis*. It is impossible, in reading the very graphic narratives of his wanderings and adventures, to divest one's mind of suspicions as to occasional untruthfulness. We have before us a letter from a well-known veteran zoologist to whom Audubon was personally known. He writes:—'I recollect Audubon well: like most other idols, he does not bear being examined. I do not consider him an Ornithologist. He was fluent and could draw the long bow as well as many of the Americans, and I have very little faith in the stories he records as adventures. Audubon had a very slight knowledge, if any, of systematic Natural History.' Of Audubon as a descriptive writer, Mr. Buchanan justly remarks:—'Some

* The second volume of the 'Quadrupeds of North America' was published by his son Victor in 1851, the year of Audubon's death.

‘ of his reminiscences of adventure, some of which are published in this book, seem to me to be quite as good, in vividness of presentment and careful colouring, as anything I have ever read.’ This is true; but it must not be forgotten that Audubon was indebted to Wm. Macgillivray for superintending the letter-press of his ‘*Ornithological Biography*.’ To what extent this work bears the impress of the hand of the distinguished Scotch naturalist it is not possible to say, and we know opinions differ on this point.

The colossal plates—four hundred and thirty-five in number—of the ‘*Birds of America*’ were published in four volumes, the execution of them extending from the year 1829 to the year 1836 inclusive, the letter-press being published at intervals between the years 1831 and 1839. The first ten plates of the series were engraved by Lizars, and the remainder executed in a mixture of line and aqua-tinta by the Havells, senior and junior. In forming an estimate of their qualities as works of art, regard should be had as well to the period as to the method of their production. To the unflagging zeal and industry of their author, and to his extensive and, for the most part, accurate observation, the plates bear abundant testimony, but they afford evidence no less clear of the incompleteness of his artistic training. We have already seen that in early life he studied under David. The wandering character of life, however, which he led, while it was such, probably, as to render systematic prosecution of art-study impossible, was also such as to make the proficiency to which he actually attained very remarkable indeed. The defect in artistic training is shown by the unequal character of the drawings, but more especially by the faulty drawing observable in the rare instances in which anything like difficult foreshortening—whether of leaf or limb—is attempted, and by the almost total disregard in outline of that subtle and ceaseless variety of curvature which expresses, in the living specimen, the fulness of plumage or the energy of muscular action.

The landscape accessories, whether of distance or foreground, though sometimes aiming at the portrayal of local character, are for the most part wanting in fulness and complexity, conventional in design, and heavy in execution, and, from want of ‘keeping,’ injure the figures which they are intended to assist. Those plates of the series are undoubtedly most effective in which the birds are simply rendered on a white ground, a practice which has been adopted in the cases of some of the larger, and universally of the small birds. With many of the smaller birds are associated very finely-

drawn examples of the plants found in the localities in which the birds were killed. These, being actual studies, must be excepted from the observation before made in reference to the landscape proper, which nowhere appears so meagre and unsatisfactory as when it is brought into sharp contrast with the characteristic drawing of some well-studied foreground plant.

We have only to add that Mr. Robert Buchanan has done his part as editor of 'The Life and Adventures of Audubon' with honesty, intelligence, and care. The materials were supplied to him in 1867 by Audubon's widow—a lady ever ready with her affection, counsel, and unselfishness to assist her husband in his undertakings. These materials were 'inordinately long' and required careful revision. Much of the matter relating to the adventures is printed in the volumes of 'The American Ornithological Biography;' but as this work is not readily accessible to the general public, Mr. Buchanan was fully justified in reproducing it in his volume, in which 'the initiated will find much quite novel matter, and general readers will discover plenty of amusing incidents and exciting adventures.'

ART. X.—*Lothair*. By the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI.
3 vols. London: 1870.

SOON after Mr. Disraeli ceased to be Prime Minister of this country he received from the responsible editor of a popular weekly periodical the offer of a larger sum of money than, it is believed, was ever tendered for an English work of fiction, if he would contribute to that publication a novel of the character of 'Coningsby' and 'Tancred.' The proposal was not accepted; but the circumstance may have inclined the politician, relieved for the time from his gravest functions, to revert to the literary occupations he had long abandoned. His great antagonist in the House of Commons had never relaxed in his endeavour to combine speculative and literary studies with the exigencies of public life; but with himself the transition had been complete, and the public eye hardly associated the numerous volumes on the railway-stalls bearing his name with the personality of the leading statesman. He seemed rather to avoid than court the society of men of letters, and with the exception of a speech in the chair of the Literary Fund, he took no part in those associations which form the popular recognition of the worth of the literary profession.

His own career, indeed, had been stranger than fiction, and there were incidents in it which might well induce him to look on literature rather as the enemy than as the friend of his fortunes. He had entered public life with the reputation of a brilliant and original writer, but the Parliament of 1837 was too absorbed in its own passions to have admiration to spare for talents that did not seem immediately to subserve the party interests of one side or the other. They ignored his genius; they made the most and worst of his peculiarities of person and position; they misunderstood his humour, and misinterpreted his character. Sir Robert Peel, who had done more to educate and encourage young men of promise than any other living statesman, passed him by; and the Lord Stanley of that day gave no signs of the future friendship which was to be founded on a common antagonism. Even when he applied his political wit to the clever fictions that formed the second period of his literary ventures, and pressed into that service the prominent individualities of the small body of adherents who clung to him, he could not be said to have had any distinct hold on the attention of the House of Commons, although his ability as a speaker could not be denied; and it was not till the great Corn-Law contest began that the Government discovered not only what an able adjutant they had neglected, but what a formidable competitor they had raised. This experience would probably lead him to regard pure literature as a pursuit of secondary interest, and it may have required the suggestion of a subject which combines important political results with individual action to have induced him once more to take up the pen. Such a theme his imagination would not naturally seek in the struggles of conscience, or the silent processes of the heart, or the obstinate questionings of the intellect—in such catastrophes of the human soul as inspired the ‘Nemesis of Faith,’ or ‘Silas Marner’—but Religion, as represented in the great structure of the Papal system on the one hand, and in the mystical sublimation of Mazzini on the other, might well afford a subject-matter very congenial to his mental disposition, and capable of the dramatic effects and personal delineations in which he had so often excelled, while the tendency towards Roman Catholicism of a small but prominent portion of English society would give the general topic an immediate and local application.

The young Member who now occupies the advantageous position of the representative of cultivated Dissenters in the House of Commons, attempted in a late debate to allay Mr.

Newdegate's terrors as to the advance of Popery in this country, by assuring him that the conversions did not show the least defection from Protestantism in the religious sentiment of the community but had been confined to a few cases of 'ladies, 'parsons, and peers.' This is accurately true, and the importance which has been attached to the adhesion to the Roman Catholic Church of certain personages of title, whose mental or spiritual action in other matters would have no claim on public interest, is only to be accounted for by secondary and political considerations. These we could not state more forcibly than in the language of the heroine of the story before us:—

'I look on our nobility joining the Church of Rome as the greatest calamity that has ever happened to England; irrespective of all religious considerations, on which I will not presume to touch, it is an abnegation of patriotism, and in this age, when all things are questioned, a love of our country seems to me the one sentiment to cling to.'

So speaks the Lady Corisande, the lady-love of Lothair, a young man whose exact social status is never revealed, but which we may infer is all that blood and title can confer. Indeed, we earnestly wish that it were more obscure. About the time when Lothair appears on the stage of London life—and the relation of the dates to the convention of the Œcumenical Council at Rome fixes the period—a young Scotch nobleman of the largest wealth was known to have joined the Roman Catholic communion. He, like Lothair, had been brought up in strict Presbyterian doctrine; he, like Lothair, had become closely connected with a ducal family, which, from its simple manners and unostentatious life, is the very last we ever expected to see delineated in English fiction; he, like Lothair, made a journey to Palestine, and became intimate with the most noted personages in Jerusalem—if he did not, like Lothair, join Garibaldi in Italy, another scion of an illustrious race, whose chivalrous and adventurous spirit has lately passed away to the infinite sorrow of those who knew him best, had done so—and if Lothair does not complete the parallel, but remains a Protestant and marries his first-love, the allusion is not the less obtrusive. When Lord Byron and Shelley were made the heroes of 'Venetia,' they were public property; when the striplings of Young England were woven into 'Coningsby,' they would have been very glad to be so; but the young nobleman, the most serious incidents of whose inner life are here imaginatively portrayed in a story which will be read in every language throughout Europe, and, in our own, throughout North America, has been only forced into public notice by the accident of his rank and is no especial or remarkable type of

the Roman convert. The rough handling which Mr. Disraeli has himself too often received in connexion with the religion of his race, should rather have taught him to value the susceptibilities of others than have led him to take amusement in this fanciful dissection of a tender and troubled conscience. Time and the vicissitudes of life will undoubtedly obliterate this wrong in the mind of the person interested, and the association itself will be lost to the distant reader, to be only perhaps revived in some *variorum* edition; but the fact itself is an instance how dangerous are the facilities of this form of composition even in practised and not malicious hands, reminding us of the pain inflicted by one of the best-natured of writers upon his two best friends—by Mr. Dickens on Leigh Hunt and Savage Landor. The gratification of social curiosity in the identification of characters in satiric fiction is no lofty object of art, and the faculty of caricature has damaged many a powerful artist; the enduring sympathy of mankind will be with the creations of literature which are at once the human beings we know and the ideals we imagine.

Mr. Disraeli's political novels have some of the merits and some of the defects of a fairy tale. The events are incoherent and impossible; the characters are so fantastical, that they cease to be those of ordinary mortals;—ordinary mortals are converted into imps, sprites, and genii, irradiated with artificial light, and thrown into positions and attitudes which remind us successively of a melodrama, a burlesque, or a dream. In this splendid vision we have Cardinals parading in cærulean armour and pink cassocks—ropes of pearls, as large as those which Aladdin plucked in the cave of the Lamp, but which are now regularly turned and wiped in a south-westerly wind by Mr. Ruby of Bond Street—alabaster tombs surrounded by railings of pure gold—girls who play the violin dressed in white with 'gigantic sashes of dazzling beauty'—young ladies in exquisite dressing gowns, with slippers rarer than the lost one of Cinderella, brandishing beautiful brushes over tresses still more fair—the golden whip and jingling reins of the *demi-monde* converted to Rome by the wonder-working Cardinal—blazing parterres and Babylonian terraces, ideal cathedrals, vistas of genius, schemes of power, all alike extravagant and unreal, and in which we find no meaning at all, except it be the irony of an imagination which has tried and exhausted life.

When Mr. Disraeli wrote his first novel, his accomplished and amazed father is said to have exclaimed, 'Dukes? Sir, what does my son know about Dukes? He never saw one in his life.' At the time which gives his last production to the

world, Mr. Disraeli has not only seen a great many Dukes, but he has actually made one of that ethereal race. Yet the Dukes of the sexagenarian author of 'Lothair' have not an atom more resemblance to the concrete 'British Duke' than the phantom aristocracy of 'Vivian Grey.' People accuse Mr. Disraeli of making too free a use of incidents and peculiarities connected with living persons; and, no doubt, that (if he be guilty of it) is an odious mode of giving the sting of satire to an idle fiction. But he is at least equally open to the remark that as none of his characters can ever have existed at all, and as they have but little resemblance to the class in which he is pleased to place them, he may claim for them the freedom of pure creatures of the imagination. There is some amusement and but little mischief in such a book, so long as it is understood to be a satire and a burlesque. It might be otherwise if any one were so ill acquainted with English society as to mistake Mr. Disraeli's gorgeous creations for the realities of English life. It is amusing to observe the undisguised contempt of the great Tory leader for the illustrious class of persons whom it has been his lot to lead in politics and to portray in fiction. He is, no doubt, like Mr. Phœbus, 'a sincere admirer of the aristocracy of his country;' but, like that distinguished artist, he would add that 'on the whole they most resemble the old Hellenic race; excelling in athletic sports, speaking no other language than their own, and never reading.' It is the first time we remember to have seen the *want* of intellectual culture classed among the attributes of the Hellenic race; and we are not sure that the proposition is more true of ourselves. And to this piece of philosophy Mr. Phœbus adds a piece of advice, which is invaluable: 'You have not had time to read much. Give it up altogether.'

It is the fashion to press hardly on Mr. Disraeli's open preference for what is conventionally termed 'high life,' and the predominance of the peculiarities and mannerisms of any one class of society are certainly damaging to any work of fiction. There is no reason why a man or woman of any condition should not be shown capable of whatever depth of sentiment or height of intellect the subject may demand, but the superiority must be personal and not dependent on caste. In this case our upper-classes, with their self-contained, often supercilious, bearing, their decorous frivolity, and their contentment with their own position, have evidently a charm for his oriental nature, and his enjoyment in the splendours and luxuries of their existence is a genuine feeling, in which he is not the

least ashamed to indulge. But, on the other hand, it is apparent that a social order averse to originality, impatient of genius, indulgent to dulness, disinclined to self-sacrifice, is an inadequate field for the delineation of passion or enthusiasm or even earnest thought, and it is fortunate for the verisimilitude of this drama that the religion of the ecclesiastical actors rarely exceeds the bounds of political utility, and that Lothair's piety does not extend far beyond desiring to be as well off in another life as he is in this.

That great sacred Polity of which the fervid Puritan Edward Irving has written, as the 'temple builded together by Satan 'out of the very materials of God, and over which my mind 'wandereth with great admiration;'—which the free-thinking Lord Shaftesbury has described as 'that ancient Hierarchy 'which in respect of its first foundation, its policy, and the 'consistency of its whole frame and constitution, cannot but 'appear, in some respects, august and venerable, even in such 'as we do not usually esteem weak eyes;'—that Church to whose dominion over the minds of men Lord Macaulay saw no end in any progress of human intelligence—is the scene and subject of these volumes. The characters of its agents are subtle, skilful, and various. There is a Cardinal faithfully sketched after Archbishop Manning in the attenuation of his figure and in his habit of looking-in after dinner, and moving about in other ways in British society with an ease and comfort very different from what our recognised customs have hitherto accorded to anyone presenting himself in the more than princely attitude of '*particeps regni Romani*:' there is a perambulating Nuncio, of royal Jacobite blood, who is equally familiar with the wild heart of Garibaldi and the deep mind of the French Emperor: there is a casuistic Theologian, the most fascinating of companions, with a designation taken from Guy Fawkes' plot, but whose real name is left once in type, constituting the third volume of the first edition a bibliomaniac curiosity.* there is a charming group of one of those old Catholic families, that have taken a certain grace and virtue from the position of a persecuted minority while mingling habitually and occasionally intermarrying with their Protestant neighbours, but

* Nothing is new—not even a slip of the pen. In the first edition of Miss Austen's 'Emma' (vol. i. p. 202), 'Cobham' is printed instead of 'Highbury,' the imagined locality of the fiction—to the delight of enthusiastic critics who had already suggested it as the point at which the indications of distance from various places mentioned in the tale had been made to converge.

which they are daily losing under ultramontane influences ; and there is a more saintly 'Aurora Raby':—

'Who gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it: stately, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone;'

all in their respective spheres working for the salvation of Lothair.

The last, or all but the last, complete poem of Heinrich Heine is a Dream in which he sees his own agonised and world-worn frame reposing in a sarcophagus surrounded with sculptures alternately picturing the traditional figures and stories of the two ancient worlds:—

'the primal paths our race has trod—
Hellas, the nurse of Man, distinct as Man,
Judæa pregnant with the Living God.'

But even that rest is broken by the

'War of creeds :
The bas-reliefs dispose themselves for battle,
Pan's dying wail the Pagan ardour feeds,
And Moses blasts his foes like Pharaoh's cattle.'

Thus here for the rescue of Lothair from the domination of the mystical Hierarchy rises a Grecian Goddess—a Venus-Minerva, a creation of Art and Liberty.

'It was the face of a matron, apparently of not many summers, for her shapely figure was still slender, though her mien was stately. But it was the countenance that had commanded the attention of Lothair: pale, but perfectly Attic in outline, with the short upper lip, and the round chin, and a profusion of dark chestnut hair bound by a Grecian fillet, and on her brow a star.

"Yes; I am struck by that face. Who is it?"

"If your Lordship could only get a five-franc piece of the last French Republic, 1850, you would know. I dare say the money-changers could get you one. All the artists of Paris—painters, and sculptors, and medallists—were competing to produce a face worthy of representing 'La République Française;' nobody was satisfied, when Oudine caught a girl of not seventeen, and, with a literal reproduction of nature, gained the prize with unanimity."

Under the fascinations of this 'Bride of Corinth,' Lothair forgets alike the beautiful English girl whom he had desired to make the mistress of his serene and luxurious existence, and the lovely daughter of the ancient faith, with whom he had shared the awful delights of the Roman ceremonial and the pleasant diversions of croquet under abbatial walls, and in whose heart he had only one rival—the Church. Theodora, the

goddess, has a confederate, an odd combination of a Virginian slaveholder and an Italian patriot, towards whom Lothair is almost equally attracted, and on whose staff we soon find him engaged on a somewhat incongruous enterprise for a more than incipient convert to the Roman faith—an invasion of the domains of the Pope. She is killed at Mentana, and Lothair, transported to Rome as a wounded prisoner, falls once more under the care of his English Catholic friends, by whom he is brought into a state of mind in which he becomes doubtful whether he was not all the time in the army of the Zouaves instead of that of Garibaldi. He is made the unconscious hero of a religious festival, when a miracle takes place in his honour, not unlike that of La Salette; and when he reads, with indignation, the account of it in the '*Osservatore Romano*,' he is assured by the Cardinal 'that nothing appears in that official journal that is not 'drawn up and well considered by truly pious men.' Thus spell-bound and almost physically constrained, he wanders for the first time down into the Coliseum, where the ghost of Theodora appears to him, lets him know that he is going on in a bad way, and he is picked up senseless.

So to fill up this extravagant outline as to make it not only readable but amusing is the work of no ordinary artist. We once asked an American how he accounted for the great prevalence of the humour of exaggeration in his countrymen's witticisms: 'Sir, it is the enormous dimensions of our country.' We can only account for Mr. Disraeli's faculty of this nature by the wide range of his fancy and his fun; and it is really wonderful that he retains the mirth, and the power to exercise it, after more than a quarter of a century's habitual life in a public assembly so impervious to humour, though apprehensive enough of wit. Here once more the old spirit of 'Ixion' and 'Captain Popanilla' reappears; once more 'the hurried Hudson' 'rushes into the chambers of the Vatican,' and now the confused reviewer, as of old the perplexed country-gentleman, takes the irony for bombast and the good nonsense for grave indiscretion.

But a novel by Mr. Disraeli would not be complete without an excursion into Palestine. We remember the close of 'Tancred,' how 'the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont arrived 'at Jerusalem,' and we are sure to find Lothair there some time or other. We know the large capital that Ernest Renan has made out of Josephus's highly-coloured description of the 'garden of Galilee,' for the purpose of elevating the social status and intellectual culture of the Christian Apostles, and the determination of Mr. Disraeli to keep alive the glory of his sacred people decks with everlasting freshness the

crumbling walls and arid suburbs of Jerusalem. This scene, too, as many of our readers know by experience, is altogether described in visionary shapes and imaginative colours; but the passage is eloquent, and the reflection which closes it characteristic.

'There are few finer things than the morning view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. The fresh and golden light falls on a walled city with turrets and towers and frequent gates: the houses of free-stone with terraced or oval roofs sparkle in the sun while the cupolaed (?) pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the broad steep of Sion crowned with the Tower of David, vary the monotony of the general masses of building. But the glory of the scene is the Mosque of Omar as it rises on its broad platform of marble from the deep ravine of Kedron, with its magnificent dome high in the air, its arches and gardened courts, and its crescents glittering amid the cedar, the cypress, and the palm. "The view of Jerusalem," said the Syrian, "never becomes familiar, for its associations are so transcendent, so various, and so inexhaustible, that the mind can never anticipate its course of thought and feeling, when one sits, as we do now, on this immortal mount."

Here the spiritual pilgrimage of *Lothair* virtually ends. Disgusted with narrow Protestantism,—seduced by the specious fallacies of Rome,—revived by the sensuous idealisms of Paganism,—he is at length raised to a practical and intelligent Christianity by the traditionary influences and divine associations of the Holy Land. Such is the theory of these volumes, and it is the same that, in one form or other, Mr. Disraeli has preached in his books and in his life. This is not the place to criticise its merits or its defects—its proportions of truth and error; but there is assuredly something honourable and reasonable in its consistent maintenance during the vicissitudes of a long political career, which it could not successfully advance, but which it may, in many points, interpret and explain.

If we cannot accept as real beings Mr. Disraeli's sketches of society, and we are not sure how far the paradoxes he utters through their lips are in accordance with his own opinions, we readily admit that there are passages in these volumes in which his philosophy is not captious or even his theology insincere. We give Mr. Disraeli credit for the wish to record a protest against the stupid and aggressive materialism of the present age; and we think the following conversation (which is not the only one of its kind) deserves to be quoted:—

' "But there is something to me more interesting than the splendour of tropical scenery," said *Lothair*, "even if Galilee could offer it. I wish to visit the cradle of my faith."

"And you would do wisely," said the Syrian, "for there is no doubt the spiritual nature of man is developed in this land."

"And yet there are persons at the present day who doubt—even deny—the spiritual nature of man," said Lothair. "I do not, I could not—there are reasons why I could not."

"There are some things I know, and some things I believe," said the Syrian. "I know that I have a soul, and I believe that it is immortal."

"It is science that by demonstrating the insignificance of this globe in the vast scale of creation has led to this infidelity," said Lothair.

"Science may prove the insignificance of this globe in the scale of creation," said the stranger, "but it cannot prove the insignificance of man. What is the earth compared with the sun? a molehill by a mountain; yet the inhabitants of this earth can discover the elements of which the great orb consists and will probably ere long ascertain all the conditions of its being. Nay, the human mind can penetrate far beyond the sun. There is no relation therefore between the faculties of man and the scale in creation of the planet which he inhabits."

"I was glad to hear you assert the other night the spiritual nature of man in opposition to Mr. Phœbus."

"Ah! Mr. Phœbus!" said the stranger with a smile. "He is an old acquaintance of mine. And I must say he is very consistent—except in paying a visit to Jerusalem. That does surprise me. He said to me the other night the same things as he said to me at Rome many years ago. He would revive the worship of nature. The deities whom he so eloquently describes and so exquisitely delineates are the ideal personifications of the most eminent human qualities and chiefly the physical. Physical beauty is his standard of excellence, and he has a fanciful theory that moral order would be the consequence of the worship of physical beauty, for without moral order he holds physical beauty cannot be maintained. But the answer to Mr. Phœbus, is that his system has been tried and has failed, and under conditions more favourable than are likely to exist again; the worship of nature ended in the degradation of the human race."

"But Mr. Phœbus cannot really believe in Apollo and Venus," said Lothair. "These are phrases. He is, I suppose, what is called a Pantheist."

"No doubt the Olympus of Mr. Phœbus is the creation of his easel," replied the Syrian. "I should not, however, describe him as a Pantheist, whose creed requires more abstraction than Mr. Phœbus the worshipper of nature would tolerate. His school never care to pursue any investigation which cannot be followed by the eye—and the worship of the beautiful always ends in an orgy. As for Pantheism, it is Atheism in domino. The belief in a Creator who is unconscious of creating is more monstrous than any dogma of any of the Churches in this city, and we have them all here."

"But there are people now who tell you that there never was any Creation, and therefore there never could have been a Creator," said Lothair.

"And which is now advanced with the confidence of novelty," said

the Syrian, "though all of it has been urged and vainly urged thousands of years ago. There must be design, or all we see would be without sense, and I do not believe in the unmeaning. As for the natural forces to which all creation is now attributed, we know they are unconscious, while consciousness is as inevitable a portion of our existence as the eye or the hand. The conscious cannot be derived from the unconscious. Man is divine."

"I wish I could assure myself of the personality of the Creator," said Lothair. "I cling to that, but they say it is unphilosophical."

"In what sense?" asked the Syrian. "Is it more unphilosophical to believe in a personal God, omnipotent and omniscient, than in natural forces unconscious and irresistible? Is it unphilosophical to combine power with intelligence? Goethe, a Spinozist who did not believe in Spinoza, said that he could bring his mind to the conception that in the centre of space we might meet with a monad of pure intelligence. What may be the centre of space I leave to the dædal imagination of the author of 'Faust'; but a monad of pure intelligence—is that more philosophical than the truth, first revealed to man amid these everlasting hills," said the Syrian, "that God made man in His own image?"

"I have often found in that assurance a source of sublime consolation," said Lothair.

"It is the charter of the nobility of man," said the Syrian, "one of the divine dogmas revealed in this land; not the invention of Councils, not one of which was held on this sacred soil, confused assemblies first got together by the Greeks, and then by barbarous nations in barbarous times."

"Yet the divine land no longer tells us divine things," said Lothair.

"It may, or it may not, have fulfilled its destiny," said the Syrian. "'In My Father's house are many mansions,' and by the various families of nations the designs of the Creator are accomplished. God works by races, and one was appointed in due season and after many developments to reveal and expound in this land the spiritual nature of man. The Aryan and the Semite are of the same blood and origin, but when they quitted their central land they were ordained to follow opposite courses. Each division of the great race has developed one portion of the double nature of humanity, till after all their wanderings they met again, and, represented by their two choicest families, the Hellenes and the Hebrews, brought together the treasures of their accumulated wisdom and secured the civilisation of man."

The hostile animus towards the Papal system, which is so prominent in these volumes, will surprise many who remember the conciliatory tone towards the Roman Catholics generally adopted by Mr. Disraeli in Parliament, his own theocratic turn of mind, and his frequently avowed belief that nothing but the accidents of Irish history dis severed that body from Conservative opinions, to which they would be otherwise naturally attracted by their love of public order, and their sense of the

necessity of submitting the vagrant human mind to distinct superiorities and positive laws. It is in this spirit that he met the Irish difficulty in 1868, and that Lord Mayo shadowed out a future policy, especially in relation to education, with a frankness that aroused the suspicions of Protestantism, and contributed to the fall of the government, without any compensating demonstration of Catholic gratitude. As to the prudence of this defiance thrown down to Ireland, in contrast to Mr. Gladstone's principle of religious equality evinced in the measures of last year, it is not for us to speak; but undoubtedly Mr. Disraeli has caught the tone of ecclesiastical astuteness and the temper of modern Catholic piety with a very agreeable humour, though occasionally damaged by a melodramatic touch of Mrs. Radcliffe's forgotten 'Italian.'

There is a singular contrast in the gravity with which our author passes into the representation of Republican personages and ideas. Here the satirist is silent. The picture of the secret-societies, though thoroughly extravagant and, as we believe, entirely false in fact, is hardly condemnatory; even Felice Orsini is spoken of with compassion, and Theodora approaches nearer to reality than any other character in the story.* Theodora is no accidental patriot nor wild political theorist; she is moulded out of the old classic life, and loves Rome in the combined spirit of Cornelia and Corinne. To her patriotic passion and artistic sentiment Rome is as divine as it can be to the religious faith of the Catholic, and she dies a martyr for Rome and freedom just as others have done for Rome and devotion.

This is not, indeed, the first occasion in which Mr. Disraeli has addressed his literary abilities to the question of the liberties of Italy. In his attempt to marry his political theories to heroic verse, the failure of which he, with his characteristic facility, threw aside and forgot, the consummation of the 'Revolutionary Epick' is the delivery of Italy from the Austrian yoke. We will cite some salient passages not for their special merit, but for the curiosity of their matter.

'He comes! he comes amid the crashing peal
Of bell and cannon, and the louder shouts.

* It has been asserted that these incidents are taken from a novel entitled 'Half a Million of Money,' by Amelia B. Edwards, which has attained the honours of a cheap edition; but with the exception of a young English lord following to Italy the daughter of a Garibaldian chieftain, there is no resemblance in the circumstances of the narratives or in the personal delineations.

Upon his prancing steed, Napoleon bursts
Upon their awe-struck vision. . . .
"Italians," said the deep and thrilling voice,
"From this illustrious day have ceased to reign
Your foul oppressors. France protects the free,
And ye are Freemen."

“Our Italy is free, our glorious land
Hath gained once more her wasted heritage !”
Thus sings triumphant Milan.’

And these are the closing lines:—

‘Where its lofty head
A lusty poplar raises, now they crowd;
Fast to its trunk they fix the ready ropes . . .
And on a car bedecked with laurels bear
Their vigorous burthen to the palace gates.
With renovated life before those walls
They plant their spoil, and then with deafening shouts
Tossing their caps within the giddy air,
Dance round the tree of Lombard liberty.’

Surely this was written after the Battle of Solferino—surely Theodora is the *Heroína* of Savage Landor, the Princess Belgioso. Turn to the title-page—the date is not 1859—but 1834! If political prescience is the main faculty of a statesman, this is an unparalleled instance of its exercise, and Mr. Disraeli returning here to his fealty to liberated Italy, may well wish obliterated from the records of his political life those pages in which he encouraged the Austrian Government in that short-sighted policy they have now so cruelly expiated, and in which he went to the very limits of party animosity against the momentary imprudence of a young politician now high in the ranks of office, whom Theodora would certainly have much preferred to Lothair.

The intervals between the arguments and adventures of these volumes are filled up with fanciful and witty sketches of English society in the present day, into some of which Lothair is not introduced at all, and which are therefore depicted for their own sakes. These will make different impressions on different minds; but in the abundance of false and foolish portraiture of this nature in recent novels, we must all be grateful for pleasantry without coarseness, and gaiety without vice. To some they will seem commonplace, for they are natural, to others, contemptuous; for, if it is not exactly Mephistopheles playing with the Faust of our social culture, the demoniac laughter often rings in the air. The character

of Lord St. Aldegonde, the happiest of these personalities, will illustrate the latter interpretation. He is the eldest son of a duke, opposed to all privileges and to all orders of men except dukes, 'who are a necessity'—strongly in favour of the equal division of all property except land, 'because liberty depends on 'land,' and the 'greater the landowners the greater the liberty of a country; '—'marrying for love and loving his wife' (as who wouldn't if she is like her picture?) but strongly in favour of Woman's Rights and their extremest consequences—so spoilt that 'when he cries for the moon it is promised him immediately,' but knowing he is so and thus really none the worse for it. What is this but the sharpest criticism of a condition of life where a bright and generous nature cannot get free from the trammels of a factitious position, and is driven into all kinds of inconsistencies in the effort to be itself?

The younger novels of Mr. Disraeli and 'Tancred' have both found their place in the volumes of this Journal; the earlier article entering at length into their literary and moral characteristics, the later referring mainly to the question of the emancipation of the Jews in this country, for the advocacy and accomplishment of which righteous act the Hebrew race throughout the world owe him a debt that their accumulated wealth would not repay. As for Mr. Disraeli's style, it is easy to declaim about its mannerism and affectation, but in the present prevalence of vapid composition we own to liking an abundant writer to have a style and colour of his own, even with such consequences as the extremest singularities of Mr. Dickens (alas! Charles Dickens!) or Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Disraeli's never leads him so far; it has the defects, while it has also the merits, of his oratory; it is declamatory and pleonastic, but it can be short and epigrammatic at need, and the effect is increased by the contrast. In Wordsworth's theory of paternity, 'the child' the 'father of the man,' Lothair, as far as time goes, might be the grandfather of Vivian Grey, but they really are brothers, with wonderfully little difference of tastes or temper. But the cessation of the habit of careful writing for a long period, and the continual practice of the slipshod English which Parliamentary debate engenders even in accomplished and scholarly men, have combined to make Mr. Disraeli's language often loose and sometimes incorrect. These small lapses of the literary mind have been selected by unfriendly critics and made a great deal more of than they deserve. For, as a representation of real life, there is even something to be said in favour of the carelessness incidental to all familiar conversation, and the impres-

sion of perfect ease is hardly compatible with very precise diction. Indeed, in very many dialogues in books we are reminded of the French fashionable reflection on a 'parvenu'—*'Il n'est pas de la société; il parle trop bien.'* We may add that many of these slight mistakes, which were literally the writer's, have been corrected in the late editions.

The last Roman-Catholic argument brought to bear on Lothair is the proximate meeting of the Œcumenical Council. That event has now occurred, and if Lothair had waited to decide which Church he should join till he witnessed the results of its operations, he would hardly have been affected favourably towards that of Rome. If an outsider can be allowed an opinion on such a subject, there was assuredly a great mission for that Assembly to perform—no less than, if possible, to reconcile the Catholic Church with the progress of mankind. It had to make the most of the legitimate advantage it had acquired in non-Catholic countries by the growing disposition to separate Church and State and leave religious bodies to their independent action. It had to apply the ascetic and self-sacrificing spirit still manifested in many of the religious orders to the modern needs of philanthropy, to the material and spiritual improvement of the poor, and to the higher aims of theological teaching. It had to make the Church less Italian—that is, less provincial—in its modes of thought and action, retaining all the traditional worth of its Roman locality but at the same time having no nationality of its own, and becoming in truth the centre and High Court of Appeal throughout the Catholic world. Hitherto no progress has been made in the direction of these practical and intelligible objects, while it appears probable that in their stead a new dogma of Faith will be proclaimed, which will assume that up to a certain day in the year 1870, the human race has been left without any adequate moral guidance in Conscience, Reason, or Revelation.

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ART. I.—1. *Sixte Quint*. Par M. le BARON DE HEBNER, Ancien ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris et à Rome, d'après des correspondances diplomatiques tirées des Archives d'état du Vatican, de Simancas, Venise, Paris, Vienne et Florence. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1870.

2. *Histoire de Sixte Quint, sa Vie et son Pontificat*. Par M. A. J. DUMESNIL, officier de la Légion d'honneur, membre du Conseil général du Loire. Paris: 1869.

OF all the Popes who have worn the tiara few merit more attention than the remarkable figure of Sixtus V., the fiery and imperious friar-pope, best known to Englishmen from his connexion with the Spanish Armada. The story of his brief pontificate is crowded with incident and is most instructive, both when regarded as characteristic of the nature of the papal power, and as suggestive of what would have been the effect upon humanity of that spiritual empire of the world which it has failed to establish. It comprises within the brief compass of four years and four months the greatest crisis in the conflict of the Catholic and Reformed religions which then divided Europe—a period during which the papacy was still regarded as supreme arbitress among the Catholic powers of Europe, and when not only the spiritual but the temporal interests of nations were the matter of fierce and incessant conflict in the chambers of the Vatican.

The study of this eventful pontificate has frequently attracted the diligence of the historian. Three authors, who have previously to the writers whose volumes are now before us dealt with the subject, may be distinguished from the rest—Gregorio Leti, Father Tempesti, and Ranke.



Gregorio Leti enjoyed at one time much celebrity, but his history of Sixtus V., like the rest of the works of this writer, who was a deserter from the ranks of the Roman hierarchy, deserves little confidence; it is a mere compilation of loose traditions, and partakes of the nature of romance.

On the other hand, the work published in Rome in 1754 by Tempesti, a friar of the Franciscan order, like the Pope whose life he undertook to write, and whose fame he claims for the honour of his community, was founded on the honest study of original diplomatic and state documents, which he has incorporated into his text. The history is a painstaking and solid performance in two quarto volumes; but the style of the narrative was not sufficiently attractive to attain popularity. It supplies, however, the chief substance of the work of M. Dumesnil, published last year, who has fused together the work of Tempesti and materials from other printed sources into a very readable volume.

Ranke, in his 'History of the Popes in the Sixteenth Century,' was the first to seize in a broad and masterly way the characteristic lineaments of Sixtus V.; and as he enjoyed the opportunity of studying original documents not to be found in Tempesti, his account of this pontificate was a new contribution to historic truth.

Baron de Hübner, the author of the first of the works with which we here deal, has, from his diplomatic position, had access to the archives of the chief capitals of Europe; he also obtained the assistance of the late Mr. Bergenroth in making copies of documents from the archives of Simancas, and has thus been enabled to give to the world a fresh mass of state-papers of the highest interest relating to Sixtus V., published as *pièces justificatives* in a supplement to his text, which is a narrative of this pontificate of extreme fairness, though from a Catholic point of view. The Baron filled the post of Austrian ambassador at the Court of France on the 1st January, 1859; and it was to him that the Emperor Napoleon III. addressed the memorable words, which announced that the Empire was about to break loose from its policy of peace, and to engage in the campaign which drove the Austrians beyond the Mincio.

Baron Hübner's narrative contains a review of the general condition of Italy and of Europe in a most troubled period, and of the difficult relations of the Papacy with the various European powers; it sets forth the consequent perplexities, variations, and inconsistencies of Papal policy, it depicts the hard-fought diplomatic conflicts which took place in the cabinet

of the Pope, and is diversified with antiquarian and curious studies of the state of Roman society, and of the topography of Rome during the fifteenth century; all which subjects are so judiciously and artistically handled and arranged, that the two volumes of text form very various, instructive, and agreeable reading, and are a valuable addition to sound historical literature. Far more accurate than Leti or Tempesti, and less sententious than Ranke, Baron Hübner appears to us to have contributed to the literature of Europe one of the most valuable productions of an age rich in historical biography. His style is vigorous, graphic, and perspicuous; and the reader is seldom, if ever, reminded that the author is writing in a language not his own. We regret that we have not been able to avail ourselves, for the purposes of this article, of the English translation of the work, from the pen of Mr. Hugh Jerminham; but our readers will shortly have an opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with the results of Baron Hübner's labours in an English dress.

M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henri III., who arrived in Rome while the conclave was still sitting which elected Sixtus V., announced to his master that '*un cordelier nommé Montalto*' was now Pope. Sixtus V. indeed began his ecclesiastical career as a friar. He was the son of poor parents. His father, Pier Gentile Pèretti, was, when the future pope was born, on the 13th December, 1521, a gardener at a small village, Grottamare, near Montalto, about fifty miles south of Ancona, in a delightful neighbourhood with a fair prospect on the Adriatic. The family was of Slavonic origin, and had escaped from Dalmatia and the terror of the Turkish invasion in the preceding century. The father of Felice Peretti, as the boy was called, had himself lost everything in the sack of Montalto in 1518, by the Duke of Urbino, after which he removed to Grottamare. Such was the straitened condition of the family, that the mother of the future Pope was obliged to enter domestic service; his aunt became a washerwoman; and it is said that his sister followed the same calling.

The little Felice Peretti is said to have tended his father's swine as a child; however, he had an uncle, Frà Salvatore, in the convent of the order of Minorite Friars at Montalto, beyond the reach of the reverse of fortune which assailed the rest of his family; this Frà Salvatore undertook the education of his nephew, and got him entered into his own convent at the age of nine. The industry, vivacity of spirit,

and powers of acquirement of the boy-friar were soon remarkable. After going through courses of rhetoric, philosophy, and theology, in various convents and towns, he became already known as a preacher at nineteen, though he did not take the degree of doctor of theology till 1548. His fame as a preacher rapidly spread throughout Italy; but it was not till the year 1552 in Lent that he made his first essay in a pulpit in Rome at the church of the Santi Apostoli. As his reputation had preceded him, the audience was numerous and distinguished, and among them were to be seen Cardinal Carpi, his earliest benefactor, Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and Filippo Neri, now a saint in the Roman calendar. It would appear, however, from a fragment of a sermon to be found in Baron Hübner's volumes, that his style of oratory was of the kind which the French call *amplificative*, and rather abundant and ornate than of real moral and religious strength; and that it was mainly his animated gestures and fiery earnest look which made his eloquence impressive with his auditory. That, indeed, is the characteristic of Italian pulpit oratory. He had, however, such success, that his ecclesiastical good fortune dates from his first appearance in Rome, when his talents and character acquired the esteem of the leading members of the Church of Rome.

A great movement of reform was then going on in the bosom of Catholicism itself. The profligate, the voluptuous, and the art-loving popes and cardinals—the Borgias and the Medicis—were disappearing before the earnest zeal of the stern race who awoke anew the sleeping genius of the Church, and evoked afresh the spirit of Hildebrand and Innocent III. The Inquisitor-Pope was in the ascendant, for Loyola and Philip II. had sworn to undo the work of Luther and Calvin. It was from the society of such men as Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., and Cardinal Ghislieri, at that time chief inquisitor, known later as Pius V., the most intolerant and implacable of the new order of Popes, that the future Sixtus V. educated his fiery spirit to that pitch of zeal which made him the greatest pontiff of that age, in whom the spirit of persecution became incarnate, who undertook to war with heresy to the death, and to shut the gates of mercy on all mankind who would not adopt the decrees of the Council of Trent. With such powerful friends as Caraffa, Ghislieri, and Carpi, ecclesiastical promotion was a matter of course with Father Felice Peretti, or Montalto as he now began to be called. He was successively made regent of the convents of his order at Sienna, Naples, and Venice. At Venice he also received the appointment of Inquisitor: and in consequence of the rigorous zeal

with which he supported all the pretensions of Rome in that city, he gained increased confidence with the champions of Papal authority, though he excited hostility among the citizens of the Republic.

After having filled various other offices, he became vicar-general of his own Franciscan order, which he proceeded to reform with characteristic severity. Subsequently he went on a mission to Spain in the suite of Cardinal Buoncompagni, afterwards Gregory XIII., with whom however he quarrelled on the road in a way which left no room for reconciliation; so that he lived in forced retirement during the whole thirteen years of Gregory's pontificate, which immediately preceded his own. He revenged himself, however, during his retirement by bitter and frequent sarcasms on the government and character of Gregory, and when he himself became Pope, he never failed to contrast the vigour of his own pontificate with the weakness of that of his predecessor; he even had a dream, in which he saw the deceased Pope in the flames of purgatory.

Pius V. was the chief benefactor of the future Sixtus V.; there was much similarity of character between the two ecclesiastics, both were ardent, zealous, and austere, and both regarded the persecution of heresy as the highest of all human and divine duties. Pius V. conferred on his friend two successive bishoprics, and paved the way to the Papacy for him by creating him a cardinal in 1570, when he took the title of Cardinal Montalto, receiving from the Pope at the same time the pension of 100 crowns a month, known as 'the dish of the poor cardinal.' Up to the time of the election of Gregory XIII. he was an active adviser of Pius V., but during his long disgrace after the elevation of his enemy, he lost 'the dish of the poor cardinal,' and had to fall back for occupation on his passion for building, which he shared in a humbler way with the great Cardinal Farnese, and other members of the Sacred College. He built the villa on the Esquiline Hill, now called the Villa Massimi, but then the Villa Peretti, constructed on part of the site of the gardens of Mæcenas, and in front of the *agger* of Servius Tullius. He also built a tomb for Nicholas IV. and repaired the chapel del Presepio in Santa Maria Maggiore. To these occupations, and to the publication of a large edition of the works of Saint Ambrose, who appears to have been his favourite father, and whose bold defiance of Theodosius he constantly quoted as a precedent for himself, he devoted his leisure before his advent to the pontificate.

Before he removed however to his new house on the Esqui-

line, a tragic event in his own family, strangely characteristic of the time, and of which the fatal beauty of the famous Vittoria Accoromboni was the cause, agitated all Rome and all Italy. A few years before, when he was named vicar-general of his order, he had brought his sister Donna Camilla and her family to Rome. The father of Vittoria Accoromboni, himself of noble family, was then in search of a husband for his daughter, whose manner, wit, speech, and grace fascinated all beholders, and brought forward many suitors for her hand. The chief of these was Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, a man of terrible reputation, who was suspected of having murdered his first wife, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and whose houses and country castles were mere strongholds of banditti. Though he was fifty years of age and had a repulsive malady, he possessed a strange attraction for and was preferred by Vittoria, who was nevertheless married by her father to Francesco Peretti, nephew of Cardinal Montalto and son of Donna Camilla. Soon afterwards, the husband of the bride was found murdered in the street. Everybody suspected the Duke of Bracciano to be the real culprit, but the idea of exacting vengeance from the great chief of the Orsini, the possessor of two or three houses in Rome as strong as fortresses, and crowded with *bravi* and brigands, filled the city with consternation; nothing less than civil war was in prospect under so weak a rule as that of Gregory XIII. To the surprise of all, however, Cardinal Montalto, after giving expression to his sorrow in full consistory, desisted from following up his demand for vengeance. The adventures of Vittoria Accoromboni, and her own subsequent murder by a kinsman of her husband, form the subject of a novel by Tieck; and this singular tale of atrocity and romance riveted the attention of all Italy. The future Pope, wounded as he thus was in his most cherished affections, had a private incentive for undertaking that merciless war against brigandage and the practice of assassination among the nobility which was one of the great achievements of his administration.

The conduct of Montalto, nevertheless, in the matter of the murder of his nephew, and his retirement from affairs under Gregory XIII., operated in favour of his election in the conclave which met, according to prescription, ten days after the death of his predecessor. For Sixtus V., like many of the Popes, owed the tiara to the fact that he was the member of the Sacred College against whom all parties could find the least aggregate of objections, and to fulfil this condition, absence of notoriety and the possession of a neutral reputation were the most useful qualifications. The old story of the appear-

ance of the future Pope on crutches at the conclave, as a mark of decrepitude, which he threw aside the moment his election was secure, is altogether rejected by Baron Hübner as apocryphal; but no doubt Sixtus V. owed the votes of his colleagues to their ignorance of his true character.

The most imposing candidate before the election seemed to be the magnificent Farnese, the creature of his uncle Paul III., who built the splendid palace now possessed by the King of Naples, and who so nearly attained the pontificate in several conclaves. His relationship, however, to the ducal family of Parma excited against him the jealousy of the Medici, who always succeeded in procuring a combination which resulted in his exclusion. On the present occasion Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, was the rival chief of Farnese in the conclave; and although Farnese at his entry into the electoral assembly commanded the nineteen votes of the batch of cardinals created in the last pontificate, Medici still intrigued so as to prevent his obtaining the majority of two-thirds of the cardinals present—the number necessary for his election; and, after trying various combinations, came to the conclusion that Montalto was the only *papable* candidate whom he could play with certainty to prevent the success of Farnese. By diplomatic manœuvres, he succeeded in winning over Altemps, the chief of the creatures of Pius IV.; by another clever stratagem he succeeded in intimidating San Sisto, the chief of the creatures of Gregory XIII., who had promised their votes to Farnese, so that Montalto was elected by adoration, as it is termed—that is, all the electors, seeing that opposition was futile, voted by acclamation, and renounced further scrutiny. Sixtus V. was thus chosen on the 24th of April, 1585, and his coronation was celebrated on the 1st of May following.

This was one of the shortest of conclaves. The influence of the political factions devoted to France and Spain and Austria was little felt in this election, owing to the intense rivalry of Medici and Farnese. Even Philip II., who looked upon himself as the lay vicegerent of God upon earth, exercised little weight in the decision, although his interest was exerted in favour of Farnese, and he found no reason to congratulate himself on the choice of the Sacred College. The choice of Montalto was, in fact, due to circumstances so unforeseen, that the devout ruler of Spain conceived him to have been, in a peculiar manner, marked out for the office by the influence of the Holy Ghost. The new Pope, at the request of San Sisto, to whose decision at the final moment

he owed his elevation, took the title of Sixtus V. The retired life which he had led before his accession had induced Medici to speculate on the influence he might retain over a Pontiff of his own creation so entirely unused to affairs; but Sixtus V. very speedily undeceived him in these expectations, for the new Pope was well aware that Medici had only brought about his election as the sole means of keeping out Farnese; and he displayed immediately after his election a vigour of character, a tenacity of political and ecclesiastical purpose, and an imperious force of command which none had expected to find in a man now sixty-four years of age, who had begun his career as a friar, and been deprived of all office for the last thirteen years of his life.

Nowhere was the energy of Sixtus more astonishing than in the management of the internal affairs of the Pontifical States. 'Severity and hoarding of money,' he laid down at once as the maxim of his rule. By the care which he bestowed on the financial condition of his dominions and by his reforms, he very speedily succeeded in rescuing the finances of the Papal Government from the ruinous state in which they had been left by Gregory XIII. Many of his measures, indeed, violated the principles of political economy as at present understood, but they were in accordance with the usage and spirit of the age. It is sufficient to state that in less than a year after his accession, Sixtus had deposited a million of golden crowns as the result of his economy in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that he left more than three millions in the treasury there behind him at his death. The possession of so much ready money made him one of the richest princes of Europe. The reputation which he thus acquired for wealth caused his alliance to be eagerly sought for; but Sixtus V. jealously watched over his treasures, and although not sparing of his golden crowns when they could be employed with a fair prospect of usefulness either abroad or at home, yet he carefully kept guard over them, and prevented himself from being entangled in such a way in the schemes of Philip II. and of the League as would squander the results of his economy without results.

Order in his finances Sixtus V. well understood could not be effectually secured unless public order were established throughout his dominions; therefore his very first thoughts were directed towards sweeping the territory and city of Rome clear of the hordes of banditti and the system of brigandage with which they were then infested. In all ages brigandage has exercised a potent influence in the history of southern countries.

The *masnadieri* of Italy, the *partidas* of Spain, the *guerillas* of Portugal, have always been malefactors more or less of the same race—a race scattered throughout the countries on which they prey, and ready in all periods of national trouble to assume the colours of political faction, under the pretext either of patriotism or of authority. In such times they attract into their ranks all the equivocal elements of the population. Every village sends its contingent of rascals—men of loose lives and dangerous characters, at war with law and society. Their adventurous career and their daring create for them strange sympathies in the confused moral sense of the peasantry, who become their allies and abettors in escaping pursuit. In the sixteenth century, Italy was in a condition especially favourable for the propagation and support of this social malady. The parties of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines were, it is true, extinct; the Free Republics existed no more; and the petty tyrants who exercised sovereign jurisdiction in their small territories had fallen one by one; but the traditions of former times were still strong, the habits engendered by centuries of local warfare, and by the military system of the *condottieri* had not passed away; the memories of ancient and extinguished liberties and privileges still survived; and the brigands played often but the part of the ancient *fuorusciti* in the eyes of their countrymen, by carrying on war against the established government. The great feudal and other nobles, moreover, in their private quarrels and in their revolts against the State power, in which they invoked the traditions of ancient parties and of local independence, made league with, and gave protection to, the leading banditti of the time, besides maintaining troops of bravos and lawless marauders in their pay, so that their territorial castles and their fortified residences in the cities were often mere strongholds of brigandage, and their relations with the brigands were those of mutual insurance and support. Of such noblemen in Rome, Paolo Giordano, whom we have already mentioned in connexion with Vittoria Accoromboni, was the most terrible representative; and the public morality of the time was so perverted, that nobles who lived surrounded by brigands, and even led themselves lives of semi-brigandage, were visited with no public reprobation, and some even obtained employments in State service. Ludovic Orsini, the assassin of Vittoria Accoromboni, was a notable example of this. He was at first banished from Rome for an act of *vendetta*, but he lived for many years the life of a *fuoruscito*, and engaged in the service of the Venetian Republic. Giovanni Battista del Monte was another example. Having a

feud with the Town Council of Civit  Castellana, he made a league with eight chiefs of bandits and their two hundred followers, took possession of the town in open day, and massacred his enemies; he would have killed the *podest * himself, had the latter not managed to save himself by flight; after which he became a *fuoruscito*, and engaged, like Orsini, in the service of Venice. The noble, however, who had fallen under the ban of the law, did not always seek foreign service in Venice, Ferrara, Tuscany, Spain, or France; he also not unfrequently put himself at the head of a faction, and bade defiance to the government in his own castles or in those of his family and friends, until he had become sufficiently formidable to exact a free pardon.

Under the government of the unenergetic Gregory XIII., brigandage was carried on on so large and terrible a scale, that down to the middle of the last century, Tempesti tells us, when people wished to characterise a feeble government, and a more atrocious state of brigandage than usual, they made use of the expression, '*Corrono i tempi Gregoriani*,' 'We are in 'the times of Pope Gregory.' The most abominable crimes—murder, poisoning, robbery, abduction, and violence were of daily occurrence. In the capital itself, combats were carried on, sometimes for days together, which convulsed the whole city with panic. The Papal officers were attacked frequently by armed bands in the streets, and the Papal *sbirri* were assaulted at their posts and in their houses, and thrown murdered from the windows three or four at a time. The carriage of Monsignore Mario Savelli, brother of a cardinal, was attacked in open day by four unknown individuals, in the middle of the public promenade, outside the Porta del Popolo, and the prelate shot dead with a harquebuse. Cardinal Montalto himself was exposed on one occasion to great danger. As he was returning home on foot through the streets, followed by a single servant, he found himself in the midst of a skirmish between the lawless young nobles of Rome and the Papal *sbirri*. The Pontifical police had violated what was considered the privilege of the nobles, by entering the Orsini palace, which was always full of bandits, and seizing a malefactor there. As they were leading off their prisoner, they were attacked by a band of the Roman young men of fashion of the day, of the Orsini, Savelli, Rusticucci, Capizucchi, and other families, followed by their retainers. In the medley, Montalto's servant was killed, and he himself escaped with difficulty. The combat lasted for three days, and spread terror through all Rome, the whole of the Roman nobles taking up

arms in defence of the inviolability of their domiciles. Dead and wounded men were lying about within the precincts of the Vatican, and the Cardinal was obliged to procure a guard of fifty soldiers to return home. The strange end of this conflict was, that the *bargello*, the chief of the *sbirri*, was, at the demand of the Orsini family, arrested and put to death. For four consecutive days Rome was in a state of terror; all business was suspended, and all the shops closed; and it was only by the patient negotiation of the Cardinal de' Medici, that the Roman nobles were induced to disarm and to dismiss their hired banditti.

Sixtus V. on the morrow of his election announced his intention, in an address to the Conservators of the city, of putting an end to this chronic state of terror and disorder. In a short address, after an allusion of some bad taste to the weak government of his predecessor, he enjoined them to proceed at once to a rigorous administration of justice, and said he would take their heads off if they failed in their duties. The Conservators retired in a state of abject terror. When the chief of the Orsini, the Duke of Bracciano, the suspected assassin of his nephew, appeared before him, he gave him such a stern look and such a speech, that he thought it advisable to fly at once from Rome. The day before his coronation, he inaugurated the stern reign which he contemplated by an act of unheard-of rigour. He had already forbidden the carrying of firearms in the streets. Four young men, who had served in the troop of Sforza, were found with small harquebuses upon them; in spite of all the solicitations of the cardinals, who represented that no execution had ever been known in Rome between the election and the coronation, the Pope was inexorable. The four young culprits were hung from the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo, at sunrise, on the day after their capture, and their bodies were still hanging when the Pope passed in procession to the ceremony in St. Peter's.

Even before his coronation, he set to work to extirpate brigandage at large throughout his dominions. On the 30th of April, 1585, the Pope published a bull, addressed to every class of his subjects, enjoining them under severe penalties to assist in the pursuit and capture of brigands. At the sound of an alarm-bell or at some other signal every member of the parish was required to take arms. And this bull was further supported by a *bando* of a curious character, when judged by the ideas of our own time, in which prices were offered for the heads of brigands, and every member of a troop of banditti offered free pardon and reward for the betrayal and

murder of their comrades. The Pope moreover organised a new system of police, and, after some difficulty, obtained the co-operation of the princes of neighbouring states, in which the brigands were accustomed to find refuge. To these measures some of the bandit-chiefs made a show of defiance. One of them, Curzietto del Sambuco, with a band of twenty-five, traversed the Campagna, presented himself at the gates of Rome by night, and called insultingly for admission. The guard at the gate came out and attacked him, when he retreated into the church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, fortified himself there, and resisted for some time an attack of troops. After which he escaped across the Abruzzi and joined the famous band of Marco di Sciarra; the two chiefs together then made a fresh invasion, marked by deeds of atrocity, into the Roman States, till forces sufficient were brought against them to compel them to separate. Curzietto escaped to Dalmatia, and from thence to Trieste. At Trieste he relied on the protection of the Empire, but finding himself in danger of being arrested, he managed to seize the citadel, and threatened to blow it up and lay half the town in ruins. After some parleying with the governor of Trieste, Curzietto came out of the citadel, when the governor contrived to drug the wine of the brigand chief and his band with opium, to seize the whole body, to put them in irons, and embark them on board a galley. The desperado was determined not to submit tamely to his fate; during the voyage he and a fellow-prisoner seized their opportunity, and with irons on their wrists and ankles, embraced each other, and leaped into the sea.

Such was the indomitable character of the malefactors with whom Sixtus V. had to deal. But there were among them, as we have said, men of noble descent, who were at the head of veritable armies. Piccolomini, Duke of Montemarciano, of the noble family of Sienna, was one of them, and he had been the terror of the country in the reign of Gregory. Lamberto Malatesta, of the illustrious family of Rimini, was another. He ravaged Romagna, Umbria, and the Marches of Ancona. Not only did he levy contributions on whole districts, but he stormed castles, and even took the town of Imola by assault. After some difficulty, Sixtus V. procured the extradition of Malatesta from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose territory he had taken refuge, and this criminal was executed at Rome on a scaffold hung with black, as was the privilege of the nobles.

The Pope now replaced the former governor of Rome by a man of sterner character, of a spirit akin to his own for severity,

and a set of police regulations were issued for the city of Draconian rigour, directed not only against bearers of arms and harbourers of brigands, but against astrologers, tellers of fortune, cheaters at cards, blasphemers, libellers, and all guilty of suspected practices. Neither high birth nor position in the ecclesiastical profession was any longer a protection. Count Giovanni Pepoli, a man advanced in years and the head of that illustrious family, was put to death for harbouring a brigand, in spite of the great consideration he enjoyed in his native city, and of the earnest intercession of his relatives, the Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este. This ruthless action caused a thrill of horror throughout Italy, and was followed up by hundreds of executions of malefactors of all classes, while the *bando* which had been published, offering prices for the heads of brigands, was of universal efficacy. A priest called Guercino had taken to the life of a bandit, and, with a party of robbers, held all travellers on the road near Terracina (later the scene of Fra Diavolo's exploits) at ransom. He had even seized Antonio Caraffa, the brother of the Duke of Luceria, who was on an embassy to the Pope, and left him with his suite nearly naked on the road. The *bando* of the Pope sufficed for the capture of Guercino, for he was betrayed, his head cut off and sent to Rome to be exposed on the castle of St. Angelo. Another renegade priest, Giovanni Valente, had the audacity to establish himself with a troop in Latium, to harry the country, and to issue edicts in the royal style. The Papal legate had exerted in vain every means to get hold of him, but, after the advent of Sixtus, Valente soon, like Guercino, was overcome and captured by the *bando* of the Pope.

The impatience of the fiery Pope to put an end to this scandalous evil was immense. A year after his accession he complained to M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henry III., that as yet he had only destroyed seven thousand out of the twenty-seven thousand brigands who had ravaged his dominions. His difficulties at first with the governments of the neighbouring states were great. 'Help me,' he writes with his own hand to the Grand Duke Francisco, 'to root out these brigands, who, to the shame of the Holy See, lay waste the country.' But the Grand Duke at first showed no disposition to join with the Pope's projects against the brigands; they might be useful allies in time of war, and even in time of peace he was enabled, by protecting them, to make terms for his own benefit. The Venetians too had made their territory a soil of refuge for all *fuorusciti* from time immemorial, without too freely inquiring into the reasons of their exile, and regarded the right

of asylum as one of the most inviolable duties of the Republic. However, the energy of Sixtus eventually overcame all obstacles, both at Florence and at Venice. The dukes of Urbino and of Ferrara assisted him in his crusade against the robbers; while the Viceroy of Naples had orders from Philip II. to co-operate with the Papal authorities for the same purpose; so that in two years and a half the Papal States were swept clean of brigandage, and the Pope was able to acknowledge with complacency to Gritti, the Venetian ambassador, the reception of a despatch from Philip II. in which the King of Spain felicitated him on the extirpation of the brigands. 'And with reason,' said the Pope, 'since they formed an army large enough to have acted with the Turks or the Huguenots, and to have caused immense damage.'

Nor was the severity of the Pope confined to the brigands alone. He threatened to send Cardinal Sforza to the Castle of St. Angelo if he refused to deliver up two of his grooms who had been engaged in a quarrel in which blood was shed. Nicolino Azzolino, captain of the Pontifical Guard, a relation of Cardinal Azzolino, was executed for having wounded an ensign in his company. A friar, who was accused of trafficking on the credulity of the people by means of pretended miracles of an image in Santa Maria del Popolo, was scourged from one end to the other of the Corso. A priest, Annibali Cappello, who was accused of giving intelligence to the Queen of England of what was passing at Rome, was degraded, led to the bridge of St. Angelo, and there cruelly executed. His hands were lopped off, his tongue was cut out, and he was then hung on a gibbet. Crimes which were of ancient date were punished on the malefactors. The Count Attilio Baschi of Bologna was executed for a parricide committed forty years before. The Roman public, according to immemorial fashion, characterised these acts of severity in their usual caustic way. The statues of Marforio and Pasquin held frequent conversations on the subject of the Draconian Pope. 'Why,' asked the statue of St. Paul of the statue of St. Peter on the bridge of St. Angelo, 'have you your travelling wallet on your back?' 'Because,' replied St. Peter, 'I am afraid of being called to judgment for having cut off the ear of Malchus.' Some young noblemen, among whom were Virginio Orsini, Ascanio Sforza, and Marco Antonio Incoronati, were arrested for having made light of the Pope's rigorous rule, by setting up a row of heads of cats stuck on the points of pikes along that same famous bridge leading to the old mole of Hadrian, and escaped,

it was thought narrowly, with their lives. As for the people, the very name of Sixtus sufficed at times to put an end to fighting in the street; and mothers are said to have quieted their children by saying, 'Sixtus is coming.'

The severity of his rule was well typified by the fact that the carnival was celebrated at Rome with a gibbet at one end of the Corso and a gibbet at the other, in order to terrify the people from celebrating the festivity with their usual violence and licence. It is not commonly known that the practice of throwing *confetti* during the carnival began in Rome during the reign of Sixtus V., when it supplanted the old fashion of throwing dirt and ashes. The punishments inflicted by Sixtus V. for even light offences, were as terrible as those of the Middle Ages; branding, and piercing of the tongue with hot irons, and lopping off the hands and feet were among them. Nor would the Pope endure any sarcastic witticisms addressed to himself or his family. One terrible story is told of him. Marforio asked Pasquin on one occasion why he wore such dirty linen. Pasquin replied, 'Because my washerwoman has been made a princess.' Pasquin meant by his washerwoman Donna Camilla, the Pope's sister, who had just received some new mark of pontifical favour. 'Five hundred crowns and his life to the author of that pasquinade,' the Pope caused to be proclaimed. The author gave himself up, when his hands and feet were chopped off, and his tongue cut out.

Of all the severe measures put in practice by the Pope for the restoration of order in his dominions, none were so strange as that employed by the Duke of Urbino, to get rid of a remnant of the band of Curzietto, which had taken refuge in his mountains. Mules laden with provisions, as though for a ducal hunting-party, were driven past the hold of the brigands; the brigands caught at the bait, and seized the provisions, which were all poisoned. The Duke had the opportunity of making a present of thirty heads of bandits so poisoned, in one batch, to the Pope.

It is with respect to the foreign policy of Sixtus V. that the volumes of Baron Hübner contain, as we have said, the most important revelations gathered from the despatches now first published of the Spanish and Venetian ambassadors. The changes of mind of the Pope as influencing his relations with Philip II., the League, and Henri III. and Henri IV., can through them be traced in a way clearly explanatory of the apparent vacillation of the Papal policy during the eventful years of the pontificate of Sixtus. For nowhere in the modern history of Europe, have such extraordinary, tragic, and dramatic

events occurred in such rapid succession, as during the reign of four years and four months of this Pope. It is sufficient to recall the excommunication of Henri of Navarre, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Day of the Barricades in Paris, the excommunication of Elizabeth, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the assassination of the Duke of Guise and of the cardinal of Lorraine, the union of the armies of Henri III. with the heretic forces of Henri of Navarre, the excommunication of Henri III., the assassination of that king and the consequent accession of Henri IV., a relapsed and excommunicated heretic, to the throne of Saint Louis—to have an idea of the tremendous and incessant pressure of responsibility which weighed upon the mind of the chief of the Roman Catholic Church. It is from the reports of the Venetian Ambassadors of his confidential conversations with them that we see most clearly the workings and changes of his mind in his perplexities. Amid the worry and vexation of his troubled dealings with Philip II., with Henri III., and the League, he found a consolation in unburthening his soul to the envoys of the ‘wise ‘old men,’ as he styled them, of Venice, whose prudence and political wisdom he had learned to appreciate during his stay in their city; and who, like himself, looked with commiseration on the desolate condition of unhappy France, and lamented that so fair a kingdom seemed hopelessly given over to anarchy and ruin. Sixtus was a great talker. He loved to walk up and down the room declaiming against his enemies, and giving vent to the impressions of his fervid genius and character. Gritti and Badoer, the Venetian envoys, were the safest and most habitual recipients of these strange conversations, though the Pope complained that the Venetian Government could not keep a secret: no wonder, for every word of these harangues was reported to Venice and read by the Seignory.

Roman Catholicism, at the time of the advent of Sixtus V. to the pontifical throne, could not yet resign itself to the conviction that the doctrines of Luther and Calvin were not to be stamped out by force of arms, and by the fires of the Inquisition. There was not a country in Europe in which the Papacy and its adherents did not look forward to a speedy and complete victory over Protestantism. Such was the faith or credulity of Sixtus, that he confidently hoped that England, which had been separated from the Roman Church for nearly half a century, was yet to be brought back into the Papal fold—either by force or by the conversion of the Queen. The Pope had conceived an intense admiration of the Queen of England, as a valiant and noble woman; but it must be owned that this admiration was

based mainly on the gallant achievements of Drake, whose exploits in harrying the fleets of the King of Spain, cutting off his galleons, and ransoming his colonies, were the talk of all Europe, and gave Philip many an uneasy hour. The name of *Il Draco*, as he was called in Italy, was constantly in the mouth of the Pope as he talked with the Venetian envoys; and the hardy defiance with which he took the King of Spain by the beard at Vigo, and Lisbon, and Cadiz, was in the autocratic mind of Sixtus V. ascribed to the high spirit and firm government of the Queen of England. Oddly enough, Baron Hübner speaks of the name of Drake as ‘aujourd’hui pres-‘qu’oublié.’ We can only refer him to the brilliant narrative of Drake’s discoveries and victories in the pages of the most graphic and recent of English historians. The hope of the conversion of the Queen of England, who is said also to have entertained a reciprocal admiration for Sixtus, was not altogether the dream of a recluse and a monk; for we read in a Venetian despatch that the Jesuits did really report to him that the Queen had been sounded, and was not found hostile to the adoption of the Catholic creed. Philip, when he heard of the Pontiff’s hopes in this respect, declared at once that they were the vainest of illusions; the French Ambassador declared the same thing,—nevertheless through the French Envoy in England, overtures were actually made to the English Queen; but, as the Pope was obliged to confess to Badoer, the Venetian Envoy, they were not received encouragingly—she laughed outright. Nevertheless, the Pontiff did not renounce hope, and he confided to Pisany, the French Ambassador, that her assassination had often been proposed to him, and that ‘at a small cost; but he had rejected these ‘offers, since he loathed and detested such means’ of ridding himself of an enemy. (Vol. i. p. 371.) This, however, did not deter him from raising Allen to the rank of Cardinal, who was the centre of the Jesuit plots against the life of the Queen.

But the chief theatre of interest—that which Sixtus watched with unceasing anxiety, was France. The miseries of France, which they styled in turns that ‘most noble kingdom’—‘the ‘ornament and right eye of Christendom’—were continually bemoaned in common by the Pope and Gritti; and though the Pope at first, under the pressure of circumstances, seconded the French policy of Philip, yet it will be seen that when he saw more clearly into the real ends of Philip’s schemes, he resolutely opposed the dictates of Spanish ambition in spite of all efforts at intimidation. The distracted and desolate

condition of France, then in the last phase of those long ferocious wars of religion which had turned large tracts of the country into a desert, made havoc with her cities, and plunged the nation anew into barbarism, was, indeed, sufficiently appalling to excite the commiseration of her bitterest enemies. There was, however, one man in Europe who looked on this dreadful state of things with complacency, and that was Philip II., who was watching the game of the Guises, and looking forward to the sovereignty of the whole or part of the country, with a view of consolidating together his vast and straggling European dominions, and of doubling his resources and his power for the extermination of heresy. It was in precisely the year before the election of Sixtus V. that the League had started in renewed activity in consequence of Henri of Navarre becoming the next heir to the French crown by the death of the Duke d'Anjou; and, on the 16th of January, 1585, three months before the accession of the Pope, the famous pact of Joinville was signed between the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Mayenne, and the Ambassadors of Spain, which virtually placed the direction of the affairs of the League in the hands of Philip, while the Cardinal de Bourbon was recognised as next heir to the crown, and the contracting parties bound themselves to unite for the extinction of heresy both in France and the Low Countries. The terror created by the news of this convention operated so strongly on the feeble mind of the vacillating and impotent Henri III., that six months later he threw himself into the arms of the party of the Guises, and signed the Treaty of Nemours, by which he bound himself to interdict the practice of the reformed religion in France, to recall all edicts of toleration, and to deliver up various strong places into the hands of the Catholic party.

The news of this treaty, which had turned grey half the moustache of Henri of Navarre, reached the Vatican just as the Inquisition and the Sacred College were debating on launching the bull of excommunication against both Henri and the Prince de Condé, to declare them incapable of succeeding to the French crown. The Pope had up to that time withstood the urgent solicitations of Olivarès, the ambassador of Philip, and of the emissaries of the league. 'We are not accustomed,' he said, 'to condemn people without hearing them;' but the tidings of the treaty of Nemours decided him. The bull was published at Rome on the 9th of September, 1585. The object of the Pope was to weaken the Huguenot party, and to consolidate that of the Catholics, on

the supposition that the conciliation between the King and the party of the Guises was securely effected and was sincere. It was the first political act of Sixtus with respect to the affairs of France, performed at a time when he was wholly under the Spanish influence; but he soon perceived that he had committed a mistake, and had fallen into a trap set for him by Spain and the League. He had, moreover, acted with a precipitation not justified by the rules of the Church; for the excommunication should have been preceded by a *monitorio* addressed to the parties whom it was proposed to excommunicate, and this formality was not observed.

As is well known, this violent proceeding, though received triumphantly by the League, was viewed by all moderate Catholics with dismay, as an aggression on the independence of France and a violation of its traditions. The Parliament of Paris remonstrated against it in terms both dignified and indignant; while, as is well known, Henri of Navarre had a defiant protest affixed to the very doors of the Vatican, in which he brought a counter-accusation of heresy against the Pope, which he offered to prove in full council; and trusted that God would avenge on the Pope and his successors the injury done to his King, his house, and his blood, and to all the courts of the Parliament of France. The Pope was sufficiently soon aware of the false step he had taken to make him cautious before giving way in future to the solicitations of the ambassadors at his court in behalf of the powers they represented. The chief of these was of course the ambassador of Philip, Don Juan Enrique de Guzman, Conde de Olivares, of one of the most powerful families of Spain, and father of the celebrated duke, the favourite of Philip IV., who swayed for a time the fortunes of the Spanish monarchy. In his youth he had followed the career of arms, and received a wound at Saint Quentin, which rendered him lame for life. His unbending, unyielding temperament, his Castilian bearing and disdain, his complete representation of the type of character styled *sosiego*, which is so much admired in Spain, together with his entire devotion to Philip, made him the most formidable personage with whom Sixtus V. had to deal at his court. The disputes between them were at last incessant and even violent; and though the Pope frequently demanded his recall, he remained at Rome and embittered the existence of Sixtus nearly up to the very last hour. The pensions and sums of money which he distributed among the cardinals, prelates, and great and small functionaries at Rome, in the name of his master, gained him a large body of adherents, and his

influence was paramount in the Sacred College. Gregory XIII. he had completely subjugated; but on the accession of Sixtus V. he soon saw that he must prepare to put in practice new arts of diplomacy and new powers of intimidation. Sixtus V. had ideas of the Papal dignity more in consonance with those of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII., than with those of the feeble Gregory; for the new pontiff soon after his election threatened with excommunication the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, for having issued an edict forbidding the exportation of corn to the Roman States in a time of dearth.

At first, indeed, Olivarès affected to treat with disdain the capacity and ignorance of affairs of the friar-pope. With his immense experience of the world and of state affairs, he thought it impossible that the recluse just promoted would be able to support pretensions which he regarded as absurd in comparison with the power and authority of Philip II.; but he was mistaken. It was the Pope in the end who got the better both of Olivarès and the Spanish King. Olivarès revenged himself by incessantly accusing Sixtus V. in his despatches to Philip of bad faith, vacillation, and of waiting on events for the purpose of inclining to the successful side; but this method of self-defence is not uncommon with defeated intriguers. At last, indeed, carried away by pique and passion, he passed the limits of decency, and in a violent interview with the Pope placed Philip under the alternative either of breaking with Sixtus altogether or of replacing his ambassador. Philip, adroitly managed to save him the appearance of disgrace by sending the Duke of Sessa to Rome as special ambassador, and by retaining Olivarès in the second rank. Olivarès outlived the Pope at Rome, and became subsequently Viceroy of Naples. He lived into the reign of Philip III., when he disappeared from the scene of politics as the victim of a court intrigue; but his memory survived among his countrymen as the great *papalista* of his time.

The interests of the French King Henri III. were under the joint protection of his relative the Cardinal d'Este and his ambassador, the Marquis of Pisany, of whose despatches Baron Hübner also makes frequent use. Jean de Vivonne, also styled De Torettes, seigneur de Saint Gouard, marquis of Pisany, *chevalier des ordres du roi*, colonel of the light Italian cavalry, and seneschal of Saintonge, had arrived at Rome during the vacancy of the Holy See. Although he was no match for Olivarès in subtlety or in resource, he was a brilliant type of the brave and loyal French nobleman of his time. He was quick-witted and intelligent, and devoted to the interests of his

master : of a lively susceptibility in matters of etiquette, in which he always gallantly sustained the interests of France against Spain, while in matters of honour his hand went ever swiftly to the hilt of his sword. He was married to one of the Savelli family, and his palace was the rendezvous of the most brilliant of the young nobles of Rome, who played there deeply in spite of the severe decrees of Sixtus against gambling. The gay and gallant bearing of Pisany was more congenial both to Roman society and to the Pope than the stately and imperious arrogance of Olivares ; and though Pisany, in his difficult and delicate task of representing the complicated and varying interests of Henri III., whom the Pope held in undisguised contempt, had more than one serious misunderstanding with the Pontiff, he retained his favour to the end. On one occasion, indeed, he was ordered to quit Rome, which he did on the instant, saying he would have no difficulty in getting out of the pontifical dominions in twenty-four hours ; but the matter was so arranged that he was enabled to return, with an increase of favour on the part of the Pope, and that very much by reason of his gallant conduct in surprising and capturing by night the crew of a Barbary corsair, by whom he himself had been taken prisoner on his voyage home to France.

The interests of the League were represented by the Cardinal de Sens, and by special ambassadors sent to Rome on the part of the Guises. The ambassador of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, the son-in-law of Philip, and therefore inclining to Spain, and the envoys of Venice, Priuli, Gritti, and Badoer, whom the Pope saw regularly once a week as they succeeded each other at Rome, were, besides the above-named personages, the most active representatives of foreign powers at Rome ; and by personal interviews with them, and from the reports of his legatees, the Pope, who was his own Foreign Minister, gradually familiarised himself with external politics, and arrived at the decisions by which he endeavoured to conciliate conflicting interests, and to preserve in integrity the authority of the Holy See. As for the smaller Italian states, such as Tuscany, Ferrara, and Urbino, they weighed slightly in the balance, although they were from jealousy of Spain, or from reasons of relationship, more inclined to the French than to the Spanish interest. Parma, it is true, on account of the connexion of Philip with Alexander Farnese, then at the height of his glory, was in the Spanish interest ; while Austria, under the rule of the phlegmatic Rudolph, the only great remaining Catholic European power besides Poland—too far removed from the scene of action—was, although inclined to Spain, too

much involved in the intricacies of German politics to take an active share in the diplomatic battles of which the Papal court was the daily theatre.

That the foreign policy of Sixtus should have undergone frequent changes in the then confused state of European opinion, in the presence of the interminable state of anarchy, and with the impossibility of divining what were in reality the aims of Philip, and whether he had the power of carrying them into effect, was not only not to be wondered at, but indeed it was almost necessary that such should be the case, when the strange character of the domination exercised by the Papacy is duly considered. The first object of Sixtus was the extinction of heresy and the preservation of the rights of the Holy See; and to this he was prepared to sacrifice all other interests, as of lesser consideration. He had much at heart, it is true, the welfare and independence of France, and the preservation of royal authority there; but this was an object which he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment rather than yield a jot of his spiritual authority, or lose one chance for the extirpation of heresy. When, therefore, Henri III., by the Treaty of Nemours, adopted the principles of the League, and undertook to put down heresy, it seemed to Sixtus that his duty was plain, since he could support the royal authority and carry on the work of suppressing heretical doctrine at the same time. He therefore frankly at this period supported the King of France; but when he found that the French king not only was lax in his pursuit of heretics, but showed a disposition to accept the assistance of the Huguenots, he withdrew his favour from the royal cause, and bestowed it on Philip and the League.

The leading points of the policy of Sixtus with respect to France were laid down in his instructions to the legate Morosini. They are given by Tempesti, and may be summed up in the following propositions:—

1. The Pope desired that the King should be respected and obeyed by all, especially by the princes of the League.
2. That the king should cease to protect Protestants.
3. That no heretics should succeed to the crown.
4. That the *nuncio* should obtain the execution of his bull relative to pilgrimages to the holy places at Rome.
5. That the decrees of the Council of Trent should be received and published in the kingdom of France.
6. And, above all, the Pope remembered that he represented in his person the common father of Christendom, and therefore he would not allow himself to be won over

by one party more than another, but would lean only to that party which in sincerity of heart would labour for the glory of God, for the exaltation of the Catholic faith, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the establishment of peace.

The duty of playing the part of common father to all the Catholics of Europe, in their state of division and mutual jealousy and suspicion, was one of sufficient difficulty in itself; and when it was complicated with the equally imperative duty of exterminating all the other Christian children who had emancipated themselves from the paternal roof, the difficulty was immense indeed. The whole foreign policy of Sixtus may, indeed, be summed up in these words:—‘I should prefer that the extermination of heresy should be effected by the regularly constituted powers, each in his own territory; but if they fail in their duty, I will give my benedictions and the kingdoms of the earth to those who will kill the greatest number of heretics.’

Such, in fact, was his policy with regard to England. He would have preferred that the Queen should be converted, and that she should have led or driven her subjects back into the Papal fold. He never quite lost sight of this vain hope; but when he could no longer delude himself with the expectation of its speedy fulfilment, after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, he urged forward Philip in his undertaking to conquer the country, and promised subsidies for the fitting out of the Armada. But the views of the Pope, both with respect to Philip and the Armada, and the continual suspicions which he entertained respecting the good faith of Philip, as well as the general turn of his mind, will be best understood from the reports of Gritti to the Doge of Venice during the preparation of the doomed fleet. It must be premised that, like Pius V., his early protector, Sixtus never ceased to have his eyes fixed on the East, and to cherish fondly the idea of organising a new crusade against the infidel.

When Gritti brought him news that the Turks and the Persians had ceased to be at war, he burst out with the exclamation:

‘Here is a great and fair opportunity lost. Now the heretics can all obtain succour of the Turk and do us much damage.’

He lamented,

‘That he had to furnish the King of Spain with so much money—800,000 crowns a year—and he cries, The Spanish galleys do nothing but carry on commerce, and the money of the Church is spent other-

wise than for what it was given. Hence the anger of God, the insults and losses which the King has to endure everywhere; in Holland and in Flanders he takes one town and loses two, while a woman contrives to combine the Princes of Germany and the King of Navarre against him, and finds in herself resources enough to turn the world upside down.'

Gritti enjoins the Doge to keep this report secret. He is struck with the suspicions of the Pope about Philip's schemes. 'It is certain,' Gritti writes, 'that the king of Spain is arming, but not certain that it is against England.' A month or two later the Pope said:—

'I pray that the *signori* of Venice may behave so that we remain friends, and that there may arise no cause for quarrel between us, but that we may be able to aid each other reciprocally.'

Then, pointing to a sketch of the Holy Sepulchre which had been sent him, and which was lying on his desk:—

'We might purchase the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks. They would give it to us for money. But that does not suit us; for we would not have it thought that we cannot take it by force; and although we may not hope to do it in our lifetime, yet we do not wish to let the world believe it is impossible. We should fear also that in transporting the Holy Sepulchre to Rome we should commit a sin, and do what is contrary to the will of God, since it was his will that he should be born at Bethlehem, and that he should die at Jerusalem. We see too that though the cradle of our Lord is at Rome, no one comes to see it; while to visit the Holy Sepulchre many go every year to Jerusalem. They say the pilgrims are ill-treated by the Turks. We must have patience until God sends the man who in honour of His Divine Majesty may be willing to reconquer the Holy City. A man would suffice, for the rest is not wanting. The forces of the King of Spain would alone suffice, if he would employ them for this purpose—he who has so many kingdoms, such revenues, such power. And then he would not be alone; for who would not aid him? Ferrara, Florence, Mantua, Urbino would concur with all their means. With Genoa we know the King does as he likes. And even if the *Signoria* of Venice would not compromise itself openly with the Turks, there would not be a well-to-do woman in Venice or her provinces who would not pay four or five soldiers for the enterprise. There is but one thing wanting; a prince—a Constantine, a Theodosius, an Arcadius, a Lothaire, or such as these. It is the prince alone whom we despair to find in our lifetime; for we see none among them capable of fulfilling this task. However, let us not despair. If he should appear, we have for our part prepared three millions, and before this sum is spent, we will take care to provide more. With the money which these armaments against England cost, this expedition might have been undertaken. Already we have spent thirteen millions, and nothing has been done. The King is growing ridiculous with his Armada, while the Queen manages her affairs well. *If this woman were but a Catholic*, she would be

loved by us above all; for she is of very great worth. *See what a man is Drake!* With his small force he has burnt twenty-five ships of the King in the straits of Gibraltar, and a great number at Lisbon; he has made booty of his fleets, held the island of St. Domingo at ransom, and acquired so great a reputation that the English run after him to share his glory; while his enemies fly from him in terror. This Spanish Armada gives us much trouble. We have unfavourable presentiments, and fear a bad result. Instead of setting out in September last year, as we advised, since in war promptitude is the main point, the King keeps on delaying, and he has shifted about and left the Queen time to make preparations to receive him.' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 388.)

It was, in fact, the ill success of the Armada which changed for ever the good relations between Sixtus and Philip. Of the increasing discontent of the Pope, even before the news of the great disaster had arrived at the Vatican, proof is to be found in the following despatch of the Marquis of Pisany:—

'He commenced to speak strangely to me of the King of Spain and his ministers, and told me that more than 20,000 men were dead of the said fleet of Portugal, and that in the port of Lisbon, by lack of good management, twenty-eight great vessels of the fleet had been stranded, and were all shattered and disabled; and that in Flanders, the Italians who had been sent there in the last year were all dead; so that he saw all things going from bad to worse on that side, and yet that they wanted to make him believe that all was going on excellently; the army was going to put to sea on the fourth of this month (March, 1588), and make the attempt which he knew could not be done without it. And that they worried him to give them 700,000 crowns which he had promised them, but that that was when they should act with good faith and have a good footing on shore (in England), and that he had heard that after the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, of whose capacity or good luck he had no opinion, was chosen for chief and general of the fleet. But that whatever came of the said enterprise, he would take care that nothing should be done either to the prejudice of France, or which could give it any cause of fear.' *

Philip II., indeed, never was the same man after the reception of the news of the loss of the Armada—a darker gloom than ever weighed thenceforth on the Escorial. Accustomed as

* Baron Hübner says (vol. i. p. 397) that the Armada sailed in August, 1588; but it is notorious that its destruction occurred in July. He also intimates that the main object of Philip II. in preparing the great expedition was to vindicate the maritime supremacy of Spain against the attacks of the English. This is hardly consistent with the truth, for the real design of the Armada was to enable the army of the Prince of Parma, then in Flanders, to invade and conquer the country, to dethrone the Queen, and to extirpate heresy.

the monarch was to dissimulation, this time he could not conceal his affliction. A despatch of Hieronimo Lippomano, the Venetian envoy at Madrid, to the Doge, dated 6th September, 1588, gives a striking account of the desolation and dejection of Philip, and the state of public opinion at Madrid. As for Philip, 'It is impossible for the monarch,' he says, 'to hide his distress from the public. He lives quite retired, and will see no one; he has re-made his will, and passes whole hours with his confessor.' In another despatch, dated 27th February, 1589, the ambassador further shows how permanently the king had been cast down by the great blow he had received. Another calamity had fallen on the king, in the form of the desperate illness of his son, the heir to the throne, afterwards known as Philip III.

'The King has felt much this misfortune, as was reasonable, and as has been told me by those who entered into his room, he could not utter a word, only he raised his eyes frequently to heaven, and showed inwardly his extreme grief. Yet, on the other hand, he did everything to dissemble his great trouble, never having ceased to sign and carry on his business as he is accustomed; and he did not even go to see his son while he was in danger, only to-day I hear he has seen him.' (*Hübner*, vol. iii. p. 295.)

As for the court, Lippomano says in the first despatch, they reproached aloud the King for having conceived and executed so perilous a design without listening to any other advice but that of Don Juan de Ydiazquez and Don Cristoforo de Moro. They threw blame on the Duke of Parma, they raised to the skies the merits of Santa Cruz, in order to throw discredit on Medina Sidonia. The public of Madrid were not to be deceived by the attempts to conceal the amount of the disaster which had befallen the Spanish fleet, nor the prayers for victory which were still offered in churches, or by the futile demonstrations made for the creation of another Invincible Spanish Armada. New admirals and new generals were named, but ships and men were wanting. 'Last year,' said the sharp-tongued wits at Madrid, 'there was a fleet without a commander, this year we have commanders but no fleet.'

At the Vatican, the affliction of the Pope took the form of extreme ill humour. One consolation, however, Sixtus drew from the disaster—he had saved his money, his three millions were safe in the Castle of St. Angelo; some subsidies he had lost, it is true, but the conditions on which he was to give the million of crowns had not been fulfilled—no Spanish army had set foot in England—and the sum he had promised to pay over to Philip on that contingency would therefore

remain in his own treasury, and not be scattered over the bottom of the English Channel and of the North Sea. Pisany, the French ambassador, was one of the first to see him after the evil news arrived; he took occasion, as representative of Henri III., who had looked with a suspicious eye on the preparations for the Armada, and had been driven from his capital by the machinations of Philip with the League, to recall maliciously to the Pope's memory that he had never augured well of this enterprise of the Armada, undertaken without the advice or concurrence of his king; and Sixtus, contrary to his usual habit, was silent. The audiences of Olivarès with the Pope were of a more stormy nature. The Pope held his peace till the Spanish ambassador demanded the promised million of crowns at once, on the ground of the disaster and of the want of money in Flanders. The Pope replied the convention could not be applied as circumstances now stood. Olivarès answered at length, that the Spanish king invoked not the letter, but the spirit of the convention. The Pope listened to his statement without interruption, but with signs of impatience, clenching his fingers nervously together as his manner was when he was moved. At last he broke out in fury, and refused to listen to any more demands for money till he had further news of the fleet. The Pope, on such occasions of altercation with the Spanish ambassador, gave loose to his passion in a way which brought about scenes almost comic from their violence; he knit his heavy brows, and descended from his seat beneath the *baldacchino*, and walked violently up and down the room, gesticulating wildly, perorating rapidly, and followed by the ambassador, who was not allowed to put in a word, so long and so vehement and so peremptory was the Pope's outflow of indignation. The high tones of his angry voice were heard even in the antechamber, and his private *cameriere*, Monsignore Sangaletto, remained with his ear against the door of his inner cabinet, trembling with a mixture of curiosity and fear, and waiting hopefully for a calm. In such moments the angry old man was unapproachable, but Olivarès was the only man who never yielded to these explosions of passion, and his imperturbable persistence and system of suggested and sometimes open menace grew at last to be intolerable and even indecent.

'I find,' writes Olivarès, at the conclusion of the despatch from which we have quoted, 'the Pope very lukewarm in showing satisfaction when good news arrives from Spain, and very little affected at the bad. His envy at the greatness of your Majesty and the pain which he feels in expending his money work more powerfully on him

than the welfare of the Church and his zeal for the extermination of heretics. If he promised you subsidies, it was in the hope that the expedition would never come off. When the affairs of the King go wrong, his pride and his arrogance become insupportable; he puts the knife to my throat, and forgets that the detriment of your Majesty turns also to the disadvantage of the Holy See and the cause of God. In this occasion his bad nature has broken out again. However, I keep my ground.

'In order that your Majesty,' he writes again, 'may have an idea of how well the Holy Father understands military and naval affairs, I just mention this, that he wished me to beg your Majesty to give orders that the fleet in passing might co-operate in the siege of Rochelle.' (*Hubner*, vol. i. p. 401.)

Olivarès, in his despatches to Philip, brings again and again three charges against the Pope—bad faith, violent temper, and ignorance of affairs. It was natural that a foiled diplomatist should attempt to justify himself with his sovereign, and to take his revenge on his adversary, for he regarded Sixtus V. as little less, for the little way he was able to make at the Papal Court. As for the violent temper, Olivarès, as we have seen, had some ground for his accusation. As for the Pope's ignorance of affairs too, the ambassador's allegation was also plausible; it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that a man who had passed the greater part of his life as a poor friar, and was withdrawn from obscurity and retirement to be the Spiritual Chief of the Catholic powers of Europe, should at once be a match for the veterans of politics in dealing with the perplexed European interests on which he had to pronounce a decision. The wonder is that a man of sixty-four, with such a previous training, should have been able to hold his own so well. As for the charge of bad faith, this seems to be a mere invention of the spite of Olivarès; the Pope aimed first at securing the interests of the Church, as he comprehended them, in all their integrity; he had at heart also the interests of every European nation, but these he treated as subordinate to the interests of the Church. He never concealed that he was opposed to all schemes of universal monarchy, and wished each nation to remain within its own limits—he had in fact a clear view of the necessity of a balance of power. 'The great Christian princes,' he said, in one of his numerous conversations with Gritti, 'have each need of a counterpoise, for if one of them should predominate, all the others would run a risk of being imposed upon.'

It is a curious trait in his character, that as a politician he had infinitely more admiration for Elizabeth—that is for England—and for Henri IV. than for the plotter and schemer of the Escorial, who aimed at so much and effected so little. In

fact the Popes were never well affected to Spain, notwithstanding its assumption of the championship of the Catholic creed. Paul IV. never spoke of the Spanish king or nation without calling them heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, seed of Jews and Moors and the dregs of the world. Indeed Paul IV. was at one period at actual war with Philip II.

But if Sixtus V. cannot be accused of actual bad faith, at least his political career was full of apparent contradictions and inconsistencies. The explanation of which is, and the explanation to a certain extent justifies the imputations of Olivarès, that he was waiting for events. He did not dare absolutely to reject the overtures of Philip, and risk a rupture with the greatest Catholic potentate of his time, until he could have clearer hopes of the victory of the cause of Catholicism in France. His alliance with Philip he regarded as a *pis aller*, as a last resource if all other means failed of settling his French difficulties. Philip and his ambassador Olivarès perfectly understood the reasons of the evasions and delays of the Pope, and therefore they became more and more urgent in their endeavours to force the Pontiff to commit himself irrevocably on the side of Spanish ambition. The Pope on his part clearly saw the whole bearing of the acts they would have him commit, and the momentous character of the negotiations in which he was involved; a more favourable turn of affairs in France might render the Spanish alliance unnecessary, and in that case he would escape being the instrument of the ambition of Philip, which menaced not only the independence of Europe, but also that of the Holy See. He temporised therefore to the utmost of his power, drew closer to Philip when things promised badly in France for the interest of Catholicism, and drew off from him as soon as he saw any other escape; but in order to preserve his independence as long as possible, he had to meet ruse with ruse, arrogance with arrogance, and to fight terrific diplomatic battles with the Spanish ambassador. The stern and fiery old man was almost unsupported at Rome in this intolerable and almost daily conflict. Most of the cardinals were either bought over with money or won by promises and favours to the Spanish interest. The Pope's consequent isolation, his conviction of the gravity of the crisis, the continual suspense, the renewed trials of his judgment by new events, the incessant agitation of his conscience, affected his health so severely that he wasted away visibly. His only consolation was in intercourse with the Venetian ambassador; he had trust in the wisdom of the Venetian Senate, and Venice and the Pope remained firm friends to the end, while both were included alike in the dislike

and suspicion of Philip, of his ambassadors abroad, and of his preachers at Madrid. In his confidential communications to Gritti the perplexed Pontiff groaned at times under the weight of care which weighed him down; it was no light matter, indeed, to hold oneself as the Vicegerent of God upon earth; he regretted the days of his cardinalship, and even his simple friar-life, when he had not to resolve upon the excommunication and deposition of kings, and the distribution of the empires of the world.*

With such knowledge of the perplexities of the Papal mind, it is easy to imagine how the news of the Day of the Barricades at Paris, and the flight of the King, the proof which the battle of Courtras afforded of the strength of the Huguenot party, and of the ascending genius of Henri of Navarre, the intelligence of the assassinations of the Duke de Guise and of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and of the junction of the forces of Henri III. with those of the heretic claimant to the succession to the crown of France, must have agitated the councils of the Vatican.

The acceptance by the French King of the alliance of Henri of Navarre and of the aid of his Huguenot followers, the admission also implied or avowed by Henri III. and by the chiefs of the *parti politique* and other Catholic nobles of the rights of the Béarnais as heir to the French crown, seemed to the Pope, as it really was, the most significant event in the whole history of the French religious wars. But the Pope was far from taking the view of the moderate Catholics of France; or seeing in this union a conclusion to the horrible calamities which twenty-six years of civil warfare and massacre

* The following extract from one of Gritti's despatches gives an interesting idea of the familiar intercourse of the Pope with the ambassador, and his almost affectionate regard for Venice:—

‘Et questo finito, con la singular humanità sua mi soggiunse, “Ch’avete
 “di Venetia? como stà il vostro serenissimo Principe?” Io li dissi,
 “Stà bene, Beatissimo Padre, et nella nostra città un vero esempio di
 ‘religione, di prudentia, di giustitia, e d’ogni virtù, ma da più esso,
 ‘per mostrar la riverenza che porta alla Vostra Santità et per con-
 ‘solarsi nella vista di Lei, ho questi giorni inteso, che tiene di continuo
 ‘nella sua camera il ritratto di Vostra Beatitudine.” “Così habbiamo
 ‘inteso,” disse il Papa, et mostrò averlo carissimo. “O quanti buoni
 ‘e savij huomini habbiamo conoscenti in Venetia. Andrea Barbarigo,
 ‘Bernardo Giorgi, Dominico Morosini, quello che stava à S. Moisè.”
 ‘“Dandolo,” diss’ io. “Sì,” disse il Papa, “Mattia Dandolo; oh, che
 ‘savio huomo, il Sanudo et tanti altri.” (Baron Hübner, vol. iii.
 p. 569.)

had brought upon the country. On the contrary, the Catholic faith seemed now at the Vatican in greater danger than ever. Morosini, the Papal Legate in France, on hearing of the meeting of the two Kings at Tours, at once left the country, and the Pope seized the opportunity of excommunicating Henri III., not for the murder of the Duc de Guise, but for the murder of the Cardinal de Guise, a Prince of the Church; he then came unwillingly to the conviction that a close alliance with Philip II. and the League had become a matter of absolute necessity for the preservation of the Catholic religion.

The *monitorio* of excommunication against Henri III., which the Council of Venice had done all in their power to prevent, was published in Rome on the 24th of May, 1589, and read in the Cathedrals of Meaux and Chartres, in the month of June. Its effect was immense in the French capital. Henri III. was assassinated in little more than a month afterwards, and though Jacques Clement was the assassin, the Pope may be said to have encouraged the deed, and to have regarded its perpetration with satisfaction. '*A Domino factum est istud,*' were the commencing words of his speech on the event to the consistory, while he refused to allow a funeral service to be celebrated for the deceased monarch in Rome.

From the day of the assassination of Henri III., on the 1st of August, 1589, to the death of Sixtus V. himself, only a year and a few days elapsed, but this last year of his brief pontificate was the most agitating of all. It was a year of incessant suspense and doubt and difficulty, and that of his very worst altercations with Olivares. In the first place, he was very nearly coming to open rupture with the Venetian senate, with whom he had always been on such cordial terms, and who so frankly shared his own Spanish antipathies. On the assumption by Henri of Navarre of the title of Henri IV. of France, and on the acknowledgment of his title by a large party of the French Catholic nobility, and after his declaration that he would preserve the Catholic religion, not only was the ambassador of Venice in France instructed to consider himself accredited to the new King, but the Venetian Republic received the ambassador of Henri IV. On the occurrence of this latter event, the Papal Nuncio at Venice at once left the city; and it required all the skill of Venetian diplomacy, and a special embassy to Rome from the senate, to prevent the Pope from breaking off relations with the first Italian power, for their acknowledgment of a heretic monarch.

The arguments of the Venetian envoys left, however, a deep impression on the Pope's mind in favour of Henri IV., and the

indefatigable Badoer kept continually suggesting the conversion of Henri IV. as the final and probable solution of the French difficulty. 'Let him but be converted,' said the Pope, 'and we will all embrace him,'—happy in the conception of so desirable a conclusion; and when Donato, the special envoy to Rome, took leave of him, he kissed him, and charged him to give the tenderest greetings to the *serenissima Signoria* of Venice.

But the conversion of Henri IV. was a subject which, as yet, the tormented Sixtus V. only dared mention in secret with his Venetian friends. Long before Philip II. had got wind of the fact that Henri of Navarre had made private overtures to the Vatican to be reconciled to the Church, and to be relieved of the ban of excommunication, and Philip had warned the Pope again and again that such advances from Henri were insincere, and meant only to deceive him. The Pope, however, had his own views of the motives of Philip in so warning him, and after the death of Henri III., the Spanish King seeing that now or never must his projects on the French crown be realised, had, through his agents, redoubled his activity in every direction. The great centre of interest in these endeavours would naturally be Rome,—the very chiefest aim of the Spanish King would evidently be to frustrate all negotiations between Henri IV. and the Pope, and the story of the diplomatic conflict which ensued as soon as the ambassador of the excommunicated heretic French King entered Rome, is one of the most curious pages in all the long history of the Papacy.

The Duke of Luxemburg arrived at Rome as the ambassador of Henri IV. in the beginning of January, 1590, and to the great disgust of Olivares and the Spanish faction, was received on the next day but one after his entry. The Duke approached the Vatican with a train of twenty-two carriages filled by French gentlemen. When they reached the palace, the door of the Pope's apartment was closed, the guards were doubled, and the Duke's followers were all requested to deliver up their swords. On arriving at the *bussola*, or door of the cabinet of the Holy Father, the Duke and three of his gentlemen only were allowed to enter. The ambassador confessed that at this point he felt some apprehension; when he entered the Cabinet, however, the Pope was extremely gracious—inquired after his journey, made him sit down, a privilege granted only to royal ambassadors, and listened with patience to his speech, which since it was made in French, he acknowledged he did not understand, and he asked him to bring an interpreter at his next visit. In fact the internal and external manner of re-

ceiving the French ambassador were quite of a different character. On his next visit the Duke ventured to bring forth the name of Henri of Navarre, and to repeat a conversation which he had held with the King, in which Henri expressed his desire to return to the Catholic Church. Sixtus appeared full of joy at the news. The Duke solicited from the Pope permission for the Catholics who served the King to be able to do so without incurring the censures of the Church; and further that the Pope should send to Henri some ecclesiastics who might instruct him in the dogmas of religion. The Pope, without deciding as to the first demand, at once named a French Monsignore who should go on a mission of conversion to the King.

The presence of the Duke of Luxemburg in Rome turned the pontifical palace into a field of deadlier warfare than ever. Olivarès, backed by the Cardinals Madruccio, Deza, and Mendoza, and the Spanish faction, aided also by the Cardinal de Sens, the representative of the League, led the van against the French envoy and the ambassador of Venice; and these two had no other support to rely upon but the secret good will of Sixtus himself. Olivarès and his party would be content at first with nothing short of the immediate dismissal of Luxemburg; but this Sixtus refused bluntly, and the envoy remained at Rome, absenting himself, however, for a short time on the pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto during a time of pressure of the Spanish faction. After all other means of constraint had been exhausted, Olivarès proceeded to hint that his master would adopt that of direct force, and march his troops from Milan and Naples upon the capital of the Holy Sec.

The Pope was greatly embarrassed, as he acknowledged to Badoer, for he had in fact, shortly after the assassination of Henri III., when he was unable to believe in the sincerity of the desire of Henri IV. for conversion and absolution, and when he could see no hope for the Catholic religion in France, except through Philip and the League, sent Cardinal Gaetani as Legate to the revolted party, and proposed a scheme to Philip for a military intervention of forty or fifty thousand men in France, reserving to himself, however, the nomination of a general, and, so far as possible, the supreme direction of the expedition and its results. War at that time with the royal chief of the Huguenots seemed the only way of preserving in France the unity of the faith. Philip had accepted the Pope's propositions with alacrity, and was actively arming at Milan and Naples, to carry them out; and his Italian forces might, as Olivarès intimated, be readily directed on Rome, in the

same way as they had been so directed under the Duke of Alba in the days of Paul IV. Now, however, the Pope repented of his precipitation; he felt that the star of Henri IV. was in the ascendant, and that his gallant, frank, and chivalrous bearing was winning rapidly all hearts in France. The representations of the 'sage and prudent' counsellors of Venice had made a deep impression upon him; he believed with them that Henri was the only possible king for the French nation; he had a reasonable dread of Hispaniolism and the ambition of Philip, and he with justice was apprehensive of the discredit which might be brought upon the Papacy by a foreign intervention undertaken in opposition to the spirit of the mass of the French nation. If Henri IV. were victorious over the League, whose real motives he had always held in suspicion, and whose spirit of revolt against authority had been ever repugnant to him, and if the chief who was battling so chivalrously and so successfully for his right to a throne were really sincere in his protestations of a desire to be received into the Catholic Church, no more favourable prospect could be desired for France and for the Papacy. In his intimate talk with Badoer he exclaimed frequently, 'If Henri become sincerely converted all will be well.' Sixtus V., too, comprehended well how impossible it was for the King of Navarre to abjure his Huguenot creed, while he had more than ever need of the Huguenots, and of the support of Protestant England and Protestant Germany. One evening, at supper, after a long silence, he said suddenly, as though starting from a dream, 'How could Navarre now turn Catholic? He would be immediately abandoned by the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany, and the King of Spain would swallow him like an egg.' The very walls of the Vatican had ears at this crisis; these words were repeated to Olivares and sent to Philip, and both monarch and ambassador strained every ruse of diplomacy and every means of intimidation to force the Pope to carry out his engagements—or rather *quasi*-engagements—for though they had been drawn up in formal shape at the Vatican, they had never been signed by either party. The Pope's object was to gain time, to let Henri pursue his career of victory; and for this purpose he withstood the assaults of Olivares in his cabinet, and the further pressure of the special ambassador, the Duke of Sessa, sent by Philip, with the aid of every ruse and every stratagem. The last months of his existence were one long and terrible struggle with the representatives of the policy of the Escorial.

While Henri was winning the victories of Arques and Ivry,

and advancing to the siege of Paris, the Pope was waging daily in his cabinet not less terrible combats on his behalf. Olivarès made three demands, preparatory to insisting upon the execution of the armed intervention—the dismissal of Luxemburg, the excommunication of the Catholic adherents of Henri, and a declaration from the Pope against the Béarnais, as he was always called in the despatches of Philip. In one interview Olivarès went so far as to threaten the Pope with a public protestation against his conduct in the Roman Consistory, to be drawn up by a Spanish theologian whom he sent for from Naples for the purpose. At mention of this Olivarès says the Pope began ‘to howl with rage’ (*Empezò a chirriar con gran corage*), and threatened to excommunicate Olivarès and all his abettors—it even appears he threatened to have the ambassador executed; and the memory of this interview was long preserved in a tradition to be found in the work of Gregorio Leti, that the Pope had caused a scaffold to be erected before the Spanish ambassador’s palace. It is certain, however, that Philip and his ambassador entertained some notion of calling together a General Council of the Church, under the Archbishop of Toledo, and of deposing the Pontiff and electing another; so it may be imagined what independence the Papacy would have enjoyed if Philip had fulfilled his dream of universal sovereignty. It was at this period that Philip adopted, as we have said, the expedient of sending the Duke of Sessa as special ambassador to Rome. The appearance of this envoy on the scene, who came to demand expressly from the Pope the execution of the proposals for an armed intervention in France, did not change the course of affairs in the Pope’s cabinet. Sixtus V. still eluded all attempts to force him into action against Henri IV., and made use of the scruples of a Pontiff just as a woman does of her weakness, to disarm his antagonists. He complained of the importunities of Olivarès and Sessa in public Consistory. Their last interview with him was on the 19th of August, 1590.

The Pope was then very ill, and was living in the palace on the Quirinal. To revenge himself for the vexation they had inflicted on him, Sixtus appointed the interview to take place at mid-day, when the two ambassadors would have to mount the long incline of the Quirinal under the blazing heat of a Roman August sun. The two Spaniards again vehemently beset the Pope, protesting against the mission of an ecclesiastic to the Béarnais for his instruction in the Catholic faith, and demanding the carrying out of the proposal for intervention. Sixtus replied with violence in a fit of passion; the ambas-

sadors declared that if he continued so to treat them, they would return before him no more; the Pope retorted that they might leave at once. The emotions of this interview increased the catarrhal fever under which Sixtus was suffering; he passed a restless night. After which he grew rapidly worse, and died five days later; it was remarked that as the breath departed from the body of Sixtus V. the elements seemed, as in the case of Cromwell, to participate in his final agony, and Rome was enveloped in a thick storm of thunder, and lightning, and darkness. The ferocious hatred of Olivares breaks out in the few lines in which he announced the death of the Pontiff to Philip. He writes, 'His attack was so sudden that his Holiness died without confession, and worse, worse, worse (*peor, peor, peor*); may God be merciful to him!'

Sixtus V. thus died precisely at the hour when he had drawn forth the hatred of Philip and his agents, and of the Spanish faction in France, to its fullest intensity. Spanish priests had lately been holding him up from the pulpits in Madrid to the execration of the people as the protector and favourer of heretics. Bãndits in the pay of Spain were swarming again over the frontier, to renew the ancient plague of brigandage in as great intensity as ever; and a mercenary rabble, incited by Olivares, rushed to overthrow the Pope's statue which had been erected by the Senate on the Capitol. The Constable Colonna, however, husband of the daughter of the niece of the Pope, prevented this outrage to his memory.

The Venetian Contarini wrote from Madrid:—

'*Serenissimo Principe.* The more the death of the Pontiff is here considered, the more every one is pleased. Everyone speaks of it with great licence and little respect. They think that no one can succeed to the pontificate more hostile to the ideas of this court and less favourable to the party of the League in France.'

The inscription on the base of the statue of Sixtus V. says nothing of the great part he played in the service of the Church and in the affairs of Europe, but it records in the following lines the beneficial results of his administration in the city of Rome—

'Sexto V., Pont. Max.
Ob quietem publicam,
Compressà sicariorum exsulumque
Licentiã, restitutam,
Annonæ inopiam sublevatam,
Urbem ædificiis viis aquæductis illustratam,
S. P. Q. R.'

For besides the suppression of brigandage which Sixtus so

energetically carried out, the wonderful activity of the Pope has other claims to attention in connexion with his own dominions. He introduced changes into the Papal institutions, one of which, the limitation of the number of cardinals to seventy and their division into congregations, remains to the present day; and it is by the immense labours which he undertook in the public works and for the improvement of the Roman city that Sixtus now most attracts the notice of posterity. The chapter which Baron Hübner has devoted to a description of Rome in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and to the architectural works of Sixtus V., is one of the most pleasing and instructive parts of his book. The city of Rome to the present day bears all over its outward aspect the stamp of the sign-manual of the severe and imperious Pontiff. Art was in his reign no longer in its Medicean prime. No great painters and sculptors remained at his disposal; but he possessed a great architect and a great engineer, Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana, and to these he imparted his own fiery energy. He had, moreover, at command a crowd of workers in metal, moulders, gilders and others, skilful in the ornamental arts to a degree of which they have left evidence in the Sistine and Borghese chapels in Santa Maria Maggiore. It was reserved for Sixtus to have, through Giacomo della Porta, the glory of raising the cupola on the drum of St. Peter's, the model of which had been made by Michael Angelo. Such was the zeal that Sixtus infused into his architect that Giacomo della Porta finished the cupola in two years, to the astonishment of the Roman people. But the most interesting account of all the undertakings of Sixtus V. is that left by Domenico Fontana of the erection of the obelisks. There are at present twelve obelisks in Rome; the first four of these were erected for Sixtus by Fontana. This architect and engineer had been discovered by the Pope in the days of his cardinalate, and he attached him thenceforth to his fortunes. Before the time of Sixtus, the obelisks were all overthrown and lying on the ground, with the exception of that of the Vatican, which was still erect in the neighbourhood of the palace, with its lower part deeply sunk in the earth. This was the first obelisk which the Pope instructed Fontana to move. The operation lasted a year, and its success was celebrated with religious ceremony. The obelisk was purified from its former supposed devotion to the worship of demons, an altar was erected at its base, a bishop sprinkled it with holy water and with a mitre on his head stretched his hand towards the stone and cried, *Exorciso te.*

With a knife he traced the sign of a cross on all sides of the plinth, saying, *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*. A cross of iron was consecrated and raised to the summit—the trumpets sounded—the *Te Deum* was sung. The Swiss discharged their harquebuses, and the cannon and mortars in the place of St. Peter's, and on the Castle of St. Angelo, thundered forth in celebration of the event. There are four inscriptions on each side of the base, of which that facing St. Peter's is the most striking.

‘ Christus vincit,
Christus regnat,
Christus imperat,
Christus ab omni malo
Plebem suam defendat.’

The erection of the obelisk in the Lateran was attended with greater difficulty, since it was broken in three pieces; but the fragments were so ingeniously soldered together by Fontana that the fractures are barely visible. Besides this obelisk, that in front of Santa Maria Maggiore and that also of the Piazza del Popolo owed their erection to Sixtus V. The restoration of the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul on their summits, the aqueduct of the Acqua Felice, the fountain of Moses in front of the bath of Diocletian, and several others, the enlargement of the Monte Cavallo, and the transportation there of the fine colossal figures of men and horses, said, but without grounds, to be the work of Praxiteles, the library and frescoes of the Vatican, the *Scala santa*, and a crowd of other erections and improvements, were accomplished by Sixtus during his brief pontificate, though it must be laid to his charge that he showed little respect for Roman antiquities, and that he destroyed the *Septizodium* of Septimus Severus, in order to use its materials in his own constructions.

Impartial history must, we think, determine that Sixtus V. was a great Pope, and that on a consideration of the whole results of his pontificate, posterity owes him a debt of gratitude. Had he allowed himself to become blindly the tool of the ambition of Philip II. it is impossible to say what European calamities might not have been the consequence. If Sixtus V. had suffered himself to be coerced into sending a military expedition into France at the time that the Duke of Parma forced Henri IV. to raise the siege of Paris, there can be little doubt that France would have fallen into the hands of Philip, an immense step have been made in the consolidation of his extensive but disjointed monarchy, and Spain might have

become the mistress of the destinies of Europe. The Papacy in such case would have been little more than the humble handmaid of Spain, who would have disposed at will of the whole enormous moral and religious prestige of the Papal authority for the purposes of its own ambition. The King of Spain would have been the virtual Pontiff. Sixtus V. even sarcastically suggested to Olivarès that Philip, as it was, had better proclaim himself Pope at once. As for France, whose independence, and whose brilliant and chivalrous genius, have enabled her to play so prominent a part in European civilisation, she might, had it not been for Sixtus, have been condemned to many long years of foreign oppression and of horrible convulsions, in the effort to get free from the grinding, crushing, stupifying grasp of Spanish dominion. The long, painful, and courageous resistance of Sixtus V. to the exigencies of Philip II. was thus really a battle delivered on behalf of European freedom, and his victory has proved useful to the progress of humanity. Baron Hübner has, in fact, succeeded in presenting the character and policy of the Pope in a new light; for he was not, as is commonly supposed, the head of the League, and, far from being the tool or the accomplice of Philip II. and the Guises, he held in check their pretensions. Yet he was merciless, vindictive, and implacable, and as his faith in the divine origin of the spiritual tyranny of the Papacy was absolute—he would, had it been possible, have extirpated with fire and sword every Christian in Europe who refused to accept the Papal dogmas. The Inquisition under his rule dealt ruthlessly with every semblance of freedom of thought in Italy, and we have but to look to Spain to imagine what Europe might have become, had the Inquisition done its work as thoroughly everywhere else as it performed it there. Sixtus nevertheless possessed noble and valiant sympathies denied to Philip II., and he confessed, in speaking in the Consistory of his public works in Rome, that he was not insensible to the charms of glory. He was the last great Pope, and would have been owned as a worthy compeer by the greatest of that strange race of men who have successively occupied the chair of St. Peter, and claimed to be the highest incarnations of the Spirit of God upon earth.

- ART. II.—1. *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations*. By GEORGE W. COX, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. In 2 vols. London: 1870.
2. *Tales of Ancient Greece*. By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. London: 1867.
3. *A Manual of Mythology in the Form of Question and Answer*. By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX, M.A. London: 1868.

MR. COX is already well known to classical students by his 'Manual of Mythology' and 'Tales of Ancient Greece.' These carefully executed outlines and sketches, occupied mainly though not exclusively with the mythology of the old classic world, may indeed be regarded as preparatory studies for the more elaborate work now before us, dealing with the mythology of the Aryan nations as a whole. Mr. Cox is in many ways peculiarly fitted for the task he has thus undertaken. A scholar of varied culture and genuine literary enthusiasm, he is at the same time a thinker fond of original speculation and possessing an openness of mind that leads him to welcome eagerly even the most advanced theories of modern criticism. No English writer, perhaps, has pursued with such ardour the new lines of inquiry which the researches of German scholars in the direction of comparative philology and mythology have opened up. He early ranked himself under Professor Max Müller's banner, and became the avowed and zealous champion of his views of comparative mythology. While adopting these views, Mr. Cox has, however, from the first applied them independently to a wider range of facts than any previous inquirer. The value of his researches and results in these respects has been fully recognised by Professor Max Müller himself, who in a letter prefixed to the 'Manual of Mythology' says: 'To myself, the chief point of interest in reading your book was the foundation which you have supplied for the first time from the researches of comparative philologists, and on which, as you have shown, stands the whole structure of ancient mythology. I admire your industry in collecting the materials of comparative mythology which were scattered about in English, French, and German journals and pamphlets. I admire your courage in undertaking, with these materials, to trace the plan of a complete system of comparative mythology. I also admire your self-denial in refraining from giving several interpretations of Greek and Roman myths which, though plausible

‘and attractive, are not quite proof against the criticism of the students of the laws of language. I was really surprised at seeing how much progress has already been made in the interpretation of Greek myths. I had no doubt we were working in the right direction, and from the several pillars and arches that had been laid open by various diggers I felt convinced that in comparative mythology we have discovered a real crypt, underlying and supporting the temples and statues of the ancient gods of the Aryan world. But I never saw so clearly before that the main work is really finished.’ It is impossible to look carefully into Mr. Cox’s new and important work without feeling how thoroughly well merited is this tribute to his industry, learning, and literary power. In the ‘Manual of Mythology’ the plan of the larger work is already sketched. It includes, besides a detailed notice of the classic deities and heroes, a brief review of Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, and Norse mythology, the assumed connexion of the whole with the mythological language of the Vedas being indicated throughout as well as specially expounded in separate chapters and paragraphs.

But since the appearance of the smaller work, Mr. Cox has evidently made a profound and careful study of the materials available for illustrating the mythology of the Aryan nations. And in the volumes before us he has given the result of his inquiries with the ease and clearness of an accomplished English writer, yet with the elaborate details, the exact learning, and copious references of a German scholar. ‘The Mythology of the Aryan Nations’ is thus a monument of learned speculation and systematic research, highly creditable to our national scholarship. Englishmen have indeed been charged with neglecting the wide and interesting subject of mythology, which has recently awakened so much active inquiry on the Continent, and there is some ground for the reproach. ‘Bryant’s Mythology’ still remains our most systematic work on the subject, while of living scholars Mr. Grote, in the first volume of his History, has given the most satisfactory general discussion of Greek polytheism that we possess. We have no native exposition of the whole subject embodying the fruitful results of continental learning during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Cox’s work supplies to some extent at least what was wanting in this respect. He is familiar with the speculations and discoveries of the French school of orientalisks, as well as with the more recent researches of Teutonic and Scandinavian scholars, and his work, both in design and execution, may well compare with

the higher systematic treatises on the subject produced on the Continent. The chief blemish in point of execution is a considerable amount of repetition, the same illustrations occurring in different parts of the work, often more than once, and not unfrequently over and over again. But Mr. Cox apologises for this in the preface, and a certain amount of iteration is perhaps almost inseparable from his plan and general purpose. The work is in fact speculative and controversial as well as expository, the main object of the writer being to strengthen and extend the more advanced positions of the comparative mythologists.

In Mr. Cox's own view this design undoubtedly occupies a foremost place. His volumes are avowedly an elaborate contribution to the so-called science of comparative mythology. He was, as we have said, an early convert to Mr. Max Müller's views on this subject, and since his conversion he has advocated the claims of what may be called the Aryan theory with a kind of crusading zeal and earnestness which must inspire respect, even where it fails to produce conviction. The volumes before us are the matured result of his missionary labours on behalf of his favourite theory, and in justice to the author they must be looked at in the light of that theory. Mr. Cox, we feel sure, would not be satisfied with a mere tribute to his learning, industry, and literary ability, apart from some adequate recognition and discussion of the main positions he undertakes to defend. His book is a manifesto of novel and extreme views, which he claims to have established by an accumulation of convincing evidence. Throughout he challenges attention to these views, and maintains that by a careful induction of facts they are raised from the position of doubtful speculations into that of definite knowledge and exact science. We purpose examining this claim by reviewing briefly the Aryan theory of the comparative mythologists, both in itself and in some of its necessary applications and results. Mr. Cox's work offers a favourable opportunity for making such a review. Its very object is to collect and exhibit in a systematic shape all the available materials accumulated by comparative mythologists in support of their theory, and this is done for the first time in English. Mr. Max Müller, indeed, propounded the general theory with some special illustrations in his able and interesting Oxford essay fourteen years ago, and he has recurred to the subject repeatedly in his subsequent writings. But he has nowhere exhibited the new scheme of interpretation in a complete and extended form, or attempted to apply it systematically to the mythology of different Aryan nations as

Mr. Cox does. Mr. Cox moreover has extended the application of the theory from the mythology to the literature of the Aryan nations.

There is another advantage connected with Mr. Cox's completer exhibition of the whole subject. As he himself intimates, the detailed exposition of the main facts and arguments on which it rests, makes the theory independent—self-sufficient as it were. It stands on its own merits, and can be judged of according to the ordinary principles of evidence and proof. The estimation of the relevant evidence is thus no longer confined to comparative philologists. The real value of this evidence can be determined apart from any special or rarer linguistic acquirements. Whether the new principle of interpretation is valid, and how far it is legitimately applied, may be decided without a knowledge of Lettish or Russian, Norse or Celtic, Zend or Sanscrit. It professedly rests on a solid basis of facts and reason, and Mr. Cox is so confident in the strength of this position that he believes even the more extreme aspects and applications of the theory to be established by the amount of evidence which 'not long hence will probably be regarded 'as excessive.'

What then is the theory of the comparative mythologists? They hold that all Aryan myths are in the last resort mere descriptions of natural phenomena, especially those of the visible firmament, such as sunrise and sunset, dawn and dark, clouds and storm, and that they may be adequately explained by reference to these appearances. They further maintain that the descriptions of these phenomena, which form the groundwork of all subsequent mythologies, are found in the Vedic hymns. The growth and development of myths on this basis is held to be determined by the philological principles of synonymy and polyonymy, or, in other words, the giving many names to the same object, and calling different objects by the same name. In the early stages of language, amongst a sensitive and quick-witted people, different names would, it is assumed, be given to the same object, according to the observer's varied mood of mind, or shifting point of view. Thus the sun might be called from his appearance in the heavens bright, far-shining, golden; from his relative position in the planetary system, chief, head, lord of day, sovereign of the sky; from his influence, the dispeller of the dawn, the disperser of the dew, the fructifier, the healer, the consumer, the destroyer, and the like. Again, where so many names are given to a single object, some would almost of necessity be applicable to other objects as well, and thus be homonymes. In process of time one or two of the

more characteristic names would remain attached to the object as its designation, while the exact reference of the less characteristic names applicable to other objects as well, would gradually be forgotten. But though their primitive meaning might in this way be obscured, the words themselves would not be wholly lost. They would still be retained, in a crystallised form, in phrases and metaphors descriptive of the physical phenomena in which they originated. These phrases or proverbial sayings are, according to the theory in question, the true germ of all Aryan myths. In order that a genuine myth may arise, it is however laid down as essential that the primitive meaning of the leading word or words in these phrases should be at least partially forgotten. As long as Endymion was known to mean the sinking sun, and 'Selene loves Endymion' was understood to mean 'the rising moon looks upon' and 'loves the declining sun,' no myth would arise. But as soon as the meaning of Endymion was forgotten, a narrative partially mythical might easily emerge; Endymion being now regarded as a beautiful youth sleeping in the Latmian cave, and in this way becoming the source and centre of new incidents. The stories of Cephæus and Procris, of Apollo and Daphne, again, are wholly mythical, the meaning and reference of both the leading names having been forgotten before these narratives assumed their present shape, and the physical phenomena they originally expressed thus altogether lost sight of. The evidence in support of this position is that such words as Daphne, Procris, and Endymion are no longer intelligible in classic Greek—cannot, that is, be etymologically resolved—while the cognate forms in Sanskrit mean respectively the dawn, the dew, and the setting sun. The assumption of the comparative mythologists is that we have in these facts a key to the rich, diversified, and animated creations of the Greek Pantheon. It is assumed that after the great outburst of articulate energy in the undivided Aryan race, which produced an unexampled wealth of synonymes, polyonymes, and homonymes, there came a period of dispersion and formation into separate communities, and that the mythopœic age in these communities was preceded by a complete forgetfulness of certain characteristic elements of the primitive speech. While the original meaning of many words applied to natural objects was forgotten the words themselves were retained in descriptive phrases and proverbial sayings, that formed part of the intellectual stock, were a kind of literary heritage, of the race. The early tribe, according to a well-known mental law, instinctively invested all physical objects with life and consciousness, and such

phrases as 'Cephalus loves Procris,' 'Procris is killed by 'Cephalus,' meant simply 'the sun kisses the dew,' and 'the dew is absorbed by the sun.' When, however, the original meaning of Cephalus and Procris was obscured, these names, it is assumed, would be first regarded as real persons, and then transformed into deities. Referring to the different steps in the assumed evolution of myths, Mr. Cox says:—

'In these spontaneous utterances of thoughts awakened by outward phenomena, we have the source of the myths which must be regarded as *primary*. But it is obvious that such myths would be produced only so long as the words employed were used in their original meaning. While men were conscious of describing only the departure of the sun when they said "Endymion sleeps," the myth had not passed beyond its first stage; but if once the meaning of the word were either in part or wholly forgotten, the creation of a new personality under this name would become inevitable, and the change would be rendered both more certain and more rapid by the very wealth of words which they lavished on the sights and objects which most impressed their imagination. A thousand phrases would be used to describe the action of a beneficent or consuming sun, of the gentle or awful night, of the playful or furious wind; and every word or phrase became the germ of a new story as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name. Thus in the polyonymy which was the result of the earliest form of human thought, we have the germ of the great epics of later times, and of the countless legends which make up the rich stores of mythical tradition. There was no bound or limit to the images suggested by the sun in his ever-varying aspects, and for every one of these aspects they would have a fitting expression, nor could human memory retain the exact meaning of all these phrases when the men who used them had been scattered from their original home. Old epithets would now become the names of new beings, and the legends so framed constitute the class of *secondary* myths.'

Having thus, as he imagines, traced myths to their origin in the blended affluence and infirmity of human speech, Mr. Cox says of their development:—

'But the time during which this mythical speech was the common language of mankind would be a period of transition, in which the idea of existence would be sooner or later expanded into that of personality. Probably before this change had taken place the yet unbroken Aryan family would be scattered to seek new homes in distant lands; and the gradual change of language which that dispersion rendered inevitable would involve a more momentous change in their belief. They would carry away with them the old words and expressions; but these would now be associated with new ideas, or else be imperfectly or wrongly understood. Henceforth the words which had denoted the sun and moon would denote not merely living things but living persons. From personification to deification the steps would be but few; and the process of disintegration would at once furnish the materials for a

vast fabric of mythology. All the expressions which had attached a living force to natural objects would remain as the description of living and anthropomorphous gods. Every word would become an attribute, and all ideas once grouped round a single object would branch off into distinct personifications. The sun had been the lord of light, the driver of the chariot of the day; he had toiled and laboured for the sons of men, and sunk down to rest, after a hard battle, in the evening. But now the lord of light would be Phoibos Apollôn, while Helios would remain enthroned in his fiery chariot, and his toils and labours and death-struggles would be transferred to Heraklès. The violet clouds which greet his rising and his setting would now be represented by herds of cows which feed in earthly pastures. There would be other expressions which would still remain as floating phrases, not attached to any definite deities. These would gradually be converted into incidents in the life of heroes, and be woven at length into systematic narratives. Finally these gods or heroes, and the incidents of their mythical career, would receive each "a local habitation and a name." These would remain as genuine history, when the origin and the meaning of the words had been either wholly or in part forgotten.'

At the outset of his long chapter 'On the Diffusion of 'Myths,' Mr. Cox has the following passage relating to what he regards as the common element in solar myths:—

'We can scarcely read the legends of Heraklès and Dêmêtêr, of Theseus, Kadmos, Perseus, and a host of other mythical heroes, without feeling that a few simple phrases might well have supplied the germ for the most intricate of these traditions. Every incident in the myth of the Eleusinian Dêmêtêr may be accounted for, if only men once said (with the conviction that the things of which they spoke had a conscious life), "The earth mourns for the dead summer. The summer lies shut up in the prison of Hades the unseen,"—or, as in the language of the Northman, "She sleeps in the land of the Niflungs, the cold mists, guarded by the serpent Fafnir; and the dwarf Andvari keeps watch over her buried treasures." The tale of Endymion seems to speak for itself: "The moon comes to gaze on her beloved, the sun, as he lies down to sleep in the evening." In the story of Niobê we seem to see the sun in his scorching power consuming those who dare to face his dazzling brightness; in that of Orpheus, we seem to hear his lamentation for the beautiful evening which has been stung by the serpent of the night, and which he brings back to life only to lose her at the gates of day. In the myth of Eurôpê we have the journey of the sun from the far East to the Western land, until Têlephassa, the far-shining, sinks down wearied on the Thessalian plain. Still more transparent appear the tales of Kephalos and Daphnê. Prokris, even in the mouth of the Greek, is still the child of Hêrsê, the dew; Eôs is still the morning; Kephalos still the head of the bright sun. In Daphnê we seem to behold the dawn flying from her lover and shrinking before his splendour. In the Homeric Hymn, Lêtô, the night, dark and still as death, promises that Phoibos shall long abide in Delos,

the bright land. Doubtless she made the same promise to Lykians, Argives, Arkadians, Athenians, and all others who called themselves the children of the light; but the sun cannot tarry, and in spite of her plighted word he hastens onward to slay the serpent of darkness. In Heraklès we see the sun in other guise, loving and beloved wherever he goes, seeking to benefit the sons of men, yet sometimes harming them in the exuberance of his boisterous strength. In the tale of Althaia we read the sentence that the bright sun must die when the torch of day is burnt out. In Phaethon we seem to see the plague of drought which made men say, "Surely another, who cannot guide the horses, is driving the chariot of the sun." The beautiful herds, which the bright and glistening daughters of early morning feed in the pastures of Thrinakid, seem to tell us of the violet-coloured clouds which the dawn spreads over the fields of the blue sky. In Bellerophon, as in Perseus, Theseus, Phoibos, and Heraklès, we find again the burden laid on the sun, who must toil for others, although the forms of that toil may vary. Perseus goes to the dwelling of the Graiai, as men might have said, "The sun has departed to the land of the pale gloaming." When Perseus slays Medousa, the sun has killed the night in its solemn and death-like beauty, while the wild pursuit of the immortal Gorgons seems to be the chase of darkness after the bright sun, who, with his golden sandals, just escapes their grasp as he soars into the peaceful morning sky, the Hyperborcan gardens, which sorrow, strife, and death can never enter. In the death of Akrisios we have the old tale which comes up in many another legend, where Oidipous and Theseus mourn that they have unwittingly slain their fathers.

Here it will be seen that, in Mr. Cox's strongly-prepossessed imagination 'a few simple phrases' are deemed sufficient to explain the complex and highly-organised creations of Greek mythology. These phrases are found in the Vedic hymns—the oldest monument of Sanskrit we possess, which Mr. Cox, in common with the supporters of the same theory, regards as solving the great riddle of mythology, as at once 'disclosing its most hidden treasures.' But the attempted proof of this position will hardly be satisfactory to those who look for definite evidence in support of novel views, and are accustomed to scrutinise it with care. Out of more than three hundred pages which Mr. Cox devotes to the exposition of his theory, about three are given to the proof of its cardinal position, and we must say, that considering the importance of the topic, they are amongst the least satisfactory pages in the volumes. Referring to the Vedic hymns of the Mantra period for authoritative proof of the main positions of the Aryan theory, Mr. Cox says:—

'When, therefore, in these hymns, Kephalos, Prokris, Hermes, Daphnê, Zeus, Ouranos stand forth as simple names for the sun, the dew, the wind, the heaven and the sky, each recognised as such, yet

each endowed with the most perfect consciousness, we feel that the great riddle of mythology is solved, and that we no longer lack the key which shall disclose its most hidden treasures. When we hear the people saying, "Our friend the sun is dead. Will he rise? Will the dawn come back again?" we see the death of Heraklès, and the weary waiting while Lêtô struggles with the birth of Phoibos. When, on the return of day, we hear the cry, "Rise! our life, our spirit is come back, the darkness is gone, the light draws near!" we are carried at once to the Homeric hymn, and we hear the joyous shout of all the gods when Phoibos springs to life and light on Delos. The tale of Urvasî and Purûravas (these are still the morning and the sun) is the tale of Orpheus and Eurydikê. Purûravas, in his dreary search, hears the voice of Urvasî saying, "I am gone like the first of the dawns; I am hard to be caught, like the wind." Yet she will come back to him at the close of the night, and a son bright and beaming shall be born to them. Varuna is still the wide heaven, the god "who can be seen by all;" the lord of the whole earth: but in him we recognise at once the Greek Ouranos, who looks lovingly on Gaia from his throne in the sky. Yet more, we read the praises of Indra, and his great exploit in that "He has struck the daughter of Dyaus (Zeus), a woman difficult to vanquish!—Yes even the daughter of Dyaus, the magnified, the Dawn, thou O Indra, a great hero hast ground to pieces. The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her. Thus her car lay there, well ground to pieces: she went far away." The treatment is rude, but we have here not merely the whole story of Dauphnê, but the germ of that of Eurôpê borne by that same bull across the sea. More commonly, however, the dawn is spoken of as bright, fair, and loving, the joy of all who behold her. . . . Still more remarkably, as exhibiting the germs of the ideas which find their embodiment in the Hellenic Athênê and the Latin Minerva, is the following hymn: "The wise priests celebrate with hymns the divine, bright-charioted, expanded Dawn; worshipped with holy worship, purple-tinted, radiant, leading on the sun. The lovely Dawn, arousing man, goes before the sun, preparing practicable paths, riding in a spacious chariot; expanding everywhere she diffuses light at the commencement of the days. Harnessing the purple oxen to her car, unwearied she renders riches perpetual; a goddess praised of many, and cherished by all, she shines manifesting the paths that lead to good. Lucidly white is she, occupying the two regions (the upper and middle firmament), and manifesting her person from the East: she traverses the path of the sun, as if knowing (his course), and harms not the quarters of the horizon. Exhibiting her person like a well-attired female, she stands before our eyes (gracefully) inclining like (a woman who has been) bathing (Aphrodité Anadyomenê). Dispersing the hostile glooms, Ushas, the daughter of heaven, comes with radiance. Ushas, the daughter of heaven, tending to the West, puts forth her beauty like a (well-dressed) woman; bestowing precious treasures on the offerer of adoration, she, ever youthful, brings back the light as of old." We can but wonder at the marvellous exuberance of language, almost every

expression of which may manifestly serve as the germ of a mythical tale.'

In this extract, what will most strike ordinary readers is perhaps Mr. Cox's power of unconsciously reading into the lines the meaning he wants to find there. Excepting about a dozen short sentences from other hymns describing the dawn, this is all the direct evidence adduced by Mr. Cox to prove that the whole Greek Pantheon, the entire mythology of every Aryan people indeed, is to be found in germ and substance in these hymns. Yet so completely satisfied is he with the evidence, that immediately after giving the verses we have quoted, he bursts forth in the following rapturous and triumphant strain:—

'Thus the great mystery of Greek as of other mythology is dispelled like mist from the mountain-side at the rising of the sun. All that is beautiful in it is invested with a purer radiance, while much, if not all, that is gross and coarse in it is refined, or else its grossness is traced to an origin which reflects no disgrace on those who formed or handed down the tale. Thus with the keynote ringing in our ears, we can catch at once every strain that belongs to the ancient harmony, although it may be heard within the din of many discordant voices.'

'If the greater number of Greek legends have thus been reduced to their primitive elements, the touch of the same wand will lay open others which may seem to have been fashioned on quite another model. Even the dynastic legends of Thebes will not resist the method which has disclosed so many secrets. For most other tales the work is done. There is absolutely nothing left for further analysis in the stories of Orpheus and Eurydikê, of Kephalos and Prokris, of Selênê and Endymion, Niobê and Lêtô, Démêtêr and Persephonê, Kadmos and Eurôpê, Daphnê and Apollôn. Not an incident remains unexplained in the legends of Heraklê, of Althaia and the burning brand, of Phaethôn, Memnôn, and Bellerophôn. If there are bypaths in the stories of Ariadnê, Medeia, Semclê, Prometheus, or of the cows of the sun in the *Odyssey*, they have been followed up to the point from which they all diverge.'

This is sufficiently sweeping. But Mr. Cox is so enamoured with the new theory of interpretation that he extends it to literature as well as mythology, and in the preface directs special attention to the novelty as a contribution of his own to the new science. An outline of Mr. Cox's general views would be incomplete without some notice of his extension of the physical theory to the great European epics. On this point he says:—

'Of one fact, the importance of which if it be well ascertained can scarcely be exaggerated, I venture to claim the discovery. I am not

aware that the great writers who have traced the wonderful parallelisms in the myths of the Aryan world have asserted that the epic poems of the Aryan nations are simply different versions of one and the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world, and the course of the day and the year. This proposition is, in my belief, established by an amount of evidence which not long hence will probably be regarded as excessive.'

'The great epic poems of the Aryan race sprang into existence in the ages which followed the dispersion of the tribes, and during which all intercourse between them was an impossibility; yet these epic poems exhibit an identical framework, with resemblances in detail which even defy the influences of climate and scenery. But if the story of Achilleus, as told in the *Iliad*, is only another form of the legend which relates the career of the Ithakan chief in the *Odyssey*; if this tale reappears in the *Saga of the Vorsungs* and the *Nibelungen Lied*, in the epical cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne, in the lay of Beowulf, and the *Shahnameh* of Firdusi, and if, further, all these streams of popular poetry can be traced back to a common source in phrases which described the sights and sounds of the outward world, the resemblances thus traced are nevertheless by no means so astonishing as the likeness which runs through a vast number of the popular tales of Germany and Scandinavia, of Greece and Rome, of Persia and Hindustan. On the hypothesis of a form of thought which attributed conscious life to all physical objects, we must at once admit that the growth of a vast number of cognate legends was inevitable. Nor is there anything bewildering in the fact that phrases which denoted at first the death of the dawn, or her desertion by the sun as he rose in the heavens, or the stealing away of the evening light by the powers of darkness, should give birth to the legends of Helen and Guenevere, of Brynhild and Gudrun, of Paris and of Lancelot, of Achilleus and Sigurd. All that this theory involves is that certain races of mankind, or certain tribes of the same race, were separated from each other while their language still invested all sensible things with a personal life, and that when the meaning of the old words were either wholly or in part forgotten, the phenomena of the earth and the heavens re-appeared as beings human or divine, and the *Pani*, or Night, which sought to lure Saramâ, the Dawn, into his dismal cave, became the Paris who beguiled Helen to Troy, and the Lancelot who corrupted the faith of the wife of Arthur.'

These extracts indicate the general theory of the comparative mythologists, and its extended application in Mr. Cox's hands. As we have already intimated, the theory appears to us justly exposed to a good deal of adverse criticism. It would, however, be unfair not to recognise what is really good in the method and point of view of its supporters. They have undoubtedly rendered a service to the history of civilisation by their way of looking at the whole subject. Instead of regarding mythology as a hopeless riddle, as a mere heap of con-

fused and unintelligible stories, they have treated it as a problem to be solved, as a phase in the history of the human mind to be thoroughly investigated, and, if possible, scientifically explained. This, it need scarcely be said, is a just and philosophical conception. Then, again, the method they have pursued is the only one likely to produce satisfactory results. It is only by the widest induction and most careful examination of facts that we can hope to reach their hidden causes, and throw something like a clear and steady light on this obscure chapter in the history of human nature and human progress. And although the method, hitherto applied in a very partial and one-sided manner, has not accomplished all its more enthusiastic advocates claim, it has undoubtedly produced some valuable fruit. The researches of the comparative mythologists have more fully brought out the truth, recognised by many previous inquirers, that the early Pantheon of most historical races is the visible firmament, and that amongst the primitive deities in almost every land are found the great luminaries and periodical changes of the material universe. Then with regard to details, the comparative mythologists have resolved the names of several Greek deities and heroes that are no longer intelligible in the classic dialects of Hellas. Their actual achievements do not as yet, in our judgment, go much beyond these points. On the other hand, they certainly have not escaped the perils that beset early attempts to reduce into a scientific shape a mass of confused and incongruous materials. These perils are those of hasty generalisation, rash assumption, and a spirit of intellectual favouritism in dealing with the facts. Mr. Max Müller's fragmentary contributions to comparative mythology are not free from these vices, but they are naturally more conspicuous in a systematic treatise on the subject like that of Mr. Cox. The attempt to exhibit a complicated subject as a whole before the materials for a full and final judgment are collected and examined, must indeed almost of necessity illustrate the evils of immature and one-sided speculation. And notwithstanding the general ability of his work, we think that Mr. Cox's zeal often outruns all rational discretion, and he unconsciously describes as facts what are in reality the flights of fancy. As a natural result, many of his leading arguments are invalidated, and some of his most important conclusions, if not unsound, are at least not warranted by the premisses.

It need hardly be said, that Mr. Cox himself has no perception of any latent weakness in the position he occupies. He continually appeals to facts, claims to build wholly upon them, and requires his readers to accept them in all their integrity.

In dealing with mythology, he says expressly that 'not a step' must be taken on mere conjecture, not a single result must 'be anticipated by ingenious hypothesis.' On this ground we join issue with Mr. Cox and his friends, our main objection to their theory being that it altogether transcends the facts on which it purports to be built. To such an extent is this the case, indeed, that it can hardly in strictness of speech be called a theory at all, being in reality no more than an hypothesis, and an hypothesis resting in part on extreme and inconsistent assumptions. The chief points of their theory are, as we have seen, that the whole Greek mythology, all Aryan myths indeed, may be traced to the Vedas; that they are all in germ and essence physical; and that they may all be adequately interpreted by reference to the material objects and forces in which they originated. After going through all Mr. Cox has to urge on these points, we must say, that in our judgment not one of them is supported by any sufficient basis of fact.

With regard to the first point, that Greek mythology is to be found in the Vedas, our readers may judge for themselves as to the kind of evidence on which it is made to rest. We have quoted from the Vedic hymns the sentences in which Mr. Cox sees depicted the death of Hercules, the birth of Apollo, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Daphne and Apollo, and of Jupiter and Europa. Few probably, except Mr. Cox, or professors gifted with an equally penetrating second-sight, could detect even an intelligible germ of these mythical narratives in such Ossianic utterances. The hymns quoted consist for the most part of the vague, effusive, and metaphorical phrases, the abrupt exclamations and appeals, in which the early religious feeling of a superstitious people naturally finds expression. It is not, however, pretended that these hymns contain any connected stories, any continuous or coherent mythical narrative. As Mr. Cox himself points out, the mythical beings of the Vedic hymns are not only dim and shadowy, but both themselves and their attributes are mutually interchangeable. They have no individuality or articulation, but exchange their evanescent natures, melt into each other, and re-emerge like the broken images of a troubled wave, or the crowding phantoms of a feverish dream. In relation to this point, Mr. Max Müller says that 'the same god is sometimes regarded as supreme, sometimes as equal, sometimes as inferior to others.' As they have no definite character, so there are no fixed relationships between these inchoate deities; the positions of father and son, husband and brother, mother and wife being habitually confounded. Mr. Cox is compelled, indeed, to admit that the

mythology of the hymns is a 'mere mass of floating legend, 'nay, almost of mere mythological phrases without plan or 'cohesion.'

What the theory maintains, however, is that these names and phrases have supplied the germ, and suggested the details, of the whole Greek theogony, and thus furnished a complete key to its mysteries. Perhaps the most definite attempt, towards the verification of this hypothesis is Mr. Max Müller's well-known and highly ingenious explanation of the myth of Cephalus and Procris. This he resolves into a few simple phrases which are traced to the Vedic hymns. But though there are undoubted points of similarity in names and incidents between the Vedic phrases and the Greek story, this does not necessarily prove that the one is derived from the other. That there is no such necessary connexion is virtually admitted by the comparative mythologists themselves. Mr. Cox, referring to the early phrases about the sun, including those into which the myth of Procris is resolved, says: 'Nor 'in this crowd of phrases, all of which have borne their part 'in the formation of mythology, is there one which could not 'be used naturally by ourselves to describe the phenomena of 'the outward world, and there is scarcely one, perhaps, which 'has not thus been used by our own poets.' And Mr. Max Müller, at the close of his analysis, adds emphatically: 'We have 'only to put these four sayings together, and every poet will at 'once tell us the story of the love and jealousy of Cephalus, Procris, and Eôs.' That the names in Sanskrit and Greek should be allied proves nothing, for the languages being cognate would naturally have a number of synonymes in common, especially for such objects as the sun, the dawn, and the like. And though many of these are not now intelligible—do not, that is, occur in their primitive sense in classic Greek—we are not in the least entitled to say that they were unintelligible to the Greeks themselves at the time these myths grew up and assumed their present shape. There must have been a world of oral Greek literature before Homer, and words that are found only as proper names in existing Greek may have been used as appellatives in that literature, or have been known colloquially in the older dialects of Hellas. The analogy of well-known facts is in favour of this supposition. In many myths, such as those of Uranus and Endymion, the names are still intelligible to us with our comparatively fixed and limited means of knowing the prolific Greek tongue, and it is natural to conclude that many more, the majority probably, must have been intelligible to the Greeks themselves in the mythopœic

age. Mr. Max Müller's dictum, that 'it is the essential character of a true myth that it should no longer be intelligible by reference to the spoken language,' is thus opposed, not only to the known facts, but to the rational probabilities of the case.

In support of the hypothesis that Greek mythology is wholly derived from the Vedic hymns, the comparative mythologists make two further assumptions that are inconsistent, if not mutually destructive. They postulate on the part of the Greeks in the mythopœic age the existence of a verbal memory at once supernaturally strong and supernaturally weak, and that too in relation to the same things. The central position of the theory is, that the phrases and sayings descriptive of solar objects and changes were faithfully retained down to the minutest turns of thought and expression, while at the same time the meaning of the more important terms in these sayings was wholly lost. The position is a violently improbable one, and, as we have just seen, one part of it directly conflicts with known facts. There is no proof whatever of the capricious and complete obliviousness attributed to the Greeks, and it is difficult to imagine any rational explanation of such a psychological anomaly. If the solar phenomena filled such a large space in the life of the primitive race, it is hardly likely that the terms descriptive of these phenomena should be precisely those first forgotten by its most vigorous off-shoot. And if the oral literature of the latter actually retained a number of observations about sunrise and sunset, cloud and storm, it is inconceivable that the meaning of the great majority of the more significant words should have been wholly forgotten. Nor is the other part of the assumption, asserting this transmission, more probable. Mr. Max Müller admits that the only mythological materials supplied by the Vedas are phrases and sayings about the sun, the dawn, and the like. But surely such observations as, 'the sun loves the dawn,' 'the dew reflects the sun,' and 'the sun absorbs the dew,' are not so entirely beyond the unassisted intellectual power of a people like the Greeks as to require for their explanation the hypothesis of a verbally inspired tradition, miraculously preserved and transmitted through millenniums of time. Mr. Cox enhances this miracle by maintaining that the correspondence between the original and the derived phrases and stories is in many cases far more close than would result from the direct transmission of these stories from one country to the other. He rejects the hypothesis of conscious borrowing in later times as inadequate, expressly because 'the point to be explained is

‘not merely a similarity of ideas, but a substantial identity in the manner of working them out, extending to the most unexpected devices and the subtlest turns of thought and expression.’ It must be remembered that the nations who are said to have retained this extensive oral literature with perfect verbal exactness had separated from the original stock before the dawn of history; had gone through a long succession of local disturbances, social revolutions, and national change; had survived eras of semi-barbarism during which the art of writing was unknown; had gradually acquired a new language having little more than a radical affinity with their early speech; and had undergone a revolution of genius, character, and pursuits resulting in a moral transformation more complete than that in their outward circumstances, locality, and physical condition. Yet, according to Mr. Cox, they had retained through all these vicissitudes not only the thoughts and feelings and phrases of the Vedic hymns, but a number of independent stories down to the minutest points of subordinate detail. The believer who can accept all this, who can deliberately convert the vague and distant points of resemblance between the mythological and other stories of India, Greece, and Scandinavia into such a proposition as that already quoted, has undoubtedly a faith equal to any emergency—a faith that would easily remove mountains of improbability, and say to the most formidable mass of adverse evidence, ‘be thou cast into the sea,’ and it would be at once ideally accomplished.

But the meaning and substance of developed myths is historically a far more important question than their origin. A national mythology must be to some extent a reflex of national life, and an index of national character. In the case of a highly developed mythology like that of Greece especially, the vital problem to be solved is its actual relation to the thought and feeling, the social and public life, of the people. The solution of this interesting problem offered by the comparative mythologists has at least the merit of simplicity. It is in substance, moreover, as brief and to the same effect as the celebrated chapter on the snakes of Norway. Their reply virtually is that the mythology of Greece has no relation whatever to the character and genius of the people. This decision, while summary enough, will, however, hardly satisfy historical students, who have a firm grasp of the facts to be explained, and are unwilling to see them thrust aside by imposing but empty generalisations. According to the comparative theory, the mythology of all Aryan nations is identical, not only in substance, but in form, except in a few accidental and insigni-

ficant particulars. All myths are mere names and phrases descriptive of natural phenomena, the names being gradually obscured, personified, and deified; and the mythology of every Aryan people following a common descriptive tradition has the same features, and is worked out in substantially the same way. If the theory simply held that among the objects that first excite the wondering admiration, and awaken the religious sentiments of a devout people, the heavenly bodies occupy a foremost place, there would have been no valid ground of objection. For, as we have seen, the great appearances and forces of nature lie at the root and are amongst the prolific germs of most national mythologies. But Mr. Cox is not satisfied with this rational, modest, and truthful position. He insists on emptying the Greek mythology of all its distinctively Greek elements. He maintains that Greek mythology is not only traditive, but blindly traditive; that the great poets by whom it was amplified and enriched simply repeated by rote, with occasional flourishes of fancy, a story they did not understand, and that to this hour all that is vital and significant in their mythology is a thin undercurrent of meteorological description. All that Mr. Cox allows to the poets and mythographers is 'the disfigurement of the original tradition; but he considerably excuses them on the ground that this took place 'without the will or even the consciousness of those who so changed them.' That a scholar and thinker should be capable of deliberately propounding a doctrine like this illustrates *in excelsis* the despotic influence of a favourite theory. Mr. Cox, however, boldly applies the same doctrine to Greek literature. Homer, according to him, simply represented at epic length the same tradition with a few additional disguises and disfigurements of his own. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are solar myths, the main action in both being simply the course of the sun through the sky. These epics thus contain no distinctively Greek elements; they throw no light on the Greek conceptions of heroic character, of military conflict, of social or national life, because Homer was blindly working out a traditional narrative, the real meaning of which he did not in the least understand. In one of his earlier works Mr. Cox seems, indeed, to have had a momentary suspicion as to the sufficiency of this interpretation, and the manner in which the rising doubt is quelled, and the imaginary opponent silenced, well illustrates the false analogies and one-sided views on which so much of his reasoning rests. 'To trace back,' he says, 'the theft of the Golden Fleece or 'the fair-haired Helen to the theft of the light from the sky

'by the dark night; to refer the wrath of the great chieftain
 'of Phthia to the grief of the sun for the loss of the morning,
 'may appear like the reduction of a complicated tale to a form
 'too simple to be consistent with facts. But the objection
 'applies with neither more nor less force to the phenomena of
 'speech, in which it seems impossible to resist the conclusion
 'that the final perfection of the noblest languages has been the
 'result of a slow and gradual development, under the impulse
 'of tendencies and through the instrumentality of processes
 'which are even yet active in every living tongue; that all
 'this wealth has grown by accumulation out of an original
 'poverty; and that the actual germs of language were a scanty
 'list of formless roots, representing a few of the most obvious
 'sensible acts and phenomena appearing in ourselves, our
 'fellow-creatures, and the nature by which we are sur-
 'rounded.' The irrelevance of this reasoning may perhaps
 be best illustrated by extending it to the works of more
 recent Aryan writers. It might easily be applied to any
 modern drama or epic, but we will take as an example one
 of Shakspeare's plays, say 'Othello.' Othello is obviously a
 solar hero, and to the enlightened comparative mythologist
 the whole tragedy is a transparent solar myth. It is the
 grand old tragedy of the Vedic hymns, and its interpreta-
 tion, so far from presenting any difficulty, is almost obtru-
 sively clear. Othello is manifestly the sun, the sun of tropical
 latitudes, the name being, in fact, only another form of Apollo;
 while Desdemona, it will be seen at once by reference to Sans-
 krit, is one of the many appellations for the dawn in that lan-
 guage. The whole meaning of the poem is that the ardent
 sun loves the white-handed dawn; but dark clouds intervene,
 and before they are dispersed, the fair dawn is destroyed by
 the increasing strength of the solar rays. Some short-sighted
 critics have, indeed, supposed that Shakspeare meant to repre-
 sent in this tragedy the working of human passions such as
 jealousy and revenge. But this is a complete mistake arising
 from the non-recognition of the Vedic element, which consti-
 tutes the essence of all real tragedy. If any critic is disposed
 to object to the simplicity of this explanation, to the resolution
 of a highly complex drama apparently charged with intensely
 human experience into simple meteorological elements, the dif-
 ficulty will probably be removed by considering that the lan-
 guage in which Shakspeare wrote had grown 'out of a scanty
 'list of formless roots, representing a few of the most obvious
 'sensible acts and phenomena appearing in ourselves and the
 'nature by which we are surrounded.'

We have seen that Mr. Cox excludes from early Greek literature all distinctively Greek elements, and he does this apparently on the plea that the facts of the case compel the exclusion. But surely in dealing with Greek mythology the character and genius of the Greek people is one of the facts to be considered. It is a fact quite as much as the etymology of Procris, and some may consider it even a more widely influential and important one. On all ordinary principles of reasoning it must be a real and very operative factor in so distinctive a product of the Greek mind as its popular mythology. Unless the laws of human nature are reversed in this particular instance, there must be important national elements in the spontaneous and didactic elaboration of this mythology given by Homer and Hesiod. We find, accordingly, that the more distinctive features of Hellenic life and civilisation in the Homeric age are faithfully reflected in these early poems. Little else indeed is directly known of that age; but from the actual position, relations, and character of the various Greek communities in the earliest historic period, we are able to arrive at some trustworthy conclusions with regard to its general features. The Homeric age was probably, as tradition asserts, preceded by a remarkable outburst of the more active, martial, and aggressive elements of the Hellenic character; by extensive migrations and violent local disturbance; by military adventures and daring enterprises. The whole movement was marked too by a powerful manifestation of the love of independence latent in the race. And this period was succeeded by an age justly denominated from its general character heroic, in which the higher qualities of associated human action were manifested with unexampled concentration, brilliancy, and power. The more concrete and persistent energies of Hellenic intellect and will were then realised, in the double direction of conquest and government, in a race of accomplished generals and captains conducting successfully a series of brilliant military expeditions and adventures, while their powers of organisation and rule were equally manifested in the planting and prosperous administration of a number of petty states connected together by bonds of language and race, as well as by common national objects and aspirations. This martial and political aristocracy of independent chieftains and states was the very school for bringing fully into play those higher civic and military virtues of the Hellenic race which are vividly reflected both in the mythology and main actions of the Homeric poems.

Such a movement would, however, naturally produce a complete change in the character and pursuits of the ancient in-

habitants of Hellas. The early settlers appear to have been devoted to pastoral occupations, to have cultivated the arts of peace, and lived under a kind of mild patriarchal or priestly rule. Their mythology was most probably of the simple form which Mr. Cox holds all mythologies must necessarily assume. They seem to have had a rural Pantheon of deified natural appearances and powers in harmony with all we know of their character and way of life. But the migrations and military activities of the heroic age had the effect of breaking up this early social and religious state. Hardly a trace of its primitive Pantheon is to be found in the rich and varied mythology of Homer. On the contrary, the Polytheism of the *Iliad*, representing the characteristics of the heroic age, is charged with human elements, is instinct with the action and conflict of individual wills, the gods themselves embodying and manifesting in the highest form the civil and military virtues that had come to be regarded as of supreme account. Zeus might once have meant simply the blue firmament, the upper sky, the arch of light, but he had now become king of gods and men, the conscious embodiment of the central authority and administrative intelligence that holds states together, the supreme ruler, the sovereign source of law and order, fountain of justice, and final arbiter of disputes. Athena might once have been simply the dawn, and Apollo the sun, but they were now the embodiments of practical wisdom and foresight, of swift and far-reaching intelligence, having a marked individuality and functions of their own. Athena is the goddess of civic prudence and military skill, the armed protectress of states and cities; Apollo, the god of speculative forecasting wisdom, who divines the destinies of nations, and guides with swift inspiration the higher thoughts of men. And this change, so far from occurring blindly, through ignorant blundering, as the Aryan theory assumes, was the natural result of a gradual but complete change in the popular conception of what was highest and best. Such a thorough revolution in the national life and the national ideal of excellence could not fail to leave its impress on the popular mythology. And the process of transformation, though probably slow, in harmony with the laws of social and moral change, could not, in the nature of things, be the blind, retrograde mechanical movement which the Aryan theory asserts it to have been. Nor is there, in the whole process or its results, any proof whatever of the sharp distinction between religion and mythology, on which Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Cox so much insist, and which is dexterously employed to veil the more startling anomalies, and cover, as far

as possible, the weakest points of their theory. This separation if made at all would be the work of philosophical thinkers in a later and more reflective age. In the mythologic period the primitive conceptions of the gods, already changed in the popular mind, would be still further modified by bards and minstrels, priests and poets, until the dim and shadowy nature-gods of the old religion were transformed into the brilliant council of Olympus, whose debates reflected the deliberations of the forum, the tribunal, and the field, and whose leading divinities embodied in an idealised form the higher virtues of political and military life. Yet in this richly animated product of the plastic Hellenic imagination, the reflex of the more strenuous, active, and brilliant elements of a Hellenic life, Mr. Cox and Mr. Max Müller see only the old Pelægian deities of cloud and storm, of wood and mountain and stream changed almost beyond recognition by the ravages of a malignant linguistic disease, confused and disfigured, that is, by a repulsive jargon of broken-down and misunderstood etymologies. Such is the natural result of attempting to interpret the moral and religious conceptions of a people who have uttered their thoughts and feelings in a noble literature, by the simple expedient of analysing the terminology of their gods.

This points to a radical defect in the method of the comparative mythologists. As already intimated, it is inadequate from its extreme one-sidedness, being virtually restricted to the purely philological side of the complex problem to be investigated. On the other hand, the complete method, and the only one likely to secure satisfactory results, must be literary as well as philological. No doubt philology, largely understood, includes literature as well as language, but in practice, as illustrated by the comparative mythologists, literature is completely subordinated to language. This being a fatal inversion of the natural order of interpretation, is a prolific cause of confusion and mistakes of every kind. The comparative philologists rely on etymology as the sovereign key to all mythological mysteries. How they deal with the literature of the subject we shall see presently. Meanwhile their whole theory may be said to rest, in the last resort, on an etymological basis. But etymology is not the most authoritative, or the most important instrument, even of verbal interpretation. Its results are often uncertain, and when clearly established, they are not unfrequently curious rather than valuable. The real meaning of words in a language possessing a literature must be determined by their actual use in that literature rather than by the roots to which they may be ultimately referred. And as an

instrument of literary interpretation etymology, so far from being indispensable, is often positively misleading, actively mischievous. At least a too exclusive reliance on the tempting suggestions of etymology will often lead to the substitution of a desired meaning the author's words do not contain, instead of a fair exposition of their real sense. This natural tendency is carried to a ludicrous excess by the comparative mythologists. Not satisfied with forcing their own meaning into an author's words, and thus making him say what they wish, they boldly undertake to contradict his most definite statements. Taking their stand on the narrow ground of etymology, they claim to know what Homer and Hesiod meant to say a great deal better than those poets themselves. Homer asserts, for example, that Zeus is the supreme deity, the source of law and order, the founder and protector of states and institutions. Mr. Cox, however, maintains that in the *Iliad* Zeus means the serene heavens, and that what is said of him may be traced to phrases describing their varying aspects, and adequately interpreted by reference to those aspects. But to say that Zeus means simply the sky, because the word is traced to a root meaning light, is not a whit more rational, though perhaps more plausible, than to say the word *soul* means salt water, because, according to Mr. Max Müller, it comes from a Sanskrit word signifying the restless heaving sea. But the complete subordination of things to words, of thought to its instrument, which is the central vice of the theory, comes out most clearly in its application to literature. Homer, for example, says that he means to sing the wrath of Achilles, and for two thousand years readers and critics have imagined that he had really done so. But now we are told by the comparative mythologists that he did nothing of the kind. In the *Iliad* the poet has simply described, at somewhat inordinate length and in highly figurative language, the fortunes of an April day. The old epic, on this view, is in fact a kind of ten hours' bill, describing the labours of the sun through cloud and storm, glory and gloom, during that period of time, and his final sinking into rest amidst a blaze of funereal splendour. In the same way Greek tragedy—

‘Presenting Thebes’ and Pelops’ line’—

is summarily swept away by a few passes of linguistic legerdemain about the etymology of *Œdipus*, *Jocasta*, and *Laius*.

This is really too much. Comparative philology has accomplished on its own ground triumphs as brilliant as they are sound and scientifically complete. And in the first flush of

excitement it was, perhaps, not unnatural that the more ardent representatives of the new science should imagine they had in their hands the key of the universe, that would unlock all the mysteries connected not only with language, but with literature, law, government, religion and society as well. Already we are told that mythology is a mere 'disease of language,' which yields its secret at once to the skilful diagnostic touch of the philological physician. In the same way we shall probably soon hear that all religion is a mere linguistic excrescence, a grammatical deformity, whose innermost nature the philological surgeon will lay bare by dexterous anatomical demonstration. But it is really time to protest against these illegitimate applications of a method sound enough within its own sphere. At least we may claim that Greek literature, the finest, most finished product of concentrated intellect and imagination the world has perhaps ever seen, should be exempted from its lawless ravages. Mr. Cox, however, bundles the flower of this literature, epics and tragedies together, into his philological crucible without misgiving or remorse, and finds as the result that they are easily resolved into the well-known meteorological elements. At bottom they all consist of a few similar and wearisome observations about the weather. It is surely the very irony of reckless hobby-riding that the literature of the Greeks, of all people in the world, the rich and varied productions of the plastic Greek intellect, should be thus represented as a series of monotonous harpings on a single meteorological string. The fact is, as we have said, that mere etymology is of little value as an instrument of literary interpretation. The manner in which a great poet or prose writer uses a doubtful word, the illuminating power of associated words in the context, and of the thought or image they are employed to express, throw more light on its real meaning than the fullest analysis of its probable linguistic affinities, or the clearest extraction of its etymological root. And the idea of reversing, by etymological analysis, the clearly, variously, and copiously uttered judgment of a cultivated people with regard to its own conceptions and beliefs is of all dreams the most incoherent, irrational, and delusive.

The indispensable condition of explaining any mythology, and especially Greek mythology, is a complete induction and exhaustive analysis of the whole literature of the subject. The different myths, as given by different writers, and occasional references to them whenever they occur, must be collected, classified, and subjected to thorough critical analysis and comparison according to the admirable plan sketched by O. K.

Müller in his 'Prolegomena.' The important thing to know is not what the Greeks must have thought and said, which any comparative mythologist, almost any German professor, could tell us at once, but what they actually did think and say. Such a complete preliminary review of the literature might be expected to suggest some at least of the principles at work in the formation and development of the mythology. Something of the kind has indeed been attempted by the Germans for their own purposes, and from their own point of view. But we have nothing in English that can be considered at all abreast of the recent scholarship of the question. We have only expository outlines or narratives of the leading myths like those given by Mr. Keightley in his excellent manual, or partial and theory-guided criticism like that of Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Cox. What we want is an exhaustive critical review of all the Greeks have said about their mythology, undertaken in a sober but philosophical spirit. Mr. Cox's able work might have been expected to contribute something towards supplying this want, but the author so completely begs at the outset the main question at issue, that the idea of dealing impartially with the evidence does not even occur to him. He is so convinced of the absolute sufficiency of the physical hypothesis to explain the complicated phenomena of Greek mythology, that from the first he is unable apparently to look at the literature of the subject except through the 'medium of this hypothesis. He employs the literature only in support of the alleged parallelism between the Grecian myths and stories and the atmospheric phrases of the Vedic hymns. And his way of doing this is so curious in itself, and so characteristic of the one-sided comparative method, that it well deserves a little detailed illustration.

We will take, as a favourable example of the general method, Mr. Cox's treatment of what he regards as the solar myths of Greek mythology. Not of course that these are the only myths with which Mr. Cox deals. On the contrary, his elaborate chapters on the various myths connected with the winds, the clouds, the waters, and the earth, are amongst the most interesting and ingenious parts of the work. But myths connected with the sun necessarily occupy a foremost place in his volumes from their intrinsic importance. And they are naturally selected for purposes of illustration, because Mr. Cox resolves into solar elements not only the central deities of the Greek pantheon, but the great epics of the Aryan nations. Mr. Matthew Arnold, indeed, speaks of the set of modern mythological science towards atmospheric and solar myths as

so irresistible, 'that we can hardly now look up at the sun 'without having the sensations of a moth,' and certainly Mr. Cox's treatment of this part of his subject fully justifies this description. He has evidently looked up at the sun until he not only has the sensations, but has fallen mentally into the habits, of a moth. The light of the central mythological luminary is so attractive, that his imagination eddies, as it were, around it until it is almost lost in the blaze. And so dazzling is the effect of the blended light and motion, that when he turns away for a moment to look at other things he sees not the real object but a solar spectrum which effectually conceals it. Wherever he turns his eye these solar spectra in brighter or darker tints reappear, confusing the outlines and destroying the local colour of almost every object within the field of mental vision. Of course in these cases the image really perceived is in the organ, not in the object of sight, and shifts with its shifting gaze. To a mental eye thus blinded with excessive solar radiance it is not in the least surprising that almost all the more important myths should appear to be solar myths, or that throughout the whole of Greek poetry the leading event of every epic and tragedy should be a solar action, and the more important personages solar heroes. But for this partial disturbance and paralysis of intellectual vision, so able a man as Mr. Cox could hardly have adopted a plan so transparently fallacious in the attempted verification of the solar hypothesis. The plan may be described in a few words. It consists in abstracting from Greek mythological and heroic story the activities and characteristics of the leading personages, and appropriating them without a word of explanation or defence to the solar system, until the sun becomes the centre not only of all higher physical influences, but of all moral attributes and human qualities as well. Having obtained by this silent usurpation of moral qualities a descriptive cycle of sufficient flexibility and extent, Mr. Cox boldly proceeds to apply it as an independent test to the very literature from which it was originally derived. To those who are not in the secret as to the formation of the test, the resulting coincidences are no doubt in many cases striking, and the process of verification appears to wear an imposing aspect. But to the initiated the result is much more amusing than strange. That descriptive phrases and narrative outlines, derived from the career of Perseus and Bellerophon, of Achilles and Ulysses, should be found when reapplied in a general form to fit the history of these heroes is not of course so very surprising. The real wonder would be the other way—if they did not fit.

A single extract will suffice to illustrate the process, and lay bare the simple but transparent scheme of verification.

'The most fruitful source of mythical phrases would be found undoubtedly in the daily or yearly course of the lord of day. In the thought of these early ages the sun was the child of night, or darkness; the dawn came before he was born, and died as he rose in the heavens. He strangled the serpents of the night; he went forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and like a giant to run his course. He had to do battle with clouds and storms. Sometimes his light grew dim under their gloomy veil, and the children of men shuddered at the wrath of the hidden sun. Sometimes his ray broke forth only, after brief splendour, to sink beneath a deeper darkness; sometimes he burst forth at the end of his course, trampling on the clouds which had dimmed his brilliance, and bathing his pathway with blood. Sometimes, beneath mountains of clouds and vapours, he plunged into the leaden sea. Sometimes he looked lovingly on the face of his mother or his bride, who came to greet him at his journey's end. Sometimes he was the lord of heaven and of light, irresistible in his divine strength; sometimes he toiled for others, not for himself, in hard unwilling servitude. His light and heat might give life or destroy it. His chariot might scorch the regions over which it passed; his flaming fire might burn up all who dared to look with prying eyes into his dazzling treasure-house. He might be the child destined to slay his parents, or to be united at the last in an unspeakable peace to the bright dawn who for brief space had gladdened his path in the morning. He might be the friend of the children of men, and the remorseless foe of those powers of darkness who had stolen away his bride. He might be a warrior whose eye strikes terror into his enemies, or a wise chieftain skilled in deep and hidden knowledge. Sometimes he might appear as a glorious being doomed to an early death, which no power could avert or delay. Sometimes grievous hardships and desperate conflicts might be followed by a longer season of serene repose. Wherever he went, men might welcome him in love, or shrink from him in fear and anguish. He would have many brides in many lands, and his offspring would assume aspects beautiful, strange, or horrible. His course might be brilliant and beneficent, or gloomy, sullen, and capricious. As compelled to toil for others, he would be said to fight in quarrels not his own; or he might for a time withhold the aid of an arm which no enemy could withstand. He might be the destroyer of all whom he loved, he might slay the dawn with his kindling rays, he might scorch the fruits who were his children; he might woo the deep blue sky, the bride of heaven itself, and an inevitable doom might bind his limbs on the blazing wheel for ever and ever.'

In the second sentence of this extract, if instead 'of the 'thought of these early ages,' we substitute 'Mr. Cox's 'thought illuminated by his familiarity with Greek heroic 'story,' we shall have a much truer account of what follows. It will hardly be denied that a great part of the description is

derived immediately from Greek story, and the outlines of special heroic incidents not included in this comprehensive generalisation are given in other similar passages far too numerous for quotation. Of course, with such tests at hand, the process of verification is easy enough, far too easy in fact. It would be difficult to find or even imagine a case to which it would not apply. Every hero, for example, is born and dies; and, as the sun rises and sets, here is a striking coincidence to begin with. Again, every warrior fights for himself or others, with a common weapon or a peculiar one, and experiences either victory or defeat; and on either of these different alternatives he is equally a solar hero. Again, with regard to his character and his circumstances, he is either prosperous or unfortunate, gay or gloomy, magnanimous or revengeful, social or solitary; and in either of these alternatives he is equally a solar hero, for the sun is at once each and all of these things. Then with regard to his relationships, he is either a lover and bridegroom or rejected and disconsolate, married or single, father or son, has offspring or has not, is monarch or subject, oppressor or oppressed; and on either alternative he is equally a solar hero, for the sun sustains at once each and all of these contradictory relationships. In short, Mr. Cox might be safely challenged to produce a hero from literature or life that is not on these terms a solar hero. Any hero anywhere must have some distinguishing qualities, must be doing or suffering something, and, whatever his character or lot, he is already provided for by the wholesale transference of all human action and passion to the solar system. When stripped of special details and literary embellishments, the method of solar verification is thus of extreme and even obtrusive simplicity. It consists in making a brief abstract of a hero's character and career, fathering the descriptive outline on the primitive race with the designation of solar, and then applying the outline to the hero's actual history, and identifying his name with the solar assumption. And this curious mixture of supposititious facts and circular reasonings is by a singular misnomer called science.

Mr. Cox takes special credit for the wide literary application of which the solar theory is susceptible. As we have seen, this is quite true, and it is one of its most fatal characteristics. It admits of wider applications indeed than any Mr. Cox has attempted. There is no reason why it should be restricted to distant lands, heroic ages, and early literature. It applies equally to all lands, all ages, and all literatures. It includes not only the early epics of the Aryan nations, but the whole of their literature, modern as well as ancient. It may be illus-

trated at will from the whole world of poetry and fiction. Modern epics, such as the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' 'The Fairy Queen,' and 'Paradise Lost,' are transparent solar narratives. Modern dramas are equally subject to the omnipotent sway of the same flexible hypothesis. We have already exemplified this in the case of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, but it might easily be applied in the same way to all the rest. His tragedies are all solar tragedies, and his comedies solar comedies. This is as true of Scott and Byron as of Shakspeare. Fitz-James in the 'Lady of the Lake' is obviously a solar hero. He is a monarch disguised or obscured, as the sun is when overshadowed with clouds. He fights with Roderick Dhu or Black Roderick, the serpent or dragon of darkness, on behalf of a maiden called Blanche, one of the many names for the fair white-handed dawn. In fact, all the particulars of his appearance and career, down to the dress he wears and the weapon he uses, are significantly solar. The theory applies, however, not only to poetry proper but to fiction. The leading characters in all modern novels are transparently astronomical. Mr. Dickens' heroes are all solar heroes, and his villains solar villains. In fact, we could undertake to apply the theory to any modern poem or novel with quite as much plausibility as Mr. Cox applies it to the Iliad and the Odyssey.

But in the same way there is no reason why the theory should not be extended from fiction to history, from the imaginative representation of human action to human action itself. On Mr. Cox's principles it would be comparatively easy to show that all great historical struggles, such as the Persian and Punic wars, the Crusaders and the Reformation, are simply solar conflicts. If Homer was unconsciously depicting a solar event when he himself thought he was describing a war between the Greeks and the Trojans, the Crusaders may simply have been giving a practical illustration of the same solar struggle when they thought they were fighting for the recovery of the Holy City and Sepulchre. The same explanation may be offered of every important civil, religious, or international conflict in ancient or modern times. What applies to these conflicts of course applies also to their leaders. With this theory in our hands the proof that all great soldiers and generals, leaders of opinion, and reformers of every kind are mere solar heroes is perfectly easy. Dupuis had indeed anticipated the comparative mythologists in proving that Christ Himself is the sun, and the twelve Apostles the twelve signs of the zodiac. A French ecclesiastic, again, has recently demonstrated, by an etymological analysis of the names and a copious induction of

coincidences, that Bonaparte was a solar hero, and he has done this with an exactness of detail that must more than satisfy the supporters of the Aryan theory. But the same kind of proof might easily be applied to any other modern general or hero. Take Garibaldi, for example. The proofs that he is a solar hero are unusually strong, the solar character of his whole career being at once apparent. He is a rarely-gifted and magnanimous being, who achieves victories at once so brilliant and beneficent as irresistibly to recall the bright course and reviving beams of the sun. He fights, not for himself but for others, on behalf of a favoured land and classic race. Everywhere he is victorious, everywhere his enemies fly at his approach, as heavy clouds are scattered by the rising sun. He is reputed to be invulnerable, but after exposing himself with impunity amidst showers of bullets, is at length wounded in the foot. Dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, he retires from the conflict as the sun hides himself behind dark clouds. But in the crisis of the struggle he reappears, and almost single-handed dissipates the clouds, effects a mighty revolution, wins an important kingdom, and virtually closes a prolonged war. After this he leaves the scene of his triumphs, and retires for seclusion and repose to a rocky island in the Mediterranean Sea, just as the sun at the close of a stormy day sinks peacefully to rest behind the western wave. It is quite clear that in these events we simply have the career of Achilles repeated, and the career of Achilles, as we know, simply represents the course of the sun through the sky. In short, on this theory all literature and all history are only pale reflexes of astronomical phenomena—are solar, that is, in form and substance, essence and end. This is the extreme but legitimate application of the solar theory, and it need hardly be said that it is utterly useless for all purposes of rational explanation. A Lesbian rule of such absolute incertitude is of no value whatever—can measure nothing, and be applied to no really useful purpose.

We have only space to glance at some further special results of the solar theory. Mr. Cox, indeed, protests against adverse reasoning from results on the ground that science is absolute, and that scientific principles must therefore be accepted irrespective of the conclusions to which they lead. This view of science, it need hardly be said, is perfectly just. When a principle is established as really scientific, it must be accepted with all its legitimate consequences, no matter how unwelcome they may be, or how much they may clash with our cherished notions and beliefs. But what is thus true of science is not in the least true of mere hypothesis. We are not only entitled

to look an hypothesis fairly in the face, and examine it thoroughly all round, but we are bound to adopt this course as one means of testing its legitimacy. Accordingly Mr. Cox himself habitually reasons from results in advocating his favourite theory. One of his most powerful arguments in favour of the solar hypothesis is that it explains much that is repulsive and even odious in Greek mythology. 'According to this argument, all that is degrading or morally offensive in Hellenic myths arises from the unconscious perversion of phrases in themselves not only pure, but beautiful and true. 'All its disagreeable features,' says Mr. Cox, 'are simply distortions, caused by forgetting the original meaning of words; and when these are removed, we shall see only things true and beautiful, lovely and of good report.' This is, in fact, Mr. Cox's main general argument in favour of the Aryan system of interpretation. He recurs to it again and again in his earlier works as well as in the volumes before us. It figures largely in the 'Manual of Mythology,' the leading object of the work being to impress on the minds of the young this purer explanation of Greek myths. In Mr. Cox's hands the argument is thus one of the main pillars of the whole hypothesis.

But while as a mere reasoning from results it is of course perfectly legitimate, the argument itself appears to us worthless from a complete misconception and misinterpretation of the facts on which it is founded. The plea is that the earlier Aryan myths or mythical phrases are pure and simple expressions of natural feelings and appearances, while the later myths are in many cases immoral and corrupt. The reverse of these positions would, it appears to us, be far nearer the real truth. First, with regard to the alleged beauty, purity, and simplicity of the early phrases or primitive myths, Mr. Cox and Mr. Max Müller maintain strongly that in such phrases as 'Cephalus loves Procris,' 'Cephalus kills Procris,' the early Aryans meant exactly what they said. The language is not in any sense metaphorical but absolutely plain and literal. In other words, they projected their own experience into nature, investing all inanimate objects with life and feeling, consciousness and volition. If this were so, it is clear that they must have carried over to solar phenomena their own innermost notions of love and hatred, joy and sorrow, pursuit and desertion, life and death, and that the phrase 'Cephalus killed Procris' conveyed to their mind the conscious extinction of life in one being by another. They could conceive of solar objects and actions only in terms of their own experience, and as actually realised in their own thoughts, the killing of Procris by

Cephalus would be exactly equivalent to the violent taking of life amongst each other. Killing with them meant just taking away life and nothing more, and so of all other terms of human passion and action applied in these early times to solar phenomena: they were realised not in a metaphorical, but in a literal way.

On the other hand, such expressions amongst a cultivated, imaginative, and reflective people like the Greeks, must have had, even in early times, something of a figurative and metaphorical sense. There is a conscious or visible working of imagination on certain strong elements of feeling that almost necessarily gave to the developed myths something of an ideal and poetical cast. And though no doubt, in some cases, the myth-making faculty may have worked in part with materials not fully understood, the simple feeling of the unreflective would accept the resulting story not only without suspicion but in the most perfect reliance on its purity and truth. The more reflecting would have reconciling hypotheses or explanations for whatever might at first sight appear coarse or sensual in the popular mythology. They would know that these divine narratives necessarily described superhuman things in human language, and when human passions, such as jealousy, envy, and revenge were attributed to the gods, they would probably meet the difficulty in much the same way as modern divines meet a similar difficulty in the interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures. Human activities and relationships must in any case be an imperfect vehicle for shadowing forth the higher life of the gods. Still it is the only vehicle that can be employed, and in early heroic and semi-heroic ages it would to some extent be accommodated to popular conceptions. And the developed stories of the myth-making age once established in popular belief, would naturally retain their hold to later times. Any difficulties that might present themselves to refined and reflective minds would probably be removed without the violent hypothesis of 'moral miracles,' proposed by Dean Mansell for the explanation of similar difficulties in the Jewish representation of the divine character and government. Mr. Cox's fundamental position is thus to some extent reversed. While the stains in Greek mythology are mainly an imperfection of language, arising from an excessive and indiscriminating use of metaphor and analogy, the primitive mythology dealing directly and in the most literal sense with the realities of love and hatred, murder and revenge, must have cut directly into the innermost thought and life of the early race.

But the solar theory, while thus powerless for good, is prolific in real and very positive evil. If it could be established, or applied as its advocates propose, it would materialise, and by materialising destroy, all the noblest kinds of poetry—all literature, indeed, properly so called. The higher forms of literature are essentially the reflex and representation of human life and character. While the wondering and devout contemplation of external nature is natural religion, and the exact study of it science, human nature is the main subject of literature and philosophy. The proper study of mankind is man. This is the haunt and main region of the poet's song, as well as of all higher forms of imaginative prose. The essence of the drama, for example, whether in prose or verse, is, as the name implies, action—the action of beings endowed with intellect and will, and the more interesting kinds of dramatic action involve of necessity an element of moral conflict. The soul of all tragedy is the life-deep collision of rival passions, interests, aims, and pursuits. In all really tragic representations man is exhibited in conflict either with himself or his fellows, with circumstance or fate, with opposing human wills, or the higher powers of the moral and spiritual sphere. What rouses alternately the emotions of pity and dread, of awe and admiration, is the spectacle of a nature like our own, buffeting the sea of adverse events, almost overwhelmed by surging calamity, or hurried perhaps into sudden crime, yet struggling to the last, and meeting with dignified, resigned, or desperate constancy the inevitable doom. In a word, what we admire in the heroic muse, epic or tragic, is great characters, grand actions, and the endless, the unforeseen, but commanding play of motive, impulse, and resolve, that prompt and develope both. On the other hand, physical phenomena, it need hardly be said, are wholly destitute of these elements of interest. They represent the working of blind and fatal forces, altogether different in nature and operation from those of a moral world. In the working of physical laws there is no trace of character, motive, or even action, strictly so called, but only of forces and their results, which under the same circumstances are always uniform, fixed, and necessary. The notion of dramatising a law of nature is absurd and self-contradictory. It is impossible to treat the parallelogram of forces in an imaginative or original manner, though amusing attempts have sometimes been made to carry over into morals the convenient machinery and cogent reasoning of mechanics. The result, of course, is simply to materialise ethics, without in any way moralising nature. All distinctively human and moral elements evaporate in such an

attempt, yet this is the goal towards which the reasoning of the comparative mythologists irresistibly tends. Mr. Cox holds that some of the finest representations of human character and action ever given to the world are merely perverted and disguised descriptions of natural phenomena. He virtually maintains that in the whole realm of ancient literature and art—in the whole moral universe, indeed—we find nothing but material elements in masquerade. No doubt physical appearances and forces have a secondary and not unimportant share as stage and accessories in the great moral drama which literature and history are eternally unfolding. But they are not that drama itself, as Mr. Cox supposes, and his meteorological explanation of Aryan literature is no better than the play of Hamlet, or any other play, with the characters omitted, and nothing but the stage and scenery left.

The comparative theory thus completely inverts the true relation between the moral and material in our experience. While our activity is materially conditioned, still the human and the personal must ever be of primary moment to man. Our own most intimate experience, our joys and sorrows, convictions and beliefs, desires and aspirations, must ever be of greater interest to us than the flight of clouds, the sweep of winds, or lapse of waters. And the animated record of human suffering and endurance, effort and achievement, even in the earlier stages of civilisation, would fire the imagination and stir the heart far more profoundly than obscure and metaphorical descriptions of atmospherical phenomena. What, for example, would be the value of the *Iliad* to us; what would have been its significance to the Greeks, or for that matter to Homer himself, if the transformation Mr. Cox insists on could be effected; if Achilles and Agamemnon, Hector and Paris, were converted into sunbeams and shadows, and the rival hosts of Greeks and Trojans dissolved into mists and breezes pursuing each other everlastingly over an imaginary plain? The transformation cannot of course be really effected, but the point to be enforced is the intrinsic preposterousness of the attempt.

No doubt physical phenomena may be figuratively employed to illustrate human experience. The conflict between good and evil, freedom and fate, is the basis of all tragedy, and it may be called metaphorically the conflict between light and darkness; but this does not personify light and darkness, or affect in any way the profoundly moral element which is the essence of the tragedy. In *Œdipus* we have the realities of regal pride, impatience, and disdain, of agonising horror

and suspense, of conscious guilt and of swift overwhelming grief, remorse, and humiliation. But, according to Mr. Cox, these moral realities are only the metaphorical clothing, the fancy costume, of material elements, physical realities alone being primary, fundamental, and operative throughout the drama. Œdipus, Laius, and Jocasta are natural phenomena, being respectively the day, the darkness, and the dawn. What is or can be meant by saying that the leading personages of a noble drama are not moral agents, but physical facts? Did such a conception ever enter the mind of the author, or of the critics and readers that for two thousand years have delighted in his work? And in what possible sense can Œdipus and Jocasta be called mere physical facts? Light and darkness, heat and cold, motion and rest, are no doubt facts. So also are pain and pleasure, good and evil, right and wrong. But they are facts essentially distinct, and the theory that virtually identifies them is self-convicted of confusion and absurdity. Any theory, in fact, that would resolve all the higher moral phenomena of the Aryan, or any other race, into material elements, must be not only insufficient, but radically false and delusive. And the comparative theory, in its present state, is little better than an ingenious speculation, usurping the name of science; a hasty generalisation, founded on a few facts, stretched beyond all legitimate bounds, until it becomes alike unmeaning and untrue.

ART. III.—*Aus den Memoiren eines Russischen Dekabristen: Beiträge zur Geschichte des St. Petersburger Militäraufstandes vom 14. (26.) December 1825 und seiner Theilnehmer.*
Leipzig: 1869.

THE Russian newspapers of last year recorded the death at Petrowsk, in Siberia, in March 1869, of one John Gorbaczewski, formerly of Little Russia, but now only known as one of the last of the Dekabrists. That term is unfamiliar to the present generation, and the events which gave rise to it are still imperfectly known. The word is derived from *Dekaber*, the Russian word for December, and it denotes those persons who suffered death or captivity—more cruel than death itself—for the part they took in the military conspiracy which broke out in St. Petersburg in December 1825, on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas to the throne. Gorbaczewski, it seems, had made himself popular and useful in Siberia, and when,

after thirty years, the small remnant of that band of martyrs were permitted by the Emperor Alexander II. to return to their homes, he preferred to remain in the wild scenes of his banishment.

The author of the volume before us is another of these unhappy exiles. But he, at least, was allowed, after an exile of fourteen years, to return to his family and his abode in the Baltic provinces of Russia; he has resumed the habits of civilised life, and he has recently given to the world one of the most interesting and affecting narratives we ever remember to have perused. The causes of the conspiracy and the incidents of that memorable day, when the Russian army held in its grasp the rising fortunes of its future master, have never been related with greater clearness and precision. As we follow the victims of that misguided hour through the trials they had to endure, the story assumes a character of the deepest pathos; and if it were not for the truth-telling simplicity which marks every line of it, we could hardly conceive it possible that our own time should have seen men pass through such an ordeal. 'Few, indeed, did pass through it. Of 121 persons who were condemned to various punishments on charges arising out of this conspiracy, only fourteen were alive when these pages were published in Germany last year; and of these only three had actually taken an active part in the revolt. The judge and the prisoner, the Emperor and the slave, the unrelenting persecutor and the unyielding victim, have alike gone to their last account; and the author of these pages may almost say, in the words of Job's messenger, 'I alone remain to tell thee.' He has not thought proper to place his name on the title-page. But from direct internal evidence we learn that we are indebted for the work to Baron Andrew Rosen, of the well-known Esthonian family, and that he held in 1825 the rank of a lieutenant in the Finnish Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard. The authenticity of the narrative is therefore above all suspicion, and we must add, that the temperate and forgiving spirit in which it is written does the highest honour to the character and taste of the writer.

The formation of secret societies in Russia, under the form of masonic or literary associations, had become a passion among the young officers who returned in 1815 from their victorious campaigns in the West of Europe. The mystic rites and the secrecy of such companies appear to have a peculiar charm for certain races of men, and they were the more sought after as they were forbidden. In 1816 a more positive political direction was given to these meetings by Colonel A. N. Murawjew,

of the staff of the Imperial Guards, assisted by one of his cousins and by Prince Trubetzkoy. The brothers Matthew and Sergius Murawjew-Apostol, and Jakuschkin, a captain in the Semenow Guard regiment, took an active part in these schemes. A still more definite shape was given to them by Colonel Paul Pestel in the following year; and the statutes of the Order known as the 'Green Book' appear to have originated with him. It is not easy to trace the precise object of the conspirators. Some contemplated the murder of the reigning Emperor and the proclamation of a Republic; others repudiated these objects as contrary to God and religion. Pestel himself had framed a constitution, which was eventually discovered buried in snow and earth. At this time, however, he had succeeded in organising the whole association into two great divisions, the one at St. Petersburg, the other in Southern Russia. A rising was to have taken place in 1823 at the great reviews at Bobrinsk in that year; and again in 1824 at Bielaja Zerkow; but in both instances the reviews were postponed. Such was the state of the army when the death of Alexander in November, 1825, set fire to the train, and plunged a host of gallant, enthusiastic, but utterly misdirected young men into a sea of perils and sufferings. 'It cannot be doubted,' says Baron Rosen, 'that however ill the movement of 1825 may have been conducted, the very flower of the Imperial Guards, and of the intelligence of the army, took part in it.' These young officers had brought back with them from France wild, though generous, dreams for the regeneration of their country. Alexander himself had shared in them, until he was alarmed by the warnings of Metternich and the agitation of Germany. The example of these young men exercised an influence more powerful than the restraint of discipline or the fear of death; and in spite of their errors and their failure, they were the first who offered up their lives to urge forward the civilisation of their country.

The news of the death of Alexander at Taganrog reached St. Petersburg on the 27th November. That same evening the troops were called out, formed, and ordered to shout for the Emperor Constantine. The oath was taken throughout the empire to that prince without hesitation; though at that moment it was known to Nicholas, and to many besides, that a Will of Alexander's was in existence, which placed the younger brother on the throne, and that Constantine had already by anticipation renounced the succession. Had the existence of that Will been made known at once, and the oath of allegiance to Nicholas proposed to the troops, probably no insurrection

would have broken out, or at least those who promoted it would not have had the pretext they found in the attempt to abrogate by a second oath the allegiance they had sworn to sixteen days before. The period from the 27th November to the 14th December was in truth an interregnum; though it has since been blotted out of the history of Russia by an ordinance which dated the reign of Nicholas from the 19th November, the day of Alexander's demise. Nicholas was aware of the existence of the military secret societies, and he could not but perceive the influence of an unsettled succession on disaffected men. Yet no precautions whatever were taken to avert the catastrophe. The city was silent, but agitated. The churches rang with Litanies for the dead Emperor. No military music was heard in the streets. Everywhere an indescribable uncertainty prevailed. The conspirators were awake, but without concert and without guidance.

'On the 12th December,' says our author, 'I was present at a council at the house of Prince E. P. Obolensky, at which the heads of the conspiracy then in St. Petersburg attended. The means at our disposal and the objects of the enterprise were discussed. The chief command of the armed force was given to Prince Trubetzkoy, in case no better chief arrived in time from Moscow. It was resolved to collect the insurrectionary troops before the Senate House, and to march thither as many as could be got together under pretence of defending the rights of Constantine, and then to refuse the oath of obedience and allegiance to Nicholas. In the event of success the throne was to be declared vacant, and a provisional government of five members installed. This government was then to call together a constituent assembly from all parts of the empire. It was still uncertain on how many battalions or companies, or on what regiments, we could rely. Somebody present observed, "One cannot rehearse a thing of this kind as you do a parade." But when I heard them speaking with confidence of battalions of my own regiment, whose opinions I knew to be opposed to us, I protested against such rash miscalculations. I was met by the answer, "There may be no great chance of success, but a *beginning must be made*. The example will bear fruit." I think I hear the words still, "A beginning must be made!" It was young Conrad Ryléjew who uttered them.' (P. 44.)

The beginning was made. But Ryléjew expiated his impetuosity on the scaffold! Rosen, less credulous, determined nevertheless to adhere to his political friends and share their fate; but he gave no orders to his men or brother-officers which could implicate them in so doubtful an undertaking.

'On the 14th December, at dawn, all the officers of the regiment assembled in presence of the Commandant, who welcomed us with the announcement of a new Emperor. He read aloud the Will of Alex-

ander, the abdication of Constantine, and the new manifesto of Nicholas. In presence of my brother-officers, I stepped forward, and said to the General, "If all the papers your Excellency has read to us are authentic, which I have no right to question, how is it that we were not at once called upon to swear the oath of allegiance to the Emperor Nicholas on the 27th November?" The General replied, with visible embarrassment, "You are wrong. It has been well considered by men older and more experienced than you are. Gentlemen, return to your battalions to give the oath." Our second battalion under Colonel Moller occupied the post of the Winter Palace and the first division of the city. There was no disturbance, and I returned home, where I found a note summoning me to the quarters of the Moscow regiment. I proceeded thither in a sledge, and there saw, at the other end of the Isaac bridge, a dense mass of people, and a portion of the Moscow regiment in one corner of the square. I approached this detachment on foot—it was standing just by the monument of Peter I.—and was received with a loud cheer. In the middle of the square stood Prince, Tchepin-Rostowsky, leaning on his sabre, exhausted by the combat he had sustained in his barracks, where, against great odds, he had refused the oath, wounded his commanding officer, and at last marched off his men with their standard. In the midst of all these stood J. J. Putschkin, who had quitted the service two years, and was in a civilian's dress; but his troops obeyed him. On my asking where I could meet with the Dictator Trubetskoy, I was told, "He has disappeared: bring us up some men if you can; if not, there are victims enough already!"

Rosen returned hastily to the barracks of his regiment, and, in the absence of any superior officer, got four companies of the Finnish Chasseurs under arms, and marched them on to the Isaac bridge. Unwilling to commit his men to a rash enterprise of which he foresaw the result, and resolved at the same time not to act against his political friends, our young mutineer took the neutral course of halting his men upon the bridge—a measure which had the effect of blocking it up against the arrival of reinforcements, and of opening a path of escape to the Moscow regiment if they determined to cut their way through to the bridge. It was now two o'clock. About 1,000 men of the Moscow regiment (insurgents) were formed in a square in front of the Senate House; somewhat later they were joined by a whole battalion of Marines of the Guard—in all about 2,000 men. Such a body of troops, efficiently commanded, resolved to act, and not unsupported by the populace, might even then have produced a revolution. But their attitude was passive and inert. All authority was wanting. The men had stood without their great coats and without food through a Russian December day under ten degrees of frost and a cutting east wind. Reinforcements were arriving to support the Emperor Nicholas, though the fidelity of several

other regiments was doubtful. The Grand Duke Michael rode to the angle of the square, entreating the men to give in; he narrowly escaped being shot. Even the Metropolitan Prelate Seraphim, in full canonicals, attended by a host of the clergy, bearing the uplifted cross before him, conjured the insurgents to yield, and promised them a full pardon. 'Go home, Father,' said the soldiers; 'pray for us there—pray for all; here you 'have nothing to do.'

'A December day in a high northern latitude is soon over. At three it began to be dusk. Doubtless as darkness came on, the populace would have sided with the insurrectionists which they were only restrained from doing by force; there was no time left for hesitation. It was Count Toll who, as the dusk thickened, drew near the Emperor and said, "Sire, you must either give the command to clear the square with cannon, or renounce the throne!" The first cannon-shot, a blank cartridge, thundered forth. The second and third shots threw balls which lodged in the Senate House, or crossed the Newa in the direction of the Academy of Arts. To these shots the mutineers responded with a fierce hurrah! The guns were re-loaded with grape-shot. Colonel Nesterowsky pointed a piece straight on the square. The bombardier crossed himself, the Emperor himself gave the word of command, and Captain Bathurin took the match from the hand of a soldier. In an instant a storm of grape burst on the devoted square. The mutineers fled along the Galley Street and across the Newa; the guns rolled forward to the shore of the river, from whence they continued a very wanton fire, tripling the number of victims, innocent and guilty, soldiers and spectators. By this time the Isaac bridge was also occupied with guns. The shot broke the ice, and many perished in the river. Without this circumstance Batuschew might still have fallen back on the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Yet, strange to say, none of the officers concerned in the plot, my unhappy comrades, were killed or hurt.'

Rosen withdrew to his barracks, fetched a cloak from his house, saw his wife again for an instant—he had only been married to her eight months—and parted with her—for how long? On the following morning he was arrested. Before we follow the thread of his personal adventures, his reflections on this eventful day deserve to be cited.

'On a deliberate review of these events, I am still of opinion that the insurrection might easily have succeeded. More than 2,000 men, and a far greater number of the people, were prepared to obey the first signal of a leader. The leader had been appointed, and the choice seemed a wise one. I have since lived six years with Prince Trubetskoy, many of us still longer, and we are all agreed that he was at that time an honourable and energetic man, on whom one could rely. No one has ever found out why he was not in his place at the proper moment. I believe he does not himself know the reason: he lost his

head. This single circumstance, not to be reckoned on, was decisive. Prince Obolensky, who was suddenly called upon to act in Trubetskoy's place, was himself conscious that he was quite unfit to fill it. While these discussions were going on the most precious moments of the day passed by, and all unity of action was wanting. The troops and officers who were streaming to the insurrection, could not learn what to do or to whom they should turn. The troops on the square stood passive, but they repelled five attacks of the horse-guards, and they rejected alike the threats and entreaties even of their clergy. There they stood, as it were, spell-bound, in spite of the resolution they showed, when they might with comparative ease have taken the battery of guns which was drawn up against them. These guns were covered by a detachment of the Noble Guard, under the orders of Lieutenant Annenkov, who was himself a member of the Secret Society, yet no one thought of availing themselves of this circumstance. Again, the Ismailow regiment, in which there were numerous members of the plot, might without difficulty have been brought over to the insurgents. Captain Bogdanowitsch, of that regiment, shot himself in the night of the 14th, because he could not bear the reproach of having failed to act with his political comrades. Several other regiments were in the same condition. It is equally unintelligible that the military did not drive away the police, and arm the people with staves and hatchets. The guard of the Winter Palace on that day was taken from my own (Finnish) regiment, and commanded by Colonel Moller, who was himself in the plot. On the Admiralty Quay, twenty paces from the Emperor, stood Colonel Bulatow, with two loaded pistols, firmly resolved to shoot the sovereign; but some unseen power held him back. When the Emperor confronted him on his first interrogatory, and expressed surprise that he should be a conspirator, Bulatow replied that, on the contrary, what surprised him was to see the Emperor there. "How so?" said Nicholas. "Why, Sire, I was standing yesterday for two hours within twenty paces of your Majesty, with loaded pistols, fully resolved to shoot you; but as often as I put my hand to the trigger, my heart failed me!" The Emperor was pleased with this frankness, and ordered the Colonel to be better treated in the fortress than the rest of us. Some weeks later Bulatow starved himself to death. He sustained the most terrific struggle, and refused all food, though he actually devoured his own finger-nails from hunger. One would not have supposed that a man of that stamp would have wanted resolution.' (P. 65.)

After an interval of several days, which Rosen was compelled to spend, after his arrest, in one of the guard-rooms of the Palace, behind a glass door, without a bed, clothes, or even sufficient food, on the evening of the 21st December, he was interrogated in the following manner:—

'At ten in the evening an escort of ten soldiers conducted me from the place I was in to the interior of the Palace. In half an hour more I was brought into the presence of the Adjutant of the day, General Levaschow. He was sitting at a writing-table, and proceeded to take down

the answer I gave to his questions ; but no sooner had he begun, than a side door opened, and the Emperor entered. I advanced a few steps to salute him. He cried out, "Halt !" and putting his hand on my epaulette, repeated, "Further back !—Further back !—Further back !" following me till I had resumed my former place, and stood with the light burning on the table full in my eyes. He looked me steadily in the face, expressed his satisfaction with my service, and added that he had more than once distinguished me. He then observed that heavy charges were made against me, that he expected from me a frank acknowledgment of the truth, and he ended by promising to do all he could to save me. He then withdrew, and the interrogatory proceeded as soon as he left the room. I found myself in an embarrassing position. I had no motive to conceal, and no possibility of concealing, anything that related to myself ; but it was impossible for me to tell the whole truth, and least of all could I name any of the originators of or sharers in the enterprise. In half an hour the Emperor again came in, took the sheet of paper with my answers from General Levaschow, and read them. In my replies no name was mentioned. He looked at me kindly, and encouraged me to be frank. The Emperor wore, as he had done as Grand Duke, an old uniform of the Ismailow regiment, without epaulettes. His pallid countenance, his bloodshot eyes, showed that he worked intensely, and would examine, hear, and read everything himself. As he again withdrew into his closet, he reopened the door, and the last words I heard from him were, *Dich rette ich gern*. "I should be glad to save thee." When the schedule of my answers was placed before me to sign, I hesitated as I gave General Levaschow to understand that the whole truth I could not disclose. My signature was, however, exacted, and this hesitation on my part, which was reported to the Emperor, produced a bad effect, as he regarded it as a slight on his gracious promise to save me. Certain it is that my sentence was not only not diminished, but it was made more severe.' (P. 74.)

Some of the details of the interrogatories of the other prisoners are very curious. To one of them Levaschow said, 'Vous savez l'Empereur n'a qu'à dire un mot et vous avez vécu : ' to another who hesitated to answer, 'Mais il y a des moyens pour vous faire avouer,' which elicited a reply that we were living in the nineteenth century, and that torture had been abolished in Russia by a law of the late Emperor. One sort of torture was actually employed, by loading some of the prisoners with irons of fifteen pounds' weight on their wrists, until they answered the questions put to them.* But one of the most remarkable was that of N. A. Betushew :—

* It was by this mode of pressure that the authorities discovered Pestel's 'Constitution of the Empire.' This document had been buried in the earth on the discovery of the plot, and the place of its concealment was only known to two persons besides Pestel himself. These persons were kept in heavy irons till they disclosed the spot. The 'Constitution' was found there, exhumed, and Pestel hanged.

He had succeeded in escaping on the night of the 14th December, and hoped to make his way to Sweden: thus he reached the Tolbushin lighthouse, where he was known to the sailors as an assistant of the Lighthouse Board. There he sought a few hours' repose, but was unluckily recognised as a fugitive by the wife of one of the sailors, detained, and sent back to the Winter Palace. Exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and cold, he entreated the Grand Duke Michael, whom he saw on his arrival, to allow him to take some refreshment before he was interrogated. In the same room the supper of the Adjutant had just been brought up. The Grand Duke told Betuschew to sit down, and conversed with him during the meal. When he left the room the Prince said to his *aide-de-camp*, "God be thanked, I did not know that fellow the day before yesterday, for I believe he would have drawn me in too!" The Emperor received Betuschew kindly, and said to him, "You know I can pardon you; and if I can be sure that you will serve me faithfully in future, I should be willing to pardon you." Betuschew answered, "Your Majesty, that is precisely the grievance, that you can do anything, that you are above the law. All we wanted to do was this—to bring it to pass that the fate of your subjects should henceforth depend on the law alone, and not on your caprice." (P. 76.)

Several months were spent by the prisoners in the narrow and gloomy dungeons of the adjoining fortress. To Baron Rosen this confinement was aggravated by separation from his young wife, who was about to bear him a son. Once, however, they were allowed to meet, and to exchange a letter once a month. Trial, in the proper sense of the term, there was none; but the accused were brought up for examination before a Special Commission of General Officers and Privy Counsellors, by whom they were convicted and sentenced, chiefly out of their own mouths, but sometimes on a mere suspicion of constructive treason. Every incident of the conspiracy was, however, minutely weighed. Rosen was expressly charged with having halted his men on the Isaac bridge, and with being a friend of some of the leading conspirators. He denied that he had ever himself belonged to any secret society. For these offences he was condemned to ten years' forced labour and perpetual seclusion in Siberia, preceded, of course, by the loss of his military rank and his nobility. The convicts were classed in twelve categories—the first, consisting of Pestel, Ryléjew, Sergius Murawjew-Apostol, Betuschew-Rjumin, and Kachowsky, were condemned to death by quartering, which sentence was commuted to death by the gallows. The second category of thirty-one persons, including Prince Trubetskoy and Prince Obolensky, were condemned to be beheaded; their sentence was commuted to perpetual forced labour in Siberia.

The other ten classes were sentenced to various periods of forced labour, and all to banishment. Rosen, with four others, was in the fifth class. The reading of the sentences to the prisoners in succession lasted no less than five hours. Every dungeon in the fortress gave up its wretched inmate, and the comrades met once more, some of them for the last time. On the following day, the 13th July, those who were sentenced to Siberia were marched in succession to the foot of a gibbet, which had been erected on the glacis; their uniforms were torn off, their swords were broken over their heads; they were then clad in the dreary striped overcoat worn in the Russian prisons and hospitals, and marched back to the cells. Rosen was taken to the cell of Rylćjew, who had that instant been led out to die.

‘For while we were enacting this scene on the glacis of the fortress, the Five who were condemned to death were conveyed in chains and death-robcs to the chapel, where they heard their own funeral service. The dreary procession left the chapel for the Kronwerk bastion; on the way Murawjew spoke some words of comfort to his friend Betuschew, and then turning to the priest Myslowsky, expressed his regret that it should be his painful duty to accompany them to the spot where they were to die the death of thieves. Myslowsky replied by repeating the words of the Saviour to the thief upon the cross. When they drew near to the gallows, the Five embraced each other, and were placed in a row on the scaffold. When the halters were fixed, and the scaffold dropped, Pestel and Kachowsky alone were hanged; the three others were thrown down with violence on the planks below and hurt. On this, Murawjew exclaimed with a sigh, “Even this is more than they know how to do in our country!” The sarcasm was wrung from him by the smart of his wound, which had not healed since the 3rd of January. While the scaffold was again raised and the halters again adjusted, some minutes passed of indescribable horror. The three condemned men, whose lives would probably have been saved under any other circumstances by such an accident, employed that interval in uttering a last blessing on their country, and a last prayer for the future of their countrymen. For the rest of the day the bodies remained hanging on the gallows; at night they were cut down, and buried either on the shore of the Chuntujew Island, or, as some say, in the prison. So ended the execution of the 13th of July, 1826.’ (P. 125.)

Although it is impossible to read or to record without emotion the fate of these unfortunate gentlemen, who were undoubtedly in the highest degree brave, disinterested, cultivated, and patriotic, yet it would be unjust to the Russian Government and to the Emperor Nicholas to deny that the leaders of this formidable conspiracy and insurrection had fully incurred the penalties of high treason. They had attempted, by secret com-

bination and open violence, to set aside the succession; and even this was only the pretext for a more complete revolution in the empire. They had prepared a new form of government, and they had designated the persons who were to hold office under it. Some of them even contemplated the murder of the Emperor; and most of them added the crime of military revolt to that of civil disaffection. In every country, therefore, such an enterprise must have entailed condign punishment on its authors. The crime of treason is not the less dangerous to society because the motives of those who engage in it are often pure and heroic.

The charge, therefore, against the Russian Government is not that five of these persons were executed, and more than one hundred consigned to the horrors of forced labour in Siberia. As regards the guilty that was lawful, and under the circumstances inevitable. But the true charge against Nicholas and his servants appears to us to be, that these offenders were tried by a secret inquisition, and not by any form of judicial trial; that the members of the Commission who conducted this inquiry were military officers, statesmen, and servants of the Crown, not judges; that the evidence was of the most questionable kind, and that some persons were convicted on a mere presumption against them;* that the punishment awarded, and the classification into categories, was purely arbitrary; and that, above all, Nicholas, during the whole course of his reign, for a period of thirty years, showed a most harsh, unforgiving, and unmerciful spirit to these exiles. Few of them

* The Commission was not a Court Martial, nor did it pretend to apply martial law; but it was presided over by Tatishchew, the War Minister. The Grand Duke Michael also sat upon it. On one occasion Tchernytschew (a member of the Commission, afterwards War Minister) asked one of the prisoners who had been brought in from the South of Russia, 'what he would have done if he had been in St. Petersburg on the 14th of December?' He was at the time absent on leave in Moscow. The question was so insidious that Count Bendorff, another member of the Commission, and a highly honourable man, sprang from his chair, seized Tchernytschew by the arm, and exclaimed, 'Ecoutez, vous n'avez pas le droit d'adresser une pareille question; c'est une affaire de conscience.' Tatishchew, the President, said one day to a group of the prisoners before him, 'Gentlemen, you have done nothing but read Tracy, Benjamin Constant, and Bentham, and you see what it has brought you to. I have read nothing all my life long but the Holy Scriptures, and you see what I have earned by it!'—pointing at the same time to the double row of stars and decorations which glittered on his breast.

received any alleviation of their punishment. None of them were pardoned, although the Emperor himself told the Duke of Wellington, who was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to his coronation, that he meant to astonish Europe by his clemency. But, on the contrary, he persecuted them to the last with a savage vindictiveness, which savoured of personal hatred; and it was reserved for his son, the reigning Emperor Alexander, to restore the scanty remnant of the survivors to their place in society—which, to his honour, was done by his command as one of the very first acts of his reign.

Some months elapsed after the execution of the Five, before the remaining prisoners were all sent to their destination. Eight of the principal offenders, including Prince Trubetskoy, Prince Obolensky, and Prince Wolkousky, whose lives had been spared by the Emperor, were despatched at once to work underground in the quicksilver mines of Nertschinsk, where they remained for many years. Most of the other convicts were at least permitted to see the light of day. They were sent off in squads of three or four at a time, in sledges drawn by post-horses; but they performed the journey *in irons*, which were not removed till some eighteen months after they had arrived in Siberia. One of them, named Nasimow, was sent to Nishui-Kolymsk, a station so remote that he was conveyed there partly on pack-horses and partly in sledges drawn by dogs, and more than once had to pass the night in the open air or in a snow hut, with thirty degrees (Réaumur) of cold. In comparison with this, the fate of Baron Rosen and his companions was less cruel. They were allowed to see their relations for an hour once a week in the fortress, before their departure; and he took the opportunity to urge his wife not to follow him to Siberia, until he should send for her. Meanwhile Colonel Leparsky, an old officer of humanity and merit, was sent to select a spot near the Baikal Lake, where a prison was to be erected by the convicts themselves, and a provisional settlement formed. The place chosen was the Siberian fortress of Tchita, about 400 versts from Nertschinsk. The distance from St. Petersburg was about 6,000 versts; to state it more intelligibly, *more than four thousand English miles*. This journey was performed by Rosen and his comrades between the 5th of February and the 29th of March, travelling without intermission through the coldest habitable region of the earth. Their sufferings were to some extent alleviated by the good-natured sympathy of the peasantry for the ‘unfortunates,’ as they were called. They crossed the Baikal Lake while it was frozen, the Siberian horses leaping over rifts in the ice with

such astonishing agility that they carried the sledge after them, without touching the water.

Thus were eighty-two gentlemen of rank and education suddenly torn from civilisation, freedom, and domestic life, to be settled as convicts, under a severe discipline, in the rudest tract of the Russian Empire. Tchita was not an unhealthy spot. The sky was bright, and the valley so renowned for its wild flowers that it was called the 'Garden of Siberia;' but the summer, that is the cessation of frost, only lasted five weeks. Life passed in constant hard labour and unbroken monotony. Books were rare, and writing materials prohibited. A singing class was formed, which beguiled some weary hours. Chess was played. Cards might have been procured, but the exiles came to a resolution to allow no play amongst themselves. One of their greatest grievances was the dirt and want of ventilation of their quarters, which were too small for the number of persons occupying them. Rosen remained here, however, three years and a half.

The most remarkable incident of this gloomy period was the arrival of the ladies, who succeeded, in spite of the ill-will of the Government, the difficulty of the journey, and the rude life of a Siberian village, in forcing their way to Siberia to join their husbands.

The first of these heroines who reached Tchita, was Alexandrine Merawjew, born a Countess of Tchernytschew, of the same name as the member of the Special Commission before alluded to, who attempted in her absence to appropriate the fortune of her brother, he being, as well as her husband, among the convicts. This lady was twenty-four years of age, good-looking, tall, and full of life and spirits. She left her only son under the care of its grandmother, and hastened to Siberia to share the privations of outlawry and banishment. But what was her horror of disappointment when she was informed by the Commandant that even there she could only be allowed to see her husband once a week for a short time in the presence of an officer of the prison! Day after day she opened and closed the shutter of her hut as the convicts passed on their way to labour, as a sign of her presence. This system of barbarous interference lasted for three years.

The ladies who next arrived were a Princess Elizabeth Naryschkin, born Countess Konownitzin, with a companion. They, too, were debarred from free intercourse with their husbands. But they were enabled to perform a multitude of genial services to the band of prisoners: they nursed them in sickness; they sent for medicaments and surgical instruments

from Moscow, and they kept up a correspondence with the outer world.

In September 1827, when all the convicts (including Prince Trubetskoy and those from Nertschinsk) were united in the large new prison, Princess Trubetskoy joined the other ladies at Tchita. Her fate had been the hardest of all.

‘Princess Catharine Trubetskoy, born Countess Laval, had followed her husband to Siberia in 1826, immediately after his departure, accompanied by a secretary of her father. At Krasnojarsk her carriage broke down and her companion fell ill. Not choosing to stop, she got into a wretched cart without springs, and in this manner, after a weary journey, reached Irkutsk. Trubetskoy had already been sent on to his destination at Nertschinsk, about 700 versts beyond Irkutsk. The Princess applied to the Civil Governor, named Zeidler, to obtain from him the means of proceeding farther; but here began a series of fresh trials to this noble and gallant woman. The governors of districts had received orders to use all possible means to prevent the wives of State criminals from fulfilling their intention of joining their husbands. Governor Zeidler first represented to the Princess the difficulties which would surround her in a place where 5,000 great criminals were collected, amongst whom she would have to live in barracks, without attendance or any of the conveniences of life. This prospect did not daunt her; she declared she was prepared for every privation, if she could only be with her husband. The next day the Governor informed her that he had received orders to exact from her a written renunciation of all her rights of nobility, and of all property, moveable or immoveable, which she might possess or which might hereafter accrue to her by inheritance. Catharine Trubetskoy signed the paper without hesitation, and hoped that she had thus cleared the way of all obstacles. But the series of her trials was not yet over. For some days the Governor refused to receive her, under the pretext that he was unwell. The Princess became impatient, and Zeidler was again obliged to see her, when, after intreating her to give up her enterprise, he informed her that she could only be allowed to proceed to Nertschinsk with one of the weekly gangs of convicts, which were despatched thither, bound with cords, and following them from station to station. The Princess consented with the utmost resignation to this last condition also. But the Governor could no longer master his own emotion; he burst into tears, and exclaimed, “You shall *drive* to Nertschinsk.” It was about that time that Colonel Lepařsky came to Irkutsk; he was profoundly affected by the conduct of the Princess Trubetskoy, and no doubt contributed to facilitate her journey. A woman of less energy would have hesitated, made conditions, written to St. Petersburg, and in short allowed obstacles to accumulate which would have deterred the other ladies from undertaking so formidable a journey. Without underrating their courage and merit, it must be said that Princess Trubetskoy was the *first*, who not only forced her own way to join her husband in Siberia, but actually conquered the opposition of the Russian Government.’ (P. 186.)

One of the young officers among the convicts, named Annen-kow (the same whose troop covered the battery of guns before the Senate House in St. Petersburg), was engaged to be married at the time of the revolt. His affianced bride asked the Emperor at a review for leave to join her lover, which was immediately and ostentatiously conceded to her. Seven other convicts were in the same position, but they heard no more of their future wives; and, what was worse, eight of Rosen's fellow-sufferers were married men, whose wives not only did not follow the heroic example of Princess Trubetskoy, but took the opportunity to provide themselves with other husbands.

The next move of the caravan was to the neighbourhood of the great iron-works of Petrowsk, near the town of Werchne-Udinsk, where an enormous prison had been erected to receive them. They started on foot to perform this journey of 700 versts, which lasted forty-eight days. The country they traversed was indescribably rude and wild, and inhabited chiefly by wandering tribes of Burjates—a race of men as uncivilised as in the days of Tchengis-Khan, pagans, dwelling in tents, not even cultivating the soil, and living chiefly on roots and fish. Herds of wild horses were seen from time to time on the vast plains. The Burjates knew nothing of civilised life but the game of chess, which they had learned from China. In that they excelled, in so much that one of these savages beat the best chess-player of the Russian party.

Three weeks before leaving Tchita, Baron Rosen had learned by a letter that his wife was on the way to join him. She too had been compelled to renounce her rights of nobility, and had been informed that she would *never* (even in the event of her husband's death) be allowed to return. But, nothing daunted, she parted from her first-born son, who was not allowed to accompany her, and started on her journey, surmounting great difficulties on the way.

‘On the 27th of August we were halting at Quonsky-Bor, a small village, where we were quartered in a leather tent. We had lain down to sleep in the afternoon, but I was unable to close my eyes. The tent was by the side of the road, which led across a brook into a wood. I heard the bells of post-horses, looked through the aperture of the tent, and saw a green veil. I threw my coat over my shoulders and rushed out to meet the carriage. Nicholas Betuschew ran after me, but was unable to catch me. The sentinels on guard over us threw themselves across my path, but I escaped them; a few yards farther on the carriage stopped, and in a moment my wife was in my arms. The sentinels drew back, and the first moment was one of indescribable joy. But what to do with my wife? She was so exhausted with the journey, she could hardly walk. Happily, the commanding officer gave orders

that I should be quartered with her in a peasant's house near. She had only a maid and a travelling bag with her, having been obliged to leave her own carriage near the Baikal Lake by an inundation. My companions shared my joy, and relieved me from my duty, which was to distribute the provisions of the troop for supper. On the following day she proceeded in the post-cart, and I walked to Petrowsk by her side.' (P. 219.)

The aspect of the prison at Petrowsk again dashed the hopes of the prisoners, and caused them to regret even their rough quarters at Tchita. It was an enormous pile, built from plans which had been expressly approved by the Emperor, and could not be altered, but without external windows, in so much that the cells were quite dark and inexpressibly comfortless. Yet here at least the ladies were, for the first time, allowed to share the gloomy abode of their husbands, and it was cheered by the light of domestic life. Baroness Rosen declared afterwards that she looked back to her sojourn in that dark cell with delight, for nowhere else could she have had half so much of her husband's company; and her conjugal devotion seems not only to have survived the pangs of separation, but—what is sometimes harder to bear—the trial of a monotonous existence. In about a year she gave birth to a second son, who was followed in due course by four other little Siberians.

Thus time wore away in this strange community, and on the 11th of July, 1832, the period of Baron Rosen's forced imprisonment (which had been somewhat shortened) came to an end. Thenceforward he was free to settle in a dwelling of his own in Siberia, and he selected Kurgan, on the western side of Irkutsk, for that purpose. The adventures which befell both his wife and himself on this westward journey are related with great spirit, especially his recrossing the Baikal Lake, but our limits warn us that they are not essential to this sketch of the narrative.

They reached Kurgan in September 1832, another child having been born upon the road, and here they seemed doomed to pass their existence. A wooden village of some 2,000 inhabitants, in the midst of a vast sandy plain, holding communication with the world of Central Asia by means of annual fairs, governed by the thirteen invariable representatives of the Russian administration, who lived amongst themselves and with the exiles a hospitable and convivial life—Kurgan is in no other wise known to history than as the place to which it pleased the Emperor Paul to send for one year's banishment the luckless sentimentalist Kotzebue—who might have written here a book of 'Tristia.' The incomes allowed to the married ex-

iles were limited to 600 roubles—about 100*l.*; but the excessive cheapness of the necessaries of life, and the absence of all occasions of expense, rendered even this sum sufficient. A house was bought. Leave was obtained to hold and cultivate a small farm. The study of medicine occupied part of their time, for in this part of the globe the Government provides but one apothecary to 40,000 inhabitants on an area of 500 versts, so that every man must be, if he can, his own doctor. Moreover, Rosen applied himself to the education of his boys, and set to work to translate Sismondi's 'Italian Republics' into Russian. And thus life passed not unhappily for four more years.

In December 1836 this even course of events was interrupted by a severe accident. Rosen slipped one night upon the ice in front of his house, and sprained himself so severely as to lose for months all power of motion. The case was beyond the ken of local practitioners or amateur surgeons, and he suffered irreparable injury. It seemed in that black hour that the last stay of the future existence of his family, his bodily activity, and life itself were about to give way. But the dawn was breaking. Early in 1837 a report spread that the Cesarewitch, now the Emperor Alexander II., would pass through Kurgan in the course of a tour he was making in Siberia, and in April everything was prepared for his reception:—

'When the news arrived that the Prince was already in Tobolsk, that he would only visit the western zone of Siberia, passing through Kurgan to Orenburg on the 6th of June, my anxiety became extreme. For myself I had nothing to ask, but I had to think of the future of my poor children and my faithful wife, the more so as the decline in my own strength, consequent on my accident, led me to fear they might soon be left without a protector. Three days before the arrival of the Prince I drove round to my friends and told them that I had made up my mind to beg an audience, and personally to intreat His Imperial Highness to befriend my family, if I should fail them. I should not have forgiven myself had I neglected such an opportunity of endeavouring to alleviate their future condition in life.

'It was midnight before the Prince arrived; but an enterprising speculator had laid in an abundant supply of lights, on the chance of the entry occurring at night. The people were all on foot and illuminated the road. At length a courier dashed into the village, and shortly afterwards the Prince reached the house of the chief magistrate, where he was to sleep. There was no time to be lost, for he was to proceed on his journey at six the next morning. At four I drove to the house, and dragged myself on my crutches, through a crowd of people, to the door. Here I was informed that the Adjutant of the Governor-General had given the most peremptory orders that none of the political convicts

were to have access to the Prince. I observed that I doubted whether any such order could have been given without notice to us; but on applying to an officer on the staff of the Prince, I was informed that although my request for an audience could not be granted, he would receive a petition and lay it before His Imperial Highness.

‘Just at this moment a dignified-looking man in a cloak came up to me and said, “You are doubtless Baron Rosen. My friend Krutow solemnly charged me, if I passed through Kurgan, to see you and do what I can for you. Come into my room; I am Jenochin, the Prince’s body-surgeon.” In a moment I found myself skilfully stripped. Jenochin examined my limb and pronounced it to be no more than a bad sprain, which had been aggravated and made permanent by the blundering treatment of the local doctor. After his inspection I saw the Prince’s Adjutant Kamelin, who advised me instantly to prepare a petition or memorial.

‘At the door of my house stood a carriage, and on my asking who had come in, it, I found to my inexpressible joy that the gallant and accomplished Wassily Andriewitsch Shukowsky, well known as a poet, and the tutor of the Prince, had come to call on me. When I told him my story and my disappointment, he replied, “You have no time now to write a memorial, we are just starting; but never fear, I will relate everything to the Prince. I have been with him day by day for thirteen years, and you may rely upon it his heart is in the right place; when he can do a good action, he does it willingly.” Our conversation was necessarily short. The poet was gratified to find that even in Siberia we had read and admired his last work, “Undine,” and he said the Prince had been surprised by the flourishing aspect of Siberia, the more so as he had been received as loyally by the exiles of Tjumen and Tobolsk as he would have been at Rybinsk or Jaroslaw, in the heart of Russia.

‘While Shukowsky was at my house, the church bell was ringing for the early service. The Cesarewitch had told the staff-officer of gendarmerie to take measures that “these gentlemen” (by whom he meant the political delinquents) should be in the church. “There only,” said he, “can I see them.” The instructions from St. Petersburg had not provided against *that* contingency. The head of the police immediately sent word to tell us to assemble in the church. The Prince with his whole suite stood before the high altar; on the right, along the wall, stood my comrades; on the left Princess Naryschkin (who with her husband was in Kurgan); the *employés* and people stood back along the side altars, but the mass of the populace were in the street looking at the carriages. During the service the Prince looked round several times at my companions in misfortune with tears in his eyes. I was unable to reach the church in time, and as I came out of my house with my children, a loud hurrah announced the departure of the Cesarewitch, the only stranger whose presence could throw a beam of hope and joy over our place of banishment. The people shouted at having seen their future ruler; some of the old women, awestruck at the sight, crossed themselves, saying, “God be praised that we are still alive!”’ (P. 300.)

These hopes were not disappointed. From the very next halting-place the Prince despatched a letter to his father, soliciting relief for the prisoners. The Emperor Nicholas replied that for 'these gentlemen' the road back to Russia lay *over the Caucasus*, and immediately ordered that they should be enrolled as common soldiers in the army serving against the Circassians. Within a few days the little band was again dispersed on its way to this new destination, and in September Rosen and his family followed, but, as his lameness entirely disqualified him for active service, his participation in his new military duties was nominal. His parting words to Siberia are striking:—

'As I left this land of exile I thought of my comrades who remained in it, and blessed them; I blessed also this land, which will one day cease to be an instrument of dread and torture, since it has (over a great extent at least) all that is essential to become a land of prosperity. Perhaps Providence has guided thither many of ourselves and of the exterminated Poles, to be the founders of a future and better Siberia. The pledges of that auspicious future are to be found in three facts. Siberia has no privileged classes; but few employ^{ys}; and a people capable of self-government.' (P. 303.)

After another long and difficult journey of two months, the Rosens reached Tiflis, where their eldest son, now twelve years old, had been allowed to rejoin them. Rosen himself was attached, as an invalid, to a regiment of Mingrelian chasseurs, serving in the Caucasus, but as he was still incapable of service, he was shortly afterwards allowed to repair to the celebrated sulphur-baths of Pjätigorsk, which eventually restored him to comparative health, and altogether restored him to intercourse with the world. At length, on the 18th of January, 1839, the Emperor consented to allow him to retire from the army, and to return to live at Revel, his native place, under the surveillance of the police.

We take our leave of Baron Rosen with regret, for his account of these agitated years of his life does equal credit to his heart and to his head. He has given us the most accurate account we possess of the incidents of the revolt of St. Petersburg in December 1825, and of the subsequent judgment of the prisoners. He has also drawn an interesting but not exaggerated picture of life in Siberia. But throughout his narrative there is no trace of any bitter or vindictive spirit, and if he was guilty of an offence in preferring the cause of his country to the discipline of his colours, he at least expiated it like a gentleman.

ART. IV.—*An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London: 1870.

THERE is no religious writer of our day who attracts more interest than Dr. Newman. Other names may be as well known and may represent more definite influences. The necessities of religious controversy or the accidents of official position may keep them more prominently before the public eye. But Dr. Newman enjoys an intellectual and literary prestige which is singular, and quite separates him even from the most distinguished theologians with whom he has been associated. Some of these will be chiefly remembered as partisans in an important crisis of the religious history of England. Dr. Newman has been always something more than a partisan. His strength was not designed, as he himself early saw, to lie in party organisation or party movements, deeply as he was at one time implicated in them. His has been a higher mood. As a preacher, as a writer—even as a theologian—he has risen above mere ecclesiastical instincts, when most faithfully obeying them. He has struck notes all his own even when repeating the voice of authority. The charm of a genuine intellectual audacity and freshness is in all his writings. And so it is, that while he remains officially unacknowledged as a religious leader, he is so widely interesting as a religious author. He is far more to the world of intellect and letters than all those with whom he is or has been ecclesiastically connected. The very philosophers whose liberal spirit he has denounced, since he first drew his literary breath, have been attracted by his mental and spiritual history. The newspapers teem with allusions to him; and, when a volume of unpromising title and highly technical structure appears from his pen, they grudge no space to exhibit its contents and commend its power, however doubtful of its principles and conclusions.

This intellectual distinction is partly if not mainly owing to rare gifts as a writer. It is impossible to open a page of Dr. Newman's works without being carried away by the delightfulness of their style—clear, easy, direct, expressive, felicitously executive in all its turns. It is this which makes his sermons pleasant reading, even when they no longer represent the author's thought, or the reader's sympathies. They stimulate the mental taste by their literary finish—a finish which evidently comes not from effort but from the natural play of a

mind that instinctively clothes itself in the happiest forms of expression, exactly fitting the thought and brightening it with the finest effects. A writer like Dr. Newman will always reach above the theological or ecclesiastical world in which he may move and take his place in the world of letters.

The intellectual substance of Dr. Newman's writings is less remarkable than their literary form, yet it is also quite distinct, and leaves at once an impression of power. His dialectic is subtle and masterly, fearing no difficulties, and cutting straight with keen edge through the hardest questions. He never seems to have a feeble or loose grasp of his subject, even when his real penetration and insight are most to be suspected. His hand is the hand of a workman, never needing to be ashamed—perfect of accomplishment within its range, and turning ingeniously the most untoward materials into elements of argumentative strength or shapes of illustrative beauty. His logical confidence—his literary hardihood—never fail. He runs a few ideas out into the most marvellous combinations with the display of an intellectual expert who takes pleasure in his own adroitness, and in its plenitude is quite unconscious that he may be imposing upon himself or his readers.

He has other and higher qualities. His imagination, if not rich or exuberant, impregnating his writing like his dialectic, is yet so active as to give to it a constant touch of living interest. In his most abstract discussions he never long forgets the world of reality. Glimpses of life—love of the sights and sounds of nature, and communion with the great common feelings which make the world kin—allusions to the literature and even the novels of the day—make us feel at home with him in the neighbourhood of the most difficult or solemn subjects; for neither the dialectic nor the theology of Dr. Newman has eaten out of him the sweetness of poetic instinct or that love of the concrete which is dear to the hearts of Englishmen. Brimful of human nature, and his lips alive with the fire of genius, he strikes chords which find a response in all bosoms. From the depth of his dialectic and the very narrowness of his religious comprehension there comes a natural human voice fraught with a meaning which all understand, and pathetic with wistful tones which have appealed with especial force to the agitated mind of our generation.

Withal, we think it doubtful whether Dr. Newman can be esteemed a really great writer, unless greatness in this direction be held compatible with limits which have hitherto proved fatal to it. For, notwithstanding all his gifts, Dr. Newman is deeply lacking in some of the higher impulses of thought which have

made the chief distinction of our great English writers; which in theology, for example, separate men like Hooker and Jeremy Taylor and Butler from the common level, and place them in a rank by themselves. His genius, while true within its range, is singularly destitute of breadth and compass. Intense in the highest degree, it has no largeness and no rational elevation. Profound, ingenious, creative, it is seldom luminous in a philosophic sense, and never tolerant or appreciative. Speaking of Dr. Newman purely in reference to his works, he is the most intolerant of writers. He has absolutely no perception of the rights due to opinions other than his own. He has never had. And this not from any lack of personal sensibility (he is full of this), but from sheer incapacity of intellectual comprehension. No writer, and certainly no theologian, so entirely wanting in rational judgment and sympathy has as yet attained to the first place in English literature. Warburton, with all his logical dash and cleverness, we never think of as a great writer. And, much as Dr. Newman may excel Warburton in spiritual qualities, he certainly does not excel him in soundness of judgment or reasonableness of thought. While of all the Anglo-Catholic writers of the seventeenth century once so much admired by our author, there is only one who really occupies the front rank in literature, and is now read by any except theologians; and this for the very reason that he adds to his other gifts and peculiarities a noble and reasonable thoughtfulness. If Jeremy Taylor had never written 'The Liberty of Prophesying,' his writings would have comparatively sunk out of sight, and he himself would have held a far lower position in our literary history.

It is not only as a theologian, but as an historical critic and preacher, that Dr. Newman's genius is marred by intensity of dogmatism. Whatever may be the difficulties of his subject, or the perplexities of fact with which he has to deal, he never has any hesitations or reserves. Estimates of character and opinion are uniformly subordinated by him to dogmatic prepossession. He is as sure that the Eusebians were heretics in the fourth century as the Arians, and that as heretics they were 'base-spirited and factious,' consistent only in one thing—their 'hatred of the sacred mystery.'* To him the 'heretical spirit is ever one and the same in its various forms.'† The great school of Antioch—the school of Chrysostom, of Theodore, and Theodoret,—is as objectionable as the modern Liberal School. The Predestinarianism of Augustine is something very

* The Arians of the Fourth Century, p. 157.

† Ibid. p. 81.

different from the Predestinarianism of Calvin, because the former taught a Church doctrine which the latter denied. That the French Reformer frequently quotes the very words of the Catholic doctor is of no account. The Athanasian Creed—the puzzle and opprobrium of all rational theologians since its unhappy acceptance by the Western Church—is to him a hymn more simple and sublime than the *Veni Creator* or the *Te Deum*. And even so, German Protestantism is a mere syncretism of various opinions, which entirely denies the divine origin of Christianity. Neander and Strauss, Bunsen and Baur, are all one and the same to our Anglican dogmatist.

This astounding opinionativeness might in some other writers be attributed to ignorance or to other causes less creditable. In Dr. Newman it is pure intellectual onesidedness. He has no more doubt of his opinions than the ordinary Englishman has of his prejudices. The same insularity is, in fact, the cause of both—an insularity which is curiously conspicuous in him from the beginning to the end of his career. When abroad in 1832, before he had yet entered upon his polemical course, he tells us that England was solely in his thoughts; ‘The Bill for the ‘Suppression of the Irish Sees was *à* progress, and filled my ‘mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals.’* France was hateful to him from its associations with modern Liberalism. When at Algiers, he would not look at the tricolor; and although obliged to wait in Paris twenty-four hours, he kept within the whole time. The beautiful city had no beauty to him. Dr. Newman has himself narrated these facts; and we recall them now, we need hardly say, not for their own sake, but because they are so characteristic of him as a writer. They mirror his mental attitude all along. He is constantly pursued by one or two thoughts. He repeats in his recent volumes the arguments of the common room of Oriel in 1833. He even attaches importance to them. The world may have moved since then, but this is nothing to him; for he has continued his habit of shutting himself within mental holes and corners from which he cannot see what offends his tastes or prejudices. He never allows or seems even to dream that there may be a world of experience different from his own, yet as good and religious as his own—that there may be aspects of truth which he has never contemplated, which yet it would be well for him to regard. Particularly he never allows that it may be really difficult to ascertain the truth about certain matters, and that it is the part of a wise man, and particu-

* History of my Religious Opinions, p. 33.

larly a Christian man, to suspend his judgment and wait for light, rather than make bold asseverations amidst the darkness.

It is this craving for assertion which has exposed Dr. Newman to the charge of untruthfulness—a charge to which we owe the very interesting history of his religious opinions. No one who understands anything of his genius and character could suppose for a moment that he is capable of wilfully misrepresenting or denying the truth. But we must say that he is equally incapable of finding it. He did not deny—nay he instinctively felt—that Paris was beautiful in 1832; but then he would not look upon it. He hated the place and all its associations, and his only wish was to get away from it as fast as he could. This is exactly, in a figure, what he has been doing all his days as a religious writer and thinker. Whenever a view is distasteful to him he refuses to look at it. He may not deliberately misinterpret what is out of harmony with his own mental feeling; but he never tries to understand it. He never calmly faces and examines it; but as soon as he sees the faintest flutter of the tricolor of thought he shuts himself up from the painful sight.

It is only such wilful blindness can explain the audacious statements which occur more or less in all his writings, but in some more than others. Every historical student acquainted with his sketch of the 'Arians of the Fourth Century,' and his essay on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' will know what we mean. Fallacies of thought are a common weakness. The strongest and best-intentioned may be held by them. But fallacies of historical assertion urged with a quiet and scornful pertinacity always indicate that peculiar turn of mind which refuses to open to the light, and which, brilliant though it may often be, is essentially unsound—destitute of health and balance of force. The instinct of fairness seems to die out of such mental characters; and so far from its being a wonder that they pass over to Romanism—the wonder really is that they ever escape this destination when inspired by religious enthusiasm.

To extreme onesidedness Dr. Newman adds a certain feminine turn of mind which is hardly characteristic of a great writer. While he moves by his audacity and logical *élan*—by the mingled delicacy and dash with which he handles a subject—he never moves by robustness and mass of thought. His handling is never that of a large and powerful grasp. The fearless manliness of a writer like Chillingworth has been always hateful to him and his friends; and they are at no pains to conceal their hatred. It is remarkable indeed the fascina-

tion of dislike with which this powerful writer inspires them. They are full of allusions to him and profess no measure of scorn for his famous dictum about the 'Religion of Protestants;' but it is the scorn that is kin to fear. None of them have ever ventured to grapple with his great argument.

This feminine turn was more or less a feature of all the Oxford School. It was in some degree a reaction from the rough strength and hard, homely sense of Whately and others; but it was also natural to the genius of the men themselves. There was a delicacy of thought in them all—beautiful in itself, but apt to grow into weakness of a very arbitrary and disagreeable kind unless enriched and fortified by knowledge and breadth of sympathy. The companionship of Oriel, the seclusion of Littlemore, and the sweet serenity of Hursely Parsonage were delightful influences, and they have left enduring traces of beauty on our religious literature; but there was a dangerous softness in the atmosphere of all the 'three places, which tended to refine rather than to brace the mental constitution. Their very quietness and retirement served to draw out characteristic weaknesses, and to nurse certain mental asceticisms which like all other asceticisms are deeply injurious in the pride of their humility. The simplicity that shuns the public gaze, and the refinement that shelters itself within academic or clerical precincts, may be charming; but all experience proves that no sentiment is fully healthy which does not face the hard facts of humanity and the plain broad instincts of common men and women. It requires contact with the world and knowledge of the life of manful toil and passion which is lived in it, to give that touch of truth which is higher than everything else to all other training and experience whatever. The Oxford School, with all their culture and learning, never came to the knowledge of this truth; nor did they ever learn to be ashamed of their ignorance. Wrapt up in their own dreams—in an intellectual paradise of their own—they contracted their vision instead of enlarging it; and even so consummate an intellect as that of Dr. Newman has gathered marks of effeminacy from this spiritual fondling. It has strengthened in him—as it so notably did in Keble—the habit of self-communing and self-analysis which, while it has given life and interest to their writings, is so unsatisfactory when made to stand, as it is so often made by them to stand, in place of a broader intellectual treatment. Never were men more afraid of the right of private judgment, and yet never did men more uniformly apply the tests of their own private personal experience to the solution of religious questions. Dr. Newman's

present volume is a striking illustration of this very habit. While disclaiming all pretensions to be metaphysical, it quietly begs, on the basis of his own experience, a whole world of metaphysics. He keeps saying 'I am not a metaphysician, and I have no pretensions that way. I am content with the comparatively humble task of stating my own experience.' And the reader cannot help being touched by such humility from such a writer. But he cannot also help being disappointed when he finds this humility combined with the most arbitrary definitions of our intellectual nature and the most confident assumptions as to the conditions of its working.

Dr. Newman and his school show another characteristic weakness intimately allied with that of which we have been speaking. He is not merely reverential towards certain great names. True reverence, as in the case of Hooker, is frequently a mark of the noblest type of intellect. When reverence is paid to the highest objects and the finest expressions of human thought consecrated by the homage of generations, it is a grace which lends to genius softening and lustre. But deference to personal names and influences is not in itself deserving of respect. It may be a mere foolish devotecism. And Dr. Newman and his friends were not free of this. In all his *History of his Religious Opinions* we do not remember that he ever puts the issue straight before him—Is this thing true? He never examines questions in their rational essence, or makes it his first thought that he shall find the truth whatever names be on this side or that. *Magis amica veritas* is a sentiment unknown to him. But he tells us copiously, and with the utmost frankness, the persons who affected and coloured his intellectual life, and swayed his beliefs hither and thither. Passing for a moment from the intellectual character of these friends, and the question whether it was such as to warrant the influence which he ascribes to them, the fact deserving of emphasis is, that it was not any pure force of ideas represented by them so much as the mere strength of their opinionativeness and the confidence of their dogmatisms which impressed him. His words are:—

'It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend (Hurrell Froude) to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same way to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.*'

* *History of Religious Opinions*, p. 25.

And during the whole of his university career and long afterwards it is the same story. Dr. Newman's religious belief is always receiving 'additions' or impressions from without rather than enlightenment and growth from within. From Newton on the Prophecies he learned that 'the Pope was the 'Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul and St. John,' and his 'imagination was stained by the effect of this doctrine up 'to the year 1843.' Dr. Whately first taught him the existence of the 'Church as a 'substantive body or corporation.' From Dr. Hawkins he learned the doctrine of Tradition. The Rev. William James, then a fellow of Oriel, imparted to him the doctrine of Apostolical Succession 'in the course of a walk 'round Christ Church meadow.' Butler's 'Analogy' comes in for mention merely along with the Rev. William James and Dr. Hawkins. The influence of Keble and of Hurrell Froude is more intelligible. The latter was a man of genius; but, as his 'Remains' show, his genius was of a singularly irrational type, and exercised an influence on his friends mainly from the mere force and intensity of its passion and prejudice. With so many in all English lands we join in a genuine admiration of Mr. Keble's sweetly affectionate and beautiful character, and the tender exquisite spirituality of many of his Lyrics, toned so delicately that they do not jar on religious feeling however diverse from their own, even when they fail to refresh and inspire it; but with the utmost respect for so good a man, we must say that we have seldom encountered an intellect less expansive in its range or less catholic in its sympathies. His life, as recently described, presents a beautiful but extremely contracted picture—of idyllic simplicity and purity, yet also petty and painfully minute in outline; the lines drawn with an almost superstitious formalism. It may be true that the reverential and the scrupulous side of life is not likely to be overdone in a time like ours; but reverence fails in dignity when it falls below the highest objects, and scruples should concern life and its duties and not the sensibilities of the religious closet, or the inanities—the *res ineptæ*—of Anglican Tradition.

Newman's reverence for Keble was unbounded. It took the form of awe. When one day an eager friend pointed out to him the future Christian Lyrist in the High Street of Oxford, exclaiming 'There's Keble'—'with what awe,' he says, 'did I look on him.' Such a feeling, however amiable, becomes a weakness when prolonged beyond the undergraduate stage. It is unhealthy both in its morbid excess and no less in the morbid depreciation in other directions which it is sure to breed.

For it is the same mind that stands in awe of Keble which a year or two later asks of Arnold, when some one referred to a certain interpretation by him of Scripture as Christian—‘but is ‘he a Christian’? * Reverence for truth can never be too strong, nor even reverence for great teachers who have enlarged our perception of truth and enriched the great common stock of rational and spiritual ideas which govern the world in its highest types of civilisation. Such a form of reverence is one of the noblest flowers in the culture of any school or university. But there are few things less becoming or less useful than a deference which exalts the mere personal characteristics of friends or teachers and becomes the servant of the ‘letter’ rather than of the ‘spirit.’

Oxford with all her distinctions can scarcely lay claim to any peculiar success in the culture of the higher order of reverence. She has flouted rather than welcomed some of the greatest ideas which have entered into the modern life of humanity. Even when she has caught hold of a genuine movement of thought, it is curious how apt she has been to hold to it on its lower personal side, rather than its higher ideal side; and to found a sect of followers rather than a school of opinion. She has never been quick in affinity with the catholic range of speculation, nor readily inspired by an enthusiasm for its higher conceptions. She has kept at home and made much of her own thoughts. Not merely in 1833, when to the eager band of Tractarians Christianity scarcely seemed to have existence apart from Anglo-Catholic formulas and the *via media*, but at other times, her intellectual egoism has been excessive and centered. The habit suits her. She is apt to fancy that the world of opinion must nod to her inclinations. But self-complacency is a poor nursery of ideas. So soon as opinions become interesting not for their own sake and higher spirit, and their quickening connexion with the circle of human thought, but on account of the persons who hold them or their casual expression, they begin to lose health and muscle. The intellectual or spiritual movement sinks into a coterie. What seemed a commencing wave in the long advance of human reason or in the eddying tide of religious history dwindles into a feeble agitation on some side pool of the national life. The Oxford movement of 1833 was far from feeble in its results; it was too intense and real for this; it met too strong an awakening of the national mind and conscience. But even its early enthusiasm and self-sacrifice

* History of Religious Opinions, p. 34.

could not dignify the narrowness of its conceptions; and its dependence upon personal rather than ideal influences soon left it without any cohesion of thought. Its higher elements passed off, as all thinkers foresaw they would, into their natural channel of Roman Catholicism; its lower sank into what is known as Ritualism. The inevitable fate of every movement which hangs upon persons and traditions, rather than principles, is to drift rather than to lead, and finally to fall into the arms of some ancient authority instead of moulding anew the course of human history.

We have dwelt upon these features of Dr. Newman's intellectual character because his position as a writer, and especially his last volume now before us, can only be understood in connexion with his own mental career. Few writers have ever presented a more unique or persistent type of mind. He is now in mental habitude and grasp very much what he was in 1832, when he composed and dedicated to Keble his historical sketch of the 'Arians of the Fourth Century.' He has changed his religious associations and sympathies, but his modes of reasoning and his appreciations of opinion and of life remain very much what they were. He never was an inquirer,* and never had any faith in human reason. His mind has never been able to stand alone, and from the depths of intellectual solitude to look quietly towards the light or travel painfully in quest of it. Some form of authoritative dogma has always possessed him, apart from which truth has had to him no existence. Of the pure action of the intellect his only conception has been that of 'an all-corroding and devouring 'scepticism.'†

We confess therefore that we heard with astonishment that Dr. Newman was busy with a 'Grammar of Assent.' In the close of the History of his Religious Opinions he appeared so deliberately to have abandoned, not only reason—for as we have said he never stood on any ground of reason—but even argument in reference to his faith, and to have embraced so entirely the dogma of infallibility, that nothing could well remain for him to say on the subjects of his religious assents. Nothing could be more intelligible than the 'position of his mind.' Thousands have occupied the position before and

* In this very volume he tells us that inquiry is incompatible with religious faith. 'He, who inquires has not found; he is in doubt where the truth lies. We cannot, without absurdity, call ourselves at once believers and inquirers also.' (P. 184.)

† History of Religious Opinions, p. 243.

occupy it at this moment. All must come to it who decisively distrust reason and put out its light. The present elaborate volume was in consequence a surprise to us; yet it is so remarkable in itself and so singularly in keeping with his remarkable intellect, that we feel, now that it has appeared, that Dr. Newman's authorship would have been incomplete without it. For his mind, while intensely dogmatic and authoritative in expression, is yet in spirit and essence really sceptical, seeing difficulties although refusing to own them, and from the depths of its very restlessness casting itself forcibly into the arms of authority. Its dialectic instinct will not let it repose, but incessantly strives to bottom itself on some logical or intellectual as well as ecclesiastical basis. And as the *History of his Religious Opinions* gives us the personal narrative of the process by which he passed from one stage to another of dogmatic assent, so the present volume expounds what seem to him the intellectual conditions on which even such a fully developed and comprehensive faith as his may find a foundation.

In its literary characteristics the volume is an admirable specimen of Dr. Newman's manner. It is written with great ease and charm of expression, and at the same time with a great appearance of logical force and comprehension. We cannot say that the argument is clear, especially in its points of connexion. On the contrary, it appears to us here and there to be singularly obscure, and to drop its links often in a subtle maze of words which carry the reader along, and yet open to him no rational sequence of thought which he can retrace with mental satisfaction. Everywhere, however, there is the old felicity of exposition and appositeness of illustration and of epithet which make Dr. Newman's literary handiwork so delightful. Some readers may be deterred by the technical structure of the book and the abstract nomenclature of its divisions; but, when these are got over, its difficulties are pretty well mastered; and the subject is found to run forth into many side excursions of an extremely interesting and lively character. The intellectual charm of the book, in fact, appears to us to lie—not at all in its formal argumentation—but in the surprises which it now and then gives us in expositions not only of rare beauty of expression, but marked by thought as just and enlightened as it is happily expressed. Dr. Newman's very dogmatism—the firmness with which he holds his intellectual as well as theological ground—refusing to look around, helps him to expound his ideas with a clear and unwavering force. The following exposition of the idea of Cause, for example, strikes us as very forcible:—

‘It is to me a perplexity that grave authors seem to enunciate as an intuitive truth that everything must have a cause. If this were so the voice of nature would tell false; for why in that case stop short at One, who is Himself without cause? The assent which we give to the proposition, as a first principle that nothing happens without a cause is derived in the first instance from what we know of ourselves; and we argue analogically from what is within us to what is external to us. One of the first experiences of an infant is that of his willing and doing; and as time goes on one of the first temptations of the boy is to bring home to himself the fact of his sovereign arbitrary power, though it be at the price of waywardness, mischievousness, and disobedience. And when his parents as antagonists of this wilfulness begin to restrain him, and to bring his mind and conduct into shape, then he has a second series of experiences of cause and effect, and that upon a principle or rule. Thus the notion of causation is one of the first lessons which he learns from experience, that experience limiting it to agents possessed of intelligence and will. It is the notion of power combined with a purpose and an end. Physical phenomena, as such, are without sense; and experience teaches us nothing about physical phenomena as causes. Accordingly wherever the world is young the movements and changes of physical nature have been and are spontaneously ascribed by its inhabitants to the presence and will of hidden agents, who haunt every part of it, the woods, the mountains, and the streams, the air and the stars, for good or for evil; nor is there anything illogical in such a belief. It rests on the argument from analogy.

‘As time goes on, and society is formed, and the idea of science is mastered, a different aspect of the physical universe presents itself to the mind. Since causation implies a sequence of acts in our own case, and our doing is always posterior, never contemporaneous or prior, to our willing, therefore when we witness invariable antecedents and consequents, we call the former the cause of the latter, though intelligence is absent from the analogy of external appearances. At length we go on to confuse causation with order; and because we happen to have made a successful analysis of some complicated assemblage of phenomena, which experience has brought before us in the visible scene of things, and have reduced them to a tolerable dependence upon each other, we call the ultimate points of this analysis, and the hypothetical facts in which the whole mass of phenomena is gathered up, by the name of Causes, whereas they are really only the formula under which those phenomena are conveniently represented. Thus the constitutional formula, “The King can do no wrong,” is not a fact, or a cause of the Constitution, but a happy mode of bringing out its genius, of determining the correlations of its elements, and of grouping or regulating political rules and proceedings in a particular direction and in a particular form. And in like manner, that all the particles of matter throughout the universe are attracted to each other with a force varying inversely with the square of their respective distances, is a profound idea, harmonising the physical works of the Creator; but even could it be proved to be a universal fact, and also to be the actual cause of the movements of all bodies in the universe, still it would not be an

experience any more than is the mythological doctrine of the presence of innumerable spirits in physical phenomena.

'Of these two senses of the word "cause," viz., that which brings a thing to be, and that on which a thing under given circumstances follows, the former is that of which our experience is the earlier and more intimate, being suggested to us by our consciousness of willing and doing. The latter of the two requires a discrimination and exactness of thought for its apprehension, which implies special mental training; else, how do we learn to call food the cause of refreshment, but day never the cause of night, though night follows day more surely than refreshment follows food? Starting then from experience, I consider a cause to be an effective will; and by the doctrine of causation, I mean the notion, or first principle, that all things come of effective will; and the reception or presumption of this notion is a notional assent.' (Pp. 63-66.)

Having thus explained the idea of Cause or the doctrine of Causation in its primary sense, Dr. Newman expounds with no less effect the secondary sense of Causation as Law or Order—an ordinary succession of antecedents and consequents, or what is called the Order of Nature. This he considers 'another first principle or notion derived from experience;' and sets forth its genesis and true character as follows:—

'By natural law I mean the fact that things happen according to fixed circumstances, and not without them and at random; that is that they happen in an order. . . . Thus we have experience, for instance, of the regularity of our physical functions, such as the beating of the pulse and the heaving of the breath; of the recurring sensations of hunger and thirst; of the alternation of waking and sleeping, and the succession of youth and age. In like manner we have experience of the great recurring phenomena of the heavens and earth, of day and night, summer and winter. . . . Also by scientific analysis we are led to the conclusion that phenomena, which seem very different from each other, admit of being grouped together as modes of the operation of one hypothetical law, acting under varied circumstances. For instance, the motion of a stone falling freely, of a projectile, and of a planet, may be generalised as one and the same property, in each of them, of the particles of matter; and this generalisation loses its character of hypothesis, and becomes a probability, in proportion as we have reason for thinking on other grounds that the particles of all matter really move and act towards each other in one way in relation to space and time, and not in half a dozen ways; that is, that nature acts by uniform laws. And thus we advance to the general notion or first principle of the sovereignty of law throughout the universe.

'There are philosophers who go farther, and teach, not only a general, but an invariablc, and, inviolable, and necessary uniformity in the action of the laws of nature, holding that everything is the result of some law or laws, and the exceptions are impossible; but I do not see on what ground of experience or reason they take up this position. Our

experience is directly adverse to such a doctrine, for no one example of an unvarying law can be pointed out as a fact in the whole universe.' (Pp. 66-68.)

He gives various illustrations, and then concludes :—

' But it may be urged, if a thing happens once, it must happen always ; for what is to hinder it ? Nay, on the contrary, why, because one particle of matter has a certain property, should all particles have the same ? Why, because particles have instanced the property a thousand times, should the thousand and first instance it also ? It is *primâ facie* unaccountable that an accident should happen twice, not to speak of its happening always. If we expect a thing to happen twice, it is because we think it is not an accident, but has a cause. What has brought about a thing once, may bring it about twice. *What* is to hinder its happening ? rather what is to make it happen ? Here we are thrown back from the question of Order to that of Causation. A law is not a cause, but a fact ; but when we come to the question of cause, then, as I have said, we have no experience of any cause but Will. If, then, I must answer the question, What is to alter the order of nature ? I reply, That which willed it ;—that which willed it, can unwill it ; and the invariableness of law depends on the unchangeableness of that Will.

' And here I am led to observe that, as cause implies a will, so order implies a purpose. Did we see flint celts, in their various receptacles all over Europe, scored always with certain special and characteristic marks, even though those marks had no assignable meaning or final cause whatever, we should take that very repetition, which, indeed, is the principle of order, to be a proof of intelligence. The agency then which has kept and keeps up the general laws of nature energising at once in Syrius and on the earth, and on the earth in its primary period as well as in the nineteenth century, must be Mind and nothing else, that Mind at least as wide and as enduring in its living action, as the immeasurable ages and spaces of the universe on which that agency has left its traces.' (Pp. 69, 70.)

These passages show sufficiently with what clearness and force Dr. Newman can argue ; and there are many other passages and even trains of reasoning throughout the volume equally felicitous and just. We may instance the whole treatment in the fifth chapter of the function of Conscience in evolving and vivifying the idea of God—an exposition which, while containing nothing new or in any respect original, is admirable alike in its simplicity and depth. The same may be said of many parts of the concluding chapter on the Christian Evidences, or ' Religious Inferences,' as he entitles it. It is pleasant to feel ourselves in union with the author in such expositions both of the great intellectual principles lying at the basis of Theism and of the surpassing claims of the Christian revelation upon our acceptance ; and it would be possible, as

some critics have done, to confine our attention to these parts of the book, and exalt it so far as an opportune contribution to the religious thought of the age. But after all, these are but episodes or applications in the general scheme of its argument. They do not touch the peculiar substance of the author's thinking, or give its essential quality. They fail, moreover, to bring out the connexion of the volume with his previous intellectual and religious history, and so to give the key to its real meaning.

This meaning extends far beyond any defence of our common Christianity. Christianity to Dr. Newman is not only identical with Catholicism in fact, but he evidently does not believe that it can rest on any principles equally held by Protestant and Catholic. He despairs, in short, of a rational defence of it quite as much now as he did at the close of the *History of his Religious Opinions*. Out of that despair this volume has grown. Its whole object is to construct a scheme of argument which, coming short of reason and working independently of it, yet forms in the writer's estimation an adequate basis of religious Certitude. Feeling in himself how little he has been indebted in the growth of his religious faith to any rational considerations—to any processes of pure inquiry—he has set himself the task of explaining and vindicating his own peculiar position for the benefit, not of religious inquirers, but of believers like himself. This may be said to be his avowed purpose. He does not address men in search of truth, or try to explain how it may be found; but taking Certitude as a fact—as a part of our nature—his business is to justify it as such. To the inquirer he has little or nothing to say; but he invites the dogmatist to contemplate the manner in which his own mind has attained to certainty. In such matters, he says, 'egotism is true modesty.'* Each man can only speak for himself. And so his aim has been out of his own mental experience to construct what may be called a logic of faith. Sceptical of a Philosophy of Inquiry, he has boldly adventured a Philosophy of Credulity. This and no other is the real purport of the volume.

Dr. Newman's main doctrine—the doctrine on which all the characteristic thought of his volume turns—is, that Assent is something distinct from and above Reason. It is an act of the mind complete in itself, and containing its own justification; in other words, possessing a validity in and for itself, and independently of the reasons, probabilities, or grounds of infer-

ence on which it rests. In his own language, Assent is 'unconditional'—'the absolute acceptance of a proposition 'without any condition.' By whatever steps or stages the mind may be led to it, the act itself admits of no degrees. Its whole peculiarity consists in its absoluteness or exclusion of all qualification.

This is the lever or central principle of thought with which Dr. Newman works throughout his volume. It is announced at the outset; it is expanded in the close into a new power or faculty, which he calls the Illative Sense; it receives full exposition in the sixth and seventh chapters in the middle of the volume. He himself implies rather than expressly lays down a twofold division of his work into the subjects of Assent in connexion with the Apprehension of Propositions, and Assent in connexion with Inference; but this doctrine or definition of Assent is really the pervasive cement of the whole book; and we will best accomplish our critical task, as it appears to us, by first examining this doctrine by itself in the light of his own exposition. It is necessary to have a clear conception of his main principle before looking at the applications which he makes of it.

Locke, in his chapter on Probability—the fifteenth of the fourth book of his famous essay, and in the following chapters—argues with his usual common sense that Assent is merely the issue of probable reasoning varying with the 'several degrees and grounds of probability.' 'Whatever grounds of probability there may be,' he says, 'they yet operate no further on the mind which searches after truth and endeavours to judge right, than they appear at least in the first judgment or search that the mind makes.' And in a remarkable passage quoted by Dr. Newman, he adds:—

• He that would seriously set upon the search of truth ought in the first place to prepare his mind with a love of it. For he that loves it not will not take much pains to get it, nor be much concerned when he misses it. There is nobody, in the commonwealth of learning, who does not profess himself a lover of truth,—and there is not a rational creature that would not take it amiss, to be thought otherwise of. And yet, for all this, we may truly say, there are very few lovers of truth, for truth-sake, even amongst those who persuade themselves that they are so. How a man may know, whether he be so, in earnest, is worth inquiry; and I think there is this one unerring mark of it, viz., *the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built on will warrant*. Whoever goes beyond this measure of assent, it is plain, receives not truth in the love of it, loves not truth for truth-sake, but for some other by-end. For the evidence that any proposition is true (*except such as are self-evident*) lying only in the

proofs a man has of it, whatsoever degrees of assent he affords it *beyond the degrees of that evidence*, it is plain *all that surplusage of assurance* is owing to some other affection, and not to the love of truth; it being as *impossible* that the love of truth should carry *any assent above the evidence* there is to one that it is true, as that the love of truth should be assent to any proposition for the sake of that evidence which it has not that it is true; which is in effect to love it as a truth, because it is possible or probable that it may not be true.*

It was a sure instinct which guided Dr. Newman to this passage; for it sets forth plainly the difference betwixt his views and those not only of Locke, but we may say of every school of rational opinion. It has been supposed the special boast of philosophy to guard and purify the avenues of human belief—‘to correct,’ as a distinguished thinker of our time has said, ‘the inadvertences of ordinary thinking.’ The idea which has more or less inspired every attempt to organise human thought has been that man is by nature a credulous and unreasoning being, and that his natural beliefs require to be rectified and controlled—illuminated and tested—by reason. But Dr. Newman’s whole conception of human nature is different. He takes, or professes to take, the human mind as he finds it, with all its bundle of natural beliefs clinging to it. He refuses to analyse or criticise them—in his own language, to theorise. It is enough for him that they are there. ‘We must take the constitution of the human mind as we find it,’ he says, ‘and not as we may judge it ought to be.’ (P. 209.) ‘Our hoping is a proof that hope, as such, is not an extravagance; and our possession of certitude is a proof that it is not a weakness or an absurdity to be certain.’ (P. 337.)

Assent is with him accordingly a distinct and substantive act of the mind, which carries its own validity quite apart from the reasons which have led to it. It is this, or it is nothing. To make it dependent upon what has gone before, or the *degrees of evidence* before the mind, is to confound it with Inference; and if it is nothing more than this, ‘the sooner we get rid of the word in philosophy the better.’ Assent and Inference are, or may be, each of them the acceptance of a proposition; but the special characteristic of Inference is that it is conditional, and the special characteristic of Assent is that it is unconditional. ‘Inference is always Inference; even if demonstrative, it is still conditional; it establishes an incontrovertible conclusion on the condition of incontrovertible premisses. To the conclusion thus drawn, assent gives its

* B. iv. c. xix. ‘On Enthusiasm.’

' absolute recognition. In the case of all demonstrations, ' assent, when given, is unconditionally given. In one class of ' subjects then Assent certainly is always conditional; but if ' the word stands for an undoubting and unhesitating act of ' the mind once, why does it not denote the same 'always?' Why, indeed, but for the obvious reason that the antecedents being different the conclusion or assent is different. Surely an unconditional assent to incontrovertible premisses does not, on the very face of the statement, warrant an unconditional assent to premisses or antecedents merely probable.

But to proceed with Dr. Newman's exposition. He argues that when we do not assent unconditionally, we do not, properly speaking, assent at all. ' We may accept the conclusion as a conclusion dependent upon premisses, but we do ' not follow up our Inference with an Assent to it.' Every day, in reading the newspapers, in looking through the debates in Parliament, leading articles, letters of correspondents, we indulge this mental indefiniteness. ' At the utmost we say that ' we are inclined to believe this position or that, that we are ' not sure it is not true, that much may be said for it, that we ' have been much struck by it; but we never say that we give ' it a degree of Assent. *We might as well talk of degrees of ' truth as of degrees of Assent.*' In one sense, indeed, we may be allowed to call such acts or states of mind Assents. ' They ' are opinions, and, as being such, they are assents to the plausibility, probability, doubtfulness, or untrustworthiness, of a ' proposition; that is, not variations of assent to an inference, ' but assents to a variation in inferences. When I assent to a ' doubtfulness, or to a probability, my assent, as such, is as ' complete as if I assented to a truth; it is not a certain degree ' of assent. And, in like manner, I may be certain of an uncertainty; that does not destroy the specific notion conveyed ' in the word "certain." ' It is admitted that we familiarly use such phrases as a half-assent, ' but a half-assent is not a kind ' of assent any more than a half-truth is a kind of truth. As ' the object is indivisible, so is the act. A half-truth is a proposition which in one aspect is a truth and in another is not. ' To give a half-assent is to feel drawn towards Assent, or to ' assent one moment and not the next, or to be in the way to ' assent to it. It means that the proposition in question deserves a hearing, that it is probable or attractive.' Therefore he maintains that, while there are many cases in which we do not assent at all, there are none ' in which assent is evidently conditional. If human nature is to be its own witness, ' there is no medium between assenting and not assenting.

‘Locke’s theory of the duty of assenting more or less according to the degrees of evidence, is invalidated by the testimony of high and low, young and old, ancient and modern.’

This absoluteness of Assent, so far from being irrational in Dr. Newman’s estimation, is an essential property of man’s nature. He gives various illustrations of its action; such as our primary beliefs that we ourselves exist; that we think; that we know what is right and wrong, or beautiful and hideous; that there is an external world; that we have parents; and so on. ‘None of us can think or act without the acceptance of truths, not intuitive, not demonstrated, yet sovereign. If our nature has any constitution, any laws, one of them is this absolute reception of propositions as true, which lie outside the narrow range of conclusions to which logic formal or virtual is tethered; nor has any philosophical theory the power to force on us a rule which will not work for a day.’ Philosophers who speak of degrees of assent confound the mental act and a scientific rule. The degrees or variations are not in the act of the mind, but in the thing, whatever it be, as it is presented to the mind. ‘When they speak in this manner surely they have no intention at all of defining the position of the mind itself relative to the adoption of a given conclusion, but they mean to determine the relation of that conclusion towards its premisses.’

Nor is Assent, even as defined by Dr. Newman, to be confounded with Faith. Here also, although he does not instance the contrast, he comes into express contradiction with Locke, who indifferently uses the expressions ‘Assent’ and ‘Faith,’ and says that ‘Faith is nothing but a firm Assent of the mind.’ Not only so, but Locke adds, with the wise caution which has made him, like Chillingworth, such a favourite opprobrium of all religious enthusiasts: ‘He that believes, without having any reason for believing, may be in love with his own fancies; but neither seeks truth as he ought, nor pays the obedience due to his Maker, who would have him use those discerning faculties He has given him to keep him out of mistake and error.’* On the contrary, Faith in a religious sense is with Dr. Newman ‘superior in nature and kind,’ admitting of no comparison with an ordinary act of Assent. Assent is ever Assent; but in the assent which follows on a divine announcement, and is vivified by a divine grace, there is, from the nature of the case, a transcendent adhesion of ‘mind, intellectual and moral, and a special self-protection,

* B. iv. c. 17.

'beyond the operation of those ordinary laws of thought, which alone have a place in my discussion.'

So much as to simple Assent; but Dr. Newman himself virtually admits that this can guide us, after all, but a little way, if any, towards truth; and so he passes on to what he calls Complex Assent or Certitude. The former is admitted, notwithstanding his elaborate vindication, to be little more than simple credence, or the natural assurance with which the mind regards its own operations and the great facts of nature and life around it. 'A great many of our assents,' he says, 'are merely expressions of our personal likings, tastes, principles, motives, and opinions, as dictated by nature or resulting from habit; in other words, they are acts and manifestations of self.' It is plain that such assents do not necessarily possess any rational value. They may do so; but many are merely prejudices, or at the best accumulations of personal experience. Dr. Reid's famous doctrine of Common Sense was a small matter compared to Dr. Newman's doctrine of Assent; for at least there was some pretence of philosophical investigation in Reid's theory, and it was not supposed to cover a mere mass of accidental credences as well as the group of our primary beliefs. But Complex Assent is something more than Simple: it is Assent 'made consciously or deliberately.' Our first assents, right or wrong, are often little more than prejudices. The reasonings which precede and accompany them, though sufficient for their purpose, do not rise up to the importance and energy of the assents themselves. As time goes on, by degrees and without set purpose, by reflection and experience, we begin to confirm or connect the notions and the images to which those assents are given.' The result, not of inquiry—for 'inquiry' is reprobated as alien to the spirit of Assent, and belonging to a quite different intellectual sphere—but of investigation and reflection, may be a new set of assents taking the place of the old irreflective set; or, investigation may serve to continue and strengthen the original assent. But in either case 'the new assent differs from the old in this, that it has the strength of explicitness and deliberation, that it is not a mere prejudice, and its strength the strength of prejudice. It is an assent not only to a given proposition, but to the claim of that proposition on our assent as true; it is an assent to an assent, or what is commonly called a conviction.' He has one step still to make; and then his theory is complete. He would not himself call it a theory. He supposes that he is showing, in contrast to philosophers, what is the real working of the mind—its actual constitution;

but surely no exposition ever more deserved the name of theory. 'Let the proposition,' he says, 'to which the assent is given be as absolutely true as the reflex act pronounces it to be, that is, objectively true as well as subjectively, then the assent may be called a *perception*, the conviction a *certitude*, the proposition or truth a *certainty*, or thing known, or a matter of *knowledge*, and to assent to it is to *know*.'

Dr. Newman becomes aware that in speaking in this manner he opens the all-important question 'What is truth, and what apparent truth? What is genuine knowledge, and what is its counterfeit? What are the tests for discriminating certitude from mere persuasion or delusion? Whatever a man holds to be true, he will say he holds for certain.' He hopes, as he proceeds, to furnish some tests of certitude, but he has the less scruple in leaving the mind so far to its own guidance, or, in other words, in leaving men to their own assumptions, because he thinks there are fewer instances of false certitude than at first sight might be supposed. 'Men are often doubtful about propositions which are really true; they are not commonly certain of such as are simply false. What they judge to be a certainty is for the most part a truth.'

I cannot think that it is necessary to concern ourselves further with Dr. Newman's exposition of the interior characteristics or qualities of certitude in itself, and in contrast to mere assent; nor yet with his lengthened treatment of the persistence, or what he calls the Indefectibility of Certitude. There are many points, indeed, in the latter section which invite discussion, as they serve to bring out more fully the thoroughly irrational basis of all his reasoning. We can only pause to advert to one of these points for the sake of the light which it throws on the general subject. We refer to the passage where he comes, as he could hardly help doing, across the path of Chillingworth, and tries an argumentative throw with him; but with a singular want of success. The subject is the threadbare one of the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church. Chillingworth maintains that the only rational basis of such a dogma—supposing it for a moment $\frac{1}{2}$ —would be some power of infallible apprehension; and we can never have this. Our infallible apprehension would require an infallible guarantee, 'and so on for ever unless we can dig so deep as to come at length to the Rock, that is, to settle all upon something evident of itself, which is not so much as pretended.' The argument appears to us irresistible; and the conclusion of course is, that there is no such thing as infallible truth in the world, *qua* human apprehension or exposition. Wherever our minds

touch any truth there is an opening for mistake; an element of uncertainty is introduced. And Chillingworth did not shrink from this conclusion, astounding as it appears to Dr. Newman. 'Can he really mean this,' he says; 'what then becomes of physical truth? Of the discoveries in optics, chemistry, and electricity, or of the science of motion?' These discoveries so far as they are truths remain untouched by Chillingworth's principle. Only no man and no set of men—no scientific Pope or Congress—can pronounce them infallible, any more than a spiritual Pope or Church is entitled to pronounce certain views of divine truth infallible. All scientific discoveries are liable to revision and may yet assume new or higher forms. The advancing course of science is nothing but the process of higher ideas continually supplanting lower and partially mistaken ideas. And no special exposition of scientific truth can lay claim to absolute certitude. Of religious doctrine this is still more true. The whole business of theological inquiry is to purify continually our apprehension of religious truth, and bring us nearer to its vital essence and reality. And certainly no view of it—no interpretation of its divine substance or meaning—has the slightest claim to infallibility.

Here, in fact, we approach the essential weakness of Dr. Newman's logic, if logic it can be called. He deals in his doctrine of Assent and throughout his book, not at all with the tests or criteria by which men may reasonably know whether they hold, in religion or in life, true opinions or false; but merely with the subjective character of belief. He finds that men believe a great deal—that assent rather than doubt and inquiry is the normal state of the ordinary human creature, especially with reference to religion. Such a feature of human nature is naturally interesting to Dr. Newman as the advocate of an infallible Church, and he has set himself to construct a defence of it. But the defence is after all nothing more than an ingenious elaboration of the fact that men do so believe. Assent is a prevalent habit of mind and is marked by such and such characters. But what if it be so? What if we grant to the full this doctrine of Assent? Supposing that we abandoned Locke and chose Dr. Newman as our logical guide, which we should be sorry to do; and that we admitted all that he says as to the unconditionalness of assent or Certitude—in what way would we be helped in arriving at or discriminating the truth? What we need, and what every man needs, is not merely to be told that his assents are a natural growth of his mind, and that they are justified because they are there. A logic of self-will is surely the last logic that human beings

require to be taught. What they really require to learn is rather how to discriminate between their false and their true assents—to know in some degree whether they are right or wrong in the certitudes which they so readily embrace. A *Grammar of Assent* in order to be really useful should deal not mainly with the relation of the mind itself to the conclusion which it adopts, but with the validity of the mental position, or, in other words, the relation of the conclusion to the premisses—the very subject which Dr. Newman puts aside. It should explain not so much the act of the mind in giving assent as the worth of the assent given. The character or quality of the act cannot possibly certify the truth or conclusion received. No mere internal certainty or absoluteness of subjective confidence can justify a man in his certainty or make him right in his confidence. The more absolute his assent only the more wrong, and in error, may he be. In short, if men are to reason at all, there must in the end be an appeal to some common canons of reasoning,—some rules or forms of right thinking rather than wrong thinking. And Dr. Newman not only does not face this problem, but his whole book is written with the view of evading it. Its object throughout is to emphasise the personal act of belief or certitude altogether apart from the grounds of reason upon which it rests—to erect, in fact, this personal act into a principle of authority. It is of no use examining whether he or Locke be right as to the psychological character of the act (the difference is evidently very much a question of nomenclature), so long as stress is laid on the mere act itself, and not on the rational motives which have led to it. Such an act is just as likely to be irrational as not. In any case, so long as it draws its force from personal rather than rational considerations, it can have no argumentative validity; it can be of no general intellectual service. Assent divorced from reason, in short, can be nothing but Credulity; and Dr. Newman's Assent is nothing else.

It is the same weakness which characterises the principle of the Illative Sense, which is the form that his general doctrine assumes in connexion with Inference. It is true, as he maintains, that formal reasoning is not strictly applicable to the facts of life or concrete matters. The conclusions which are daily drawn in these matters are not the conclusions of bare reason, but the richly diversified expressions of our whole mental experience. 'This universal living scene of things is, 'after all, as little a logical world as it is a poetical; and as it 'cannot without violence be exalted into poetical perfection,

‘neither can it be attenuated into a logical formula.’ Abstract can only lead to abstract; and as a matter of fact therefore we require in life ‘an organon more delicate, versatile, and elastic than verbal argumentation.’

‘In concrete reasonings’ (as he further explains his position, and it is of importance to explain it in his own language)

—‘we are in great measure thrown back into that condition, from which logic proposed to rescue us. We judge for ourselves, by our own lights, and on our own principles; and our criterion of truth is not so much the manipulation of propositions as the intellectual and moral character of the person maintaining them, and the ultimate silent effect of his arguments or conclusions upon our minds. It is this distinction between ratiocination as the exercise of a living faculty in the individual intellect, and mere skill in argumentative science, which is the true interpretation of the prejudice which exists against logic in the popular mind, and of the animadversions which are levelled against it, as that its formulas make a pedant and a *doctrinaire*, that it never makes converts, that it leads to rationalism, that Englishmen are too practical to be logical, that an ounce of common-sense goes farther than many cartloads of logic, that Laputa is the land of logicians, and the like. Such maxims mean, when analysed, that the processes of reasoning which legitimately lead to assent, to action, to certitude, are in fact too multiform, subtle, omnigenous, too implicit, to allow of being measured by rule, that they are, after all, personal—verbal argumentation being useful only in subordination to a higher logic.’ . . . ‘Methodical processes of inference, useful as they are, as far as they go, are only instruments of the mind, and need, in order to their due exercise, that real ratiocination and present imagination which gives them a sense beyond their letter, and which, while acting through them, reaches to conclusions beyond and above them. Such a living *organon* is a personal gift, and not a mere method or calculus.’

Again:—

‘The language in common use, when concrete conclusions are in question, implies the presence of this personal element in the proof of them. We are considered to feel rather than to see its cogency; and we decide, not what the conclusion must be but that it cannot be otherwise.’

This short-hand or natural process of reasoning is especially exemplified in uneducated men and men of genius, who care little or nothing for intellectual aids or rules. ‘As true poetry is a spontaneous outpouring of thought, and therefore belongs to rude as well as to gifted minds, whereas no one becomes a poet merely by the canons of criticism, so this unscientific reasoning, being sometimes a natural, uncultivated faculty, sometimes approaching to a gift, sometimes an acquired habit and second nature, has a higher source than logical

'rule--"*nascitur, non fit.*"' This is the secret of that confidence which we place in those who devote themselves to special arts and become peerless masters in them, according to the ancient saying--'*Cuique in arte sua credendum est.*'

This brief exposition will enable the reader to understand what Dr. Newman means by the Illative Sense, the treatment of which occupies so much of the latter part of his essay. The power of reasoning in all concrete matters, whether of present or of higher moment, is really reckoned by him a special gift. It is a faculty partly of insight and partly of grasp or comprehension, which seizes upon the truth in the departments for which it is specially fitted or has been specially cultivated. It is the quality of this faculty, and nothing else, according to him, which certifies or guarantees an act of inference. 'Every one who reasons is his own centre;' and when the question is put as to the force of an inference and 'our warrant that certitude is rightly elicited,' he has but one answer--'The sole and final judgment on the validity of an inference in concrete matter is committed to a mental faculty, which I have called the Illative Sense; and I own I do not see any way to go farther than this in answer to the question.'

The existence of such a sense or faculty, by whatever name named, all will admit. Nor will any be disposed to deny the great value of it as an instrument in discovering truth, whether in life, science, or religion. Such a faculty of divination has far more frequently penetrated and disclosed the secrets of nature than any formal processes, either of inductive or deductive reasoning; and in religion it is the soul of all genuine thought and comprehension. A Divine without insight and imaginative capacity to grasp the living meaning as well as the formal outline of the truths which he handles, would be a mere theological Dryasdust. But then again, we ask, What is all this to the point? To admit the existence and value of such a faculty, and to exalt it, as Dr. Newman does, into the only ultimate test of truth, are very different things. To maintain that the gift of discerning truth in all matters is largely personal, is well; and it is especially important, in relation to religion, to insist upon such a fact; but to maintain that the chief evidence of truth is also personal--'that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to the truth by the mind itself'--is not only false in itself, but is to open the door to all manner of falsehood. It is to cut off men's assents from the broad basis of some common intellectual standard--from the ground of reason on which permanent certainties of thought can alone arise--and to commit the course

of truth to the accident of authority. Let us trust to persons rather than to what Dr. Newman calls 'logical science,'* and the practical result must follow:—the strongest carries the day: majorities necessarily prevail. The voice of Ultramontane passion and prejudice drowns the voice of reason and of faith alike. The plainest truths are disregarded: the most shameless lies may triumph in the face of day.

All Truth is reasonable, and must be finally judged by reasonable considerations. That is to say, the testimony borne by any mind itself to the truth must be a testimony capable of being also felt and borne by other minds, or—to keep ourselves to the case of religious truth—by the higher spiritual sense of men in general. If there are classes, or even races, of men, who may be said to be entirely destitute of spiritual faculty, in other words, of the highest development of our rational nature, they may be put aside in such a case.. Or at least the issue must be fought out betwixt what seems a higher and lower expression of our rational nature. But no truth can be committed independently of reason to the arbitration of a mere personal faculty, however richly charged with spiritual insight. The highest genius, even the soundest judgment in any department, is no guarantee of a right conclusion. Strangely enough, it is often the most richly gifted natures that fall into religious delusion and error. Nor yet can Truth be committed to any combination of intelligences acting in concert or council, however they may be endowed. It must be free to elicit all intelligences—to run the gauntlet of all, so to speak—and to seek its ultimate test of authority, not merely in the personal sanction of any number of select minds, but in its conformity to the common instincts of truth and reason in all minds.

Nor is this all. Dr. Newman deals with spiritual truth, not in its transcendental realities, but in its propositional character, or as reduced to verbal statement by the Christian intelligence. His special topic is the apprehension of Propositions and the acceptance of Inferences or processes of argument. But what is a Proposition? It is a statement according to his own definition either of fact (Concrete), or of thought (Notional), consisting of a subject and predicate united by a copula. In other words, a proposition may be in single terms, such as—'Philip was the father of Alexander;' 'The earth

* He says, candidly enough—'Instead of trusting logical science, we must trust persons, namely those who by long acquaintance with their subject have a right to judge.' (P. 334.)

'goes round the sun;' or it may be in general or abstract terms, as—'Man is an animal,' 'A line is length without breadth.' Every argument or inference again, however summary, involves a major and minor premiss and a conclusion. The most concentered and living processes of thought must bear to be stretched on this syllogistic framework. Now, religious propositions and inferences, differing in no respect in their intellectual form from others, must bear to be tested or verified in the same manner. They may be discovered by special vision or inspiration, or deduced by an illative sense of the finest temper and range; but in so far as they claim to be intellectually received, they must be intellectually judged. The simplest proposition must be understood, and of course, therefore, is capable of being misunderstood. In other words, it can only be received after rational examination and apprehension.

Dr. Newman has devoted a special chapter to this very point, which is not the least significant in its hints of the real tendency of his views. Supposing a child, he says, to be told that 'Lucern is *Medicago sativa*,' the proposition is unintelligible to him. But if he is told that 'Lucern is food for cattle,' it becomes intelligible. The intelligible predicate explains the subject. So far, good. But, adds Dr. Newman, 'there is a way, in which the child can give an indirect assent even to a proposition in which he understood neither subject nor predicate.' Although the proposition 'Lucern is *Medicago sativa*' has no meaning to him, and therefore cannot be assented to; he may assent to the following proposition—'That lucern is *Medicago sativa* is true,' because here, again, the predicate is intelligible to him. He apprehends the truth of the proposition on the authority of his teacher or mother, although the proposition itself is inapprehensible. But then the plain answer is—What is the use or value of such an apprehension? Supposing a child to assent to the truth of an inapprehensible proposition, what good is there in his assent? The utmost confidence in our mother's veracity can be no guarantee of the accuracy of her botanical knowledge. And even so, let us believe with all our heart in the veracity of Dr. Newman's ideal mother—the Church—this would be no guarantee to us of her truth, still less of her infallibility. While we trust to her, she may yet be utterly mistaken. We can only know that she is not mistaken in her propositions and deliverances by examining them at first hand and directly for ourselves.

Still more obviously is this true in the case of Inference.

We may have the most perfect confidence in the moral and intellectual judgment of those who set authoritative conclusions before us; but these conclusions can only be true to us in so far as we construe and test them for ourselves. Whether they or we reach them logically, we must verify them logically. Formal reasoning, or logic, may be an inadequate instrument in finding truth; but no reasoning is independent of it, or can stand unless it bear the strain of it. The syllogism may be a poor measure of life and the multiform contents of our concrete knowledge, as a sketch of a man is a mere outline of his likeness; but there is no fulness of intellectual experience can outrun the syllogism, any more than a complete portrait can outrun the formal lines of a proportioned sketch. (P. 281.)

All this becomes transparent when we turn to the application Dr. Newman makes of his principles. And here we refer particularly to his important chapter on 'Apprehensive Assents' in Religious Matters.' The application which he makes in his concluding chapter on 'Religious Inferences' of his doctrine of the Illative Sense raises far fewer questions, as it is in itself a more beautiful exposition. It is impossible for any Christian thinker to read this chapter without coinciding with much of its argument, and confessing obligation to Dr. Newman for the clear and impressive light in which he places principles of real significance in their bearing both on natural and revealed religion. If the substance of its thought is not original, it has never yet been more happily expressed. There is little in that chapter, therefore, we feel called upon to criticise; but then there is also little, if anything, that can be said to be distinctive of Dr. Newman's thinking, or essentially dependent upon the principles which he lays down. The case is different with the tone and statements of much of his fifth chapter, in which he applies his doctrine of Propositions and of Apprehensive Assent in relation to them. Here he is not content with eliciting from the voice of nature and of conscience a living image of God apprehended by us, not abstractly but concretely as a real Person continually present with us and calling us to account. But he tries to bring within the range of real apprehension the complete Christian idea of God as formulated in the doctrine of the Trinity; and even indirectly, within the same range, the whole sphere of Catholic dogmatic theology. He professes to distinguish between Theology and Religion, and to separate the objects of the one from the other as respectively notional and real; but all the same he confounds them in the most obvious manner, while he hurries the reader forwards through the most singular

maze of subtilities—we might use the stronger expression, sophistries—to the latest developments of the Roman Creed. He loses all sense of discrimination between dogma and fact, and only reaches his final position through the aid of assumptions which, when embraced, supersede all religious knowledge and thought whatever.

A brief explanation must suffice. If we say that ‘God is,’ or that ‘God is good,’ ‘true or holy,’ the propositions are such as come or may come within our real apprehension. They are the direct expression to us of the voice of conscience. But if we say that God is at the same time One and Three, such a proposition may be perfectly true; but beyond all doubt it is not a proposition to which we can give a direct or real Assent. Dr. Newman admits this. He admits that the doctrine of the Trinity as a systematised whole, or summation of distinct propositions, as in the Nicene Creed, can only be an object of notional Assent. But then he maintains that it may be broken up into separate propositions, and so lodged as a reality in the popular apprehension. Among these separate propositions are the following:—‘The Son is the One Eternal Personal God.’ ‘The Spirit is the One Eternal Personal God.’ ‘From the Father is, and ever has been, the Son.’ ‘From the Father and the Son is, and ever has been, the Spirit.’ Now—not to urge that the language of these propositions really begs the whole questions involved in the doctrine, and that one of them is an element of controversy to this very day between the Eastern and Western Churches—we may surely ask in what respect are such propositions more apprehensible, as objects of real Assent, than the dogma taken as a whole? Is the Eternal Generation of the Son, or the Procession of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, any more really apprehensible than the Consubstantiation of the Father and the Son? The words ‘Father’ and ‘Son’ may suggest images really apprehensible; but how do they help us to apprehend an Eternally-generated Son, or a Father and Son, both One and Eternal? The truth is that Dr. Newman here, as not unfrequently, has allowed his intellectual expertness to play tricks both upon himself and his readers; and we confess that it requires all our respect for him to make us write with patience of the manner in which he treats this subject as well as his lyrical enthusiasm about the Athanasian Creed. We almost feel for the moment that he has placed himself beyond reasonable argument, and the tests whether of logical or historical credibility altogether.

Nor can more be said for his statement in the last section of

the same chapter as to the reception of the Credenda of the Catholic Church. These Credenda are of course objects of notional assent in so far as they can be conceived by a Protestant to be objects of assent at all. If any elements of knowledge in the world are more purely logical in form than others, the propositions of the Tridentine Creed, and indeed of any great creed, may be pronounced to be such. And Dr. Newman does not deny this. But, he argues, they are at the same time, in their particulars, objects of real assent—not indeed directly but indirectly—through faith in the Church. ‘He who believes in the *Depositum* of Revelation believes in all the doctrines of the *Depositum* ;’ . . . and ‘granting that the *Canons of Councils and other ecclesiastical documents are really involved in the Depositum*,’ then the conclusion necessarily follows. For no Catholic can doubt that the dogmas of the Church ‘are virtually contained in the Revealed Word.’ The Church says that they are; and ‘the word of the Church is the word of Revelation.’ ‘That the Church is the infallible oracle of truth is the fundamental doctrine of the Catholic religion; and “I believe what the Church proposes “to be believed” is an act of real assent, including all particular assents, notional and real.’ It is exactly the case of the *Medicago sativa* over again in application. My mother is true; therefore whatever she says is true. The Church is the depositary of truth, and, therefore, whatever she teaches as truth is to be received; although veracity can no more guarantee knowledge than good intentions can secure rectitude of conduct, and although Dr. Newman’s idea of the Church, as at once veracious and infallible, is the very point to be proved. To prove the details of the Roman Catholic theology by the assumption of the Roman Catholic dogma of the Church, is no doubt a remarkable feat in logic; but it was hardly worthy of Dr. Newman’s ingenuity. And supposing the assumption to be as irrefragable as he believes it to be, an ‘Essay in aid of a *Grammar of Assent*’ was hardly necessary. An assent that does not recoil from the proposition, ‘I believe what the Church proposes to be believed’ cannot well need to be taught how to broaden and enlarge its area of belief.

We have nearly exhausted our criticism. It is sufficiently evident that we are unable to rate Dr. Newman’s work highly as a contribution to the cause of Religious Philosophy. To do so appears to us plainly to misconceive its purport and the essential character of the principles on which it is based. ‘A *Grammar of Assent*’ which only vindicates Assent at the expense of reason, and secures Certitude by isolating it from

the processes of thought out of which it comes, may make a foundation for credulity; it can never help us to render a reason for the Faith that is in us. What the world needs is a *Rationale* of Belief in the face alike of scepticism and superstition. The latter, still more than the former, is independent of intellectual vindication.

Had Dr. Newman addressed himself on rational grounds to the advocacy of Faith—or Assent on its spiritual side—as a valid, ineradicable element in our human nature, he would have ventured a great and opportune task; and there are passages in the present volume which show with what felicity he could have touched at least some of the aspects of such a subject. But as we did not expect such a work from him, so we have not received it. We thank him for whatever he has said that is true or beautiful in behalf of man's spiritual constitution and the great elements of natural religion which at once attest the reality of our spiritual life, and point towards a higher Revelation as alone able to complete and satisfy it. So far his book is a significant protest not only against Positivism and its materialistic conceptions, but also against the negations of the New Oxford School, which has unhappily misconceived the basis of religious thought in ignoring, or at least comparatively ignoring, the great principles of Personality and Design which speak so loudly from the depth of our conscience and reason. We thank him also for the impressive force with which he has shown that an antecedent faith or religious disposition must go before, or along with, any due examination into such a subject as the Christian Evidences. But this has been done supremely well before by such thinkers as Pascal, Neander, Vinet, and Coleridge; who, if they have not written—not even Pascal—with a more felicitous pen, have yet grasped the spiritual position with far more balance and justness of thought than our author. Especially they have kept clear of the unhappy attempt to work a spiritual *organon* into an intellectual instrument; to convert the living power of faith and love which goes upward towards the transcendental Personalities of religion into an Assent to Propositions and Inferences. For this is the double vice of Dr. Newman's system. He has not only failed to seize the essentially rational character of every valid act of Assent, but he has turned religious Assent from its special function of apprehending personal Realities, and made it do the service of a mere logical drudge. What he has said of the personal characteristics of religious Assent is true of it, but only in its directly spiritual and transcendental relations. Propositions can never be too closely examined and

judged ; inferences can never be too formally construed. But, as in ordinary life, the apprehension of personal realities is often a peculiar gift transcending logic, so in the higher unseen life with which religion is conversant, faith is a special faculty going forth with a force all its own to the apprehension of its appropriate objects. But then, as in the lower life, these objects are ever Persons, and not Doctrines. All the firmness of faith's adhesion, and all the guarantee of its validity, come out of this. One spirit has touched another and a higher Spirit, and *knows* that it has done so. The act may be essentially rational—indeed the highest expression of our rational nature—although transcending all inductions of the mere formal Reason. But, reduce even the highest apprehensions, as Dr. Newman does, to Propositions, or bring them otherwise under the forms of logical knowledge, and they can only be tested by logical rules. In short, an act of religious Assent in conversancy with the highest Objects may be rational although not logical ; but no assent directed to the meaning of doctrines or the quality of inferences can be otherwise than bound by strictly logical conditions. The religious conclusions which Dr. Newman, by the aid of his *Grammar*, would impress upon his readers, only serve to show this in a clearer light. An irrational Creed is the best commentary on an irrational scheme of Assent.

It must also be remarked, from a general point of view, how entirely Dr. Newman has missed the peculiar problem of our modern Scepticism : the difficulty, namely, that is felt by many in passing from the Visible to the Invisible, from the Natural to the Supernatural. The difficulty, we dare say, may be unfelt by one all whose life has been so grounded in the spiritual and supernatural. Still it is the special form of religious perplexity which now presses upon many minds : and a mere assumption of the spiritual Life, and of the Church as a supernatural Reality guaranteeing its own *Dicta*, does not give much help to such minds immersed in, or overpowered by, the inductions of Science, and puzzling over the awful uncertainties ' behind the veil ' and the things which are seen. Any hint of a principle of Certitude which would avail us here would have been worth many chapters of verbal exposition, however acute and interesting.

We should have rejoiced had we been able to welcome Dr. Newman more in the character of a Christian Philosopher, and had this work, which may probably close his career of authorship, deserved a place beside the few great Christian Apologies which have at once vindicated the Rights of Reason and of

Faith—the reality of our higher spiritual being and of the supernatural Contents on which alone it lives or can live. But we forget that in this case he would neither have been the author of the ‘History of my Religious Opinions,’ nor of the ‘Grammar of Assent.’ It is clearly impossible that any Philosophy of Belief for our modern world can come from a system which has at once abandoned Philosophy and materialised Belief. Whatever may be the activities of Romanism in social and political directions, it is utterly dead and inept as a Power of Thought. It has lost the key to the door of the world’s progress, and can only grope amidst the strewn wreck—the dogmatic débris—of the path by which man has advanced. And of this there cannot be any more signal example than this very volume—the product, perhaps, of its finest mind—in its intellectual havoc, and the audacious yet hopeless dogmatism which it teaches. •

ART. V.—1. *Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben von Ernst Moritz Arndt.* Leipsie: 1842.

2. *Meine Wanderungen und Wandelungen mit dem Reichsfreiherrn Friedrich von Stein.* Von E. M. ARNDT. Berlin: 1858.

3. *E. M. Arndt's Schriften für und an seine lieben Deutschen.* 3 vols. Leipsie: 1845.

4. *Gedichte von Ernst Moritz Arndt.* Vollständige Sammlung. Berlin: 1860.

THE history of mankind can scarcely present a spectacle parallel to that which we have just witnessed in the German rush to war. Not that the Teutonic race has ever been slack to battle, from the days of the Hermanns-schlacht till now; nor that opportunities of fighting have been wanted, for these have rarely been absent; nor again is it that wondrous efforts of patriotism have been unknown or unappreciated in Germany; for none can look back on the spirit that evoked, that waged, and that won the great war of liberation in 1813, without a feeling of reverence and awe for the men who engaged in it. But this war of 1870, in which we see for the first time One Germany rising in its strength, gathering, in its avalanche of excitement, all its manhood to battle, all its old age to guard, and all its womanhood to tend and heal the wounded and the sick, presents this striking con-

trast with the only rising like it which history can record. The German unity of 1813 was a unity of extremity. It was only when one nation after another had been overthrown, when one effort after another had proved unavailing, when all the meanness, all the dishonesty, all the treachery of king after king, minister after minister, party after party had been exhausted and exposed; when the power of the first Napoleon, like the scourge of God, had trampled on the rights, and bowed the strength, and chained the limbs of Germany one by one; when the iron had entered into the very soul of the race, and the French yoke had become intolerable; it was after all this, in the very agony of wretchedness, that the prostrate giant, in a huge convulsion of anguish, sprang up mightier than he had fallen, and, like a Samson, burst his heavy bonds. But this war of 1870 begins where the war of liberation ended. To unite and marshal Germany against the first Napoleon needed a long discipline of desolation; the men who fought at Leipsie had felt the bitterness of servitude, and those who raised the shout of freedom had long been uttering the groans of slavery. And these things happened nearly sixty years ago;—sixty years of time in a century incalculably rapid in every kind of progress. How is it that the Germans of to-day, who rush so eagerly to defend their country, leaving home, property, calling; knowing no fear save that here and there one German may prove less patriotic than they feel themselves—how is it that they should do this great thing, not in a last struggle, but at the very first breath of danger, and at the very first clear trumpet-sound of war? There can be but one answer to this question. It is that a mighty spirit animates the race; a spirit compounded, if we may say so, of three different sentiments—memory of French wrongs, hatred of French rule, and longing for German unity. Nothing less than this could avail to bring all classes from all parts of the German land under a single standard, and make her most distant sons swarm by the hundred thousand to defend in battle the noble river which has become as sacred in their eyes as the Jordan or the Ganges to nations of the East.

It is in the nature of things, when we see so striking a combination of feeling take bodily possession of an entire race, that we should inquire as to the means and the men by whom it has been effected; and it is in answer to such an inquiry that we are about to place before our readers the following sketch of the life and influence of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the man to whom, more than any one other, the great enthusiastic union of the German race is due; the man who, even in his well-

known song 'What is the German's Fatherland,' may be said not only to have asked of History a question, but to have dictated to her its answer, which now, after more than half a century, she echoes through the countless throats of the triumphant German race. For, though Arndt was never a minister or a statesman; though history gives, as it should give (as Arndt himself gave in all generous sincerity), the glory of the great liberation to Von Stein and the other mighty leaders of that glorious time, still it was Arndt, and Arndt alone, to whom the true instinct of the race has given the proudest of all titles for a patriotic man. Others might be called guardians, defenders, saviours of their country, but his title was higher than these, since to every German heart the name of 'Father Arndt' for many a year was as familiar as it was honoured and welcomed.

In ordinary circumstances it might be called a misnomer, for the man who was known at his death as 'der Deutscher' 'Deutsche,' was Swedish born. His birth occurred at Schoritz, in the Island of Rügen,* on the 26th of December, 1769, in the same year with 'the Corsican,' Napoleon I., whose might he helped at last to overthrow. He gives us in his 'Recollections,' a charming picture of his boyhood's home, of his relatives and intimates, his growth and adventures. He recalls what all men can feel, while so few can describe—the touching influences of the early home, looked back upon, after a lapse of sixty or seventy years, with more pleasure and distinctness than things within his closer gaze. In the genial simplicity which was part of his nature, he interests his readers in the strict, manly, honest father, who brought his boys up to 'rough it' in life, and the gentle, praying, pious mother, whose sweet influence never faded from the soul of her famous son. With so much unconscious skill does he lead us into that simple country life, that we pass with a certain feeling of regret to the part of his history where the young home life ends and the struggles of the world begin. With him they began early, and were, in some sense, self-imposed. Filled with an unusual instinct of manliness, and in some sort, as we shall see, fore-conscious of the part he should have to play, he exercised himself whilst still a child in every sort of hardship and discipline, physical as well as moral. Many of his verses refer to this period of his life with a very striking and simple truth-

* It may be well to remind our readers that the Island of Rügen, with that part of Pomerania including Greifswald and Stralsund, though Prussian since 1815, was Swedish territory from 1720 till that date.

fulness. Having, like many another clever boy, read very much more than his friends supposed, we find that even the perusal of Rousseau's works, so far from corrupting, actually fortified his mind against many temptations to evil, and strengthened him in his determination to become, with the aid of his self-imposed discipline, a man in the truest sense of the word. Sent to Stralsund to the upper school at seventeen, we find him, while zealous in his work and hearty in his play, yet persistently taking hours from his sleep to weary and harden his frame with long solitary walks of many miles at a time. An extract from his 'Recollections' will not be here out of place:—

'Every spot of wood and copse and seashore within a dozen miles of Stralsund was often pressed by my wandering feet; the hours I spent thus and in the company of friends were taken from the night. Thank God! I never needed very much sleep; perhaps I should have wanted more but for my principle of keeping under my body, and bringing it into subjection by hard discipline and constant weariness. And so the years 1787, 1788, and 1789 saw me constantly pursuing this lonely course, and quoting to myself continually the words of Horace, which many a time since have proved to me a true motto: "*Hoc tibi proderit olim.*"'

In his twentieth year, this young Christian philosopher—for so he might be called, though his faith lay in what is now-a-days called the muscular form of Christianity—finding his strength to resist temptation too small, took a great step, consistent with the principles he had laid down for his life-guidance. He was brave enough to run away from Stralsund altogether, and, with only a few shillings in his pocket, to wander beyond Demmin, seeking for employment as a clerk or farm-bailiff. An old officer to whom he applied took him in, treated him kindly, and promised to employ him, provided he obtained his father's consent; a kindly way of bringing the lad again into communication with his friends. In due time a reply came from his father, wisely leaving him a free choice as to his future course, but at the same time pointing out that if he wished to be a farmer he could have no better opportunities for the purpose than by remaining at home. So he returned to his father's house at Löbnitz, where he remained nearly two years, pursuing his studies and his bodily discipline with undiminished energy; he says of this time:—

'These nobler pursuits, however (intellectual study), did not prevent my continuing my system of toil and endurance. I would sleep constantly on bare boards like a guard bed, or on faggots; sometimes in the open air, under a haystack or a tree, wrapped up only in a cloak;

or I would stretch off on long walks many miles in all directions, often starting after the rest of the household were in bed; and all to keep my frame hardy and under subjection. It greatly surprised and troubled my parents, whom I often saw shaking their heads over my oddities, but as they saw that in other points I behaved rationally, and did what I had to do like a man in his senses, they wisely let me go my own gait.'

When twenty-two years of age, he went to the University of Greifswald to study divinity, and then spent a year in that of Jena for the same purpose; and while a *candidat*, or, as we should say, while waiting for a title to orders, was invited by Kosegarten, the pastor of Altenkirchen, to undertake the post of tutor in his family. As is customary in Germany, a *candidat*, if licensed, is permitted to preach before ordination, as Arndt frequently did, and, as it appears, with great success. And yet it was during his stay here that he came to the decision of not seeking ordination. He admits his reason to have been the unsettled state of his religious convictions, disturbed, like those of many others, by the events and ideas of the period (1796). That he was a conscientious and practical Christian then, even though not feeling fitted for a clerical life, is unquestionable, as is the fact that in after-years he was a truly pious, faithful believer, as we may gather from his many hymns, and his famous 'Catechism for the German Army and 'Landwehr,' to which we shall have occasion to refer further on as one of the most influential and most characteristic of his many writings.

Thus he arrived at twenty-eight years of age, a man with all his energies active, of more than average reading, and of exceptional talent in various directions, but without any settled course of life--the sort of man over whom, in ordinary circumstances, even the wisest and most experienced are apt to hold up their hands and shake their heads, and say, 'Alas, poor fellow, he has wasted his life.' Arndt, even here, followed the usual course of such tardy, often too tardy, choosers of a career. He resolved to travel. His father, before the ruinous wars of Napoleon had devastated Germany and beggared its people, was a man very well to do in a worldly sense, deriving his income from the profits of a very extensive and prosperous farm; and he seems to have acted throughout with true wisdom and kindness towards his son. He supplied him with the necessary means for his support during his travels. But we must not suppose Arndt to have merely undertaken this course for idleness sake. He was one of those men who are conscious that they ripen late, because they are

less ready to call themselves ripe than others. But the sort of unsettled instinct which for so many years had accustomed him to wander, sent him, as it were, 'on the grand tour' as a sort of finish to the preparation of his life-work. As his 'Recollections' tell us, his walking habit, begun as a corporeal discipline, was continued as the best means possible for the study of mankind, which became with him a sort of zoological passion.

So he travelled for the best part of two years (1798 and 1799), spending three months in Vienna, traversing Hungary and crossing the Alps into Italy. When in Tuscany the fresh outbreak of war changed his plans, and compelled him to leave Rome and Sicily unvisited. As the war advanced he betook himself to Nice, thence to Marseilles and Paris, where he spent the whole summer of 1799, making his way slowly home in the autumn by Brussels, Cologne, Frankfort, and Berlin. We mention these particulars of his journey, as showing how his sojourn among these various nationalities gradually, without his own consciousness, was fitting him for the part he was to play in the history of his country. His pedestrian mode of travel was that best fitted, in conjunction with his own peculiar geniality of temper and address, to supply him with a thorough knowledge of the various peoples whom he visited, and to remove many prejudices which, in those days of difficult communication, might have warped his judgment and restricted his usefulness.

He next settled as a Privat-Docent or tutor, at his first university—Greifswald. This is the position generally first taken by a German scholar who is ambitious of becoming a professor. To this course Arndt was led by the motive so strong in most men at some time or other. He had fallen in love while studying at Greifswald, and, as the young lady was the daughter of a professor there, he found his establishment easy. He married, was soon made a deputy-professor, and finally, in 1805, professor-extraordinary, with a salary of 500 thalers. Yet, as if to show that at that period of his life and of the history of his country Arndt was to be unembarrassed by family ties, his young wife died in childbed within a year of her marriage.

To this period of his life we may assign his first political activity, and we shall abridge from his own words the account he gives of his political views and their history, describing, as he felt them to do, the kindred growth of sentiment and opinion in millions of his fellow-men:—

'Although,' he says, 'the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1789
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be regarded, and, to a great extent, justly, as the great transition period of German feeling, still even in my boyhood, many strange and one-sided notions had taken root in my mind, which even now, when my hair is white, will not altogether yield their place to more far-sighted views. As a little news-reader between nine and twelve years old, I had my political prejudices and prepossessions. From my earliest remembrance I was a sturdy, perhaps an extravagant, royalist, probably unconsciously made so by my daily surroundings. My father was no politician, but my two uncles, on the other hand, the one in his views a thorough Swede and a worshipper of Gustav Adolf, the other a Prussian to the backbone and an upholder of the fame of Frederic the Great; each taught me to regard a king, such as they exalted, as infinitely superior to any republic. As might be supposed, holding such strong opinions in favour of monarchy, I always took the side of England against her revolted American colonies, when that subject gave occasion to debate.

'And with regard to the French?' While still a child, and at the time when my parents' means had been insufficient to afford me such educational opportunities as I afterwards enjoyed, I had spent much of my time in reading such old chronicles and histories as came in my way. Such works, for instance, as those of Puffendorf and others, descriptive of the Thirty Years' War, of the ambitious intrigues and the atrocious deeds of Louis XIV. And these had filled me with dislike, almost with detestation, of the people whom he ruled. And so it was that I rejoiced at every French reverse I heard of, and was quite a little Englishman in my hatred of the race.

'Then in my young manhood came the Great Revolution, and its course gave rise to many discussions at home. Nor could I deny the truth of many of the accusations made against the government of Louis XVI., or dispute the justice of many of the principles laid down at the time by the revolutionary leaders, however desecrated and perverted those principles may have been in the course of after events. But still I mourned over every reverse experienced by the Germans and their allies, without being bound in any way to regard myself as one of them; living, as I did, a Swedish subject by the Baltic, far from the scene of conflict, and at heart far less a German than a Swede. Then came my years of travel, and I saw the French nation for myself; I learned to admire its amiability and gaiety, but also to measure its falsehood and deceit. I had lingered on my homeward journey at Aachen, Köln, Koblenz, and Mainz, and seen everywhere the remains of Germany's ancient glory trampled and desecrated by the insulting conqueror. I experienced a certain vexation and impatience, but nothing yet like wrath. At Frankfurt and Höchst I found myself in the midst of battle; yet all this was but a spectacle for me, though I should have rejoiced had an angel of God, as in the days of Sennacherib, left the Frenchmen's camp filled with dead men in a night. But my patriotic wrath had still to waken, and it did not tarry long. It came at last; that wrath which, however little joy-foreboding, was destined to support me through many a weary day, and give me gladness in the hardest of them all.'

'Napoleon's return from Egypt took place within a few days of my

departure from Paris. I had watched that great ambitious figure of the time in his rise and progress; I had followed all his intrigues, his victories, his proclamations, his conquests; I know not whether I had rightly understood him, but after the battle of Marengo I learned to shudder before that figure then so idolised by so many and so mighty men; and that shuddering was but an unconscious premonition of the ten years' woe which was to come. But my utter wrath—a wrath that at the thought of the degradation of Germany and Europe often became a very frenzy—this was awakened by the peace of Luneville, and the disgraceful stipulations, the underhand bargainings by means of which Talleyrand and Maret stripped and portioned out the divisions and the destinies of the Fatherland. The events of 1805 and 1806 tore away the last supports on which anything truly German could any longer lean; the worst was come; the least and the greatest, the unknown and the famous, all that made Germany, lay in one common mass of desolation, and the Gallic cock crowed his victorious note over the ruins of her desecrated glory. The day was come for all individual feelings, all opinions, all prejudices, all passions, all preferences, to sink together in one common crash. It was when Prussia and Austria, both after unavailing struggles, lay prostrate in the dust, it was then that my heart began to love them, and to love Germany, with a real love, and to hate the French with a true and holy hate. It was not Napoleon only—not the crafty, calculating, taunting Corsican, born in the land where the very honey is a poison, not the man whom liars afterwards were ready to make the great scapegoat for all the just wrath of Europe,—it was not him I hated most; it was the French themselves—the deceitful, proud, ambitious French, the crafty, treacherous enemies of Germany through centuries gone by; it was these I hated in the very fulness of wrath, as in that very fulness of wrath I recognised my Fatherland, and loved it in a passion of love. All that was merely Swedish died out from me; the very hero-names of Sweden became for me but echoes of the bygone time; and just when, through its divisions, Germany had no longer an existence, my heart embraced the notion of its oneness and its unity.'

Be it said, in passing, that from that time till his deathbed, the same feeling was predominant in the patriot's mind. He held to it through many disappointments, through many trials, but with an intensity of faith which was almost, if not altogether, an inspiration. It was the ruling notion of his life, the assurance of his old age, the prophecy of his departure; the thing he was permitted to live beyond ninety years to foster, and which another decade has so nearly and so marvellously brought to pass. Thus it was that Arndt became the apostle of German nationality; but, if his mission was glorious for its patriotism, it was not the less an apostolate of hatred. No doubt the provocation he had endured was excessive and intolerable. The French exercised the powers—we will not call them rights—of conquest over Germany with an unsparing

hand; and no curse was ever laid on Europe more bitter than the savage and selfish tyranny of the armies and the men born of the French Revolution of 1793. Europe and Prussia had their revenge in 1814 and 1815, and it was a just one. But we were not prepared, after half a century of peace and firesidely intercourse, for a fresh outbreak of those vindictive passions, stamped with all their original intensity; and we can regard with no friendly or indulgent eye those who have kept alive these sentiments in the hearts of a people, and have dug up the war-hatchet, after an interval of fifty or sixty years, with the ferocity of a savage tribe. France entered with most culpable levity into the war which has just devastated so many of her fairest provinces, under the impression that she was seeking a passage of arms, of no very dreadful import or long duration. She instantly encountered a nation armed at every point, animated by the deadliest hostility, and bent on her total destruction. Whatever may be the political view taken of the war, it is impossible to deny that the existence of intense national hatreds is a dreadful calamity, and the cause of all other calamities, for it acts and reacts incessantly. The greatest indication of progress that we can trace in our own country is that we appear to have outgrown these feelings. The English entertain at this time no national hostilities at all, and hardly condescend to notice the hostilities occasionally expressed against themselves. Our national songs are songs of loyalty and of independence, but not of hatred. But it is not so in Germany or in France. There all the sentimental and imaginative powers of the nation have been wrought upon by their poets, by their statesmen, by their leaders, until a contest between these nations appears to each of them to be a contest against the Powers of Evil, and no sacrifices are too great to procure the defeat and humiliation of their foe. To the propagation of this irrational and sanguinary passion Arndt and his imitators have not a little contributed. They have responded but too faithfully to the sanguinary chorus of the 'Marseillaise.'

But we must return from this digression, which has been wrung from us by the present lamentable dissensions of Europe, to the career of Arndt himself, which now assumed a more serious character.

His first political work appeared somewhere about 1803, after his name had become extensively known by the several volumes in which he had just published the notes of his journeyings in various lands. The special point of politics on which he entered concerned what was then to him in some sort

a home-question. His work was entitled 'History of Serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen,' and, exposing, as it did, the cruel tyranny exercised in too many cases, up to the very time of his writing, by the nobles against their dependents, drew down upon him the enmity of the ruling class, the displeasure of the King (of Sweden), and a threat of criminal prosecution. His account is entertaining :—

'The book was shown to the King, his informant having marked with a red pencil many passages in which I was supposed to have been too free in censuring acts of some of his distant ancestors upon the throne. The King, in the first storm of his displeasure, sent the book, so marked, to General von Essen, the chancellor of my university (to whom I had dedicated my work), requiring him to call the audacious author to account and, if needful, to proceed judicially against him. General von Essen summoned me to Stralsund, gave me a hint of who my accusers were, and asked me how I meant to extricate myself from the difficulty I was placed in, as the King seemed seriously displeased. I took the book and underlined with my pencil a number of passages showing beyond all question the great cruelty and injustice still prevailing, and begged the general to point out these passages to the King. He did so, and the King replied: "In that case the man is right enough;" and so I returned to Greifswald none the worse.'

Arndt modestly adds in a 'perhaps,' what is an unquestionable fact, that his book contributed towards the abolition of serfdom a few years afterwards by the same king of Sweden—Gustav Adolf IV.

The year 1804 he spent for the most part in Sweden, still zealously continuing his studies of nationality, and publishing his experiences there as he had done those gathered in his other travels. Some smaller works, mainly political in their purpose, date from the same period. But it was the news of the disasters of Ulm and Austerlitz which evoked the first part of the passionate work, 'The Spirit of the Age,' by which he at once asserted the power of his vigorous patriotism over the German mind. It was not as a *savant*, as an original thinker, as a profound statesman, that he came before his fellow-men. To have appealed in such a character would have been to address a limited audience indeed, and what he had to say was meant for all. It was as an honest, simple, unpretending citizen, as a believing Christian man, as one who deplored the corruptions and felt the miseries and scorned the despairing fatalism of the time, that he spoke to the nation, and struck the chord of faith and hope and patriotism which has never ceased since then to tremble in the German soul, and which now, after a lapse of threescore years, seems at last to be swelling mightily to its grandest and fullest vibration. Like all

the mightiest things he wrote, whether in prose or verse, his book, as he says himself, was 'forged upon the glowing anvil of 'the hour;' out of the abundance of a generous heart, stirred by the terrible necessity of the time, his mouth was forced to speak. Indeed almost literally *to speak*, for his book is far more an oration than a composition; and none who ever knew the man, in reading such a work, could fail to fancy, as sentence follows sentence and page follows page, that they could hear the utterance flowing from his lips. But the book was no mere rhapsody, though even that might have been permitted, might even have been profitable, at the time. Starting from a common-sense view of the intellectual condition of the period, he portrays the spirit of the age as it then was, and proves the truth of his portraiture by the writings as well as by the actions of his contemporaries.

He contrasts the past state of nations as history displays them with their state as he had learned to judge them by his personal experience, and, gradually passing in review the moral weakness and the political profligacy of Germany, breaks out at length into a cry of bitter lamentation over the terrors and the miseries of the time; accusing and admonishing those on whom he shows the blame to rest. From page to page, as the work proceeds, the accusations become more definite and pungent, the admonitions more impressive and striking. At one time he scourges, with incisive plainness of speech, the princes who, coquetting and intriguing with the foreigner, could in such unprincely fashion betray their dignity, their duty, and their people; at another it is the nobles in whose teeth he flings the shame of such unchivalrous forgetfulness as could let them wear the cross of the Legion of Honour, accepted at the Gallic despot's hands, as a reward for their shedding of their fellow-Germans' blood. Again, with a sort of awe which can scarce help shuddering before the mighty force of the man's nature, he depicts 'the Corsican upstart' himself. In him he recognises, so to speak, the very incarnation of the 'spirit of the 'time;' and then, turning again to consider the age itself which produced such a man as Napoleon, his utterances, like his feelings, oscillate violently between the anguish of despair and the awakening of hope. 'Now,' he exclaims, 'we are suffering 'for our sins of ten years ago, and of five years ago; the chariot-wheels of desolation are rolling further and further, and how 'and where shall they be stayed?' 'Never,' he replies, 'till 'some equally tremendous power be found to oppose it.' Never, in fact, till all the German race could feel as he himself could. For Arndt's last utterance is like his first in this. He pro-

claims the faith of believing hope as opposed to the promptings of a fatalistic resignation. He calls upon *each individual living man* to rouse from the mechanical condition to which 'the spirit of the age' had degraded him, to his proper sense of freedom, virtue, and patriotism. 'If,' he says, 'each of you can feel your own heart honest, your country worthy, your laws holy, your Fatherland imperishable, and your princes noble— then have no fear, for so the world is saved. For every hundred such as you are worth a host of other men.'

Might not the same language be addressed in this our day to the people of France? Might not she be roused by similar appeals to shake off the luxury and corruption of an ignoble reign, and brace herself up to drive out the invader? There is scarcely a line in the writings of Arndt, which has not become at this moment as applicable to Germany's vanquished foe, in her severe distress, as it was in 1806 to Germany herself.

It was not, however, as a mere rhetorician that Arndt took his part so heartily with the race of his adoption. When his 'Spirit of the Age' appeared he was lying dangerously ill at Stralsund, shot through the body in a duel with a Swedish officer whom he had called to account for language reflecting upon the people of Germany. Nor was this all he suffered in the cause. Just in proportion as his influence was great, so was his peril when the catastrophe of Jena in the year 1806 gave France the upper hand in Germany. Obligated to fly across the seas, he found an asylum at Stockholm, where, while occupied in one of the Government offices, he still laboured constantly for the cause he had made his own. At intervals during the next two years he published the various portions of the second part of his 'Geist der Zeit.' But the thundercloud of the year 1809 spread over Sweden too, and in its fury swept away the very throne itself.

Though left unmolested, Arndt felt the very soil burn under his feet; and, as may be imagined, the struggles of the year 1809 on the Danube, in the Tyrol, aye, even the gallant Schill's fatal enterprise, and his death at Stralsund, made it impossible for Arndt to remain quiet where he was. In spite of the peril he incurred, he made his way homewards in disguise, through many difficulties and obstructions, travelling chiefly by night from place to place, here and there when necessary disarming suspicion by simple audacity, and coming at last, under a feigned name and character, to his brother's house, from whence the ferment of the time brought him to Berlin.

'I arrived just before Christmas, on the day of the public entry of the King and Queen. I saw the procession and the rejoicings (such

as they were); all hearts then were united in one common German spirit through those misfortunes, in the blame of which each man felt conscious of having a part to bear. Berlin, once so proud and glorious, lay in dust and ashes I went out from my place of concealment, and mingled in the crowd, who with shouting and weeping filled the Linden and the Schloss-platz. I speak of those who wept among others who rejoiced, for more eyes were wet with sorrow than were bright with joy. When the lovely Queen presented herself before the people in the balcony of the palace, we could see in her tear-reddened eyes how deep an anguish mingled with the gladness of her welcome. I looked for Scharnhorst,* and saw him ride slowly past with the other generals, pale and preoccupied, and bending sadly forward in his saddle.'

Though he gives few details of his life in Berlin, beyond mentioning that, despite the multitude of spies, both French and German, busily occupied there, he contrived to associate with a circle of men like-minded with himself, and to practise assiduously, as they did, in rifle and pistol galleries, in the hope of one day turning the skill they thus acquired to the profit of their country, he unquestionably did much towards awakening and spreading the spirit of resistance to that power of Napoleon which only too many Germans were disposed to regard as irresistible. In the Easter of the following year, 1810 (its former Pomeranian territory having been restored to Sweden), Arndt returned to his professorial chair at the University of Greifswald, General von Essen, the Governor, receiving him as if he had spent in England the whole time from his leaving Stockholm.

But it was not with the purpose of remaining there permanently that he resumed his professorship. The man's heart was too deeply engaged in the salvation of his country to allow selfish ease or secure position to tempt him from what he had undertaken as an irresistible duty. Of course, though he does not say so, he was a conspirator. He held too firmly the hopes which he so ardently instilled into others not to be ready to stake his all on any reasonable effort to deliver Germany from its slavery. He recognised too fully what he preached so clearly, that the only prospect of general salvation lay in individual self-sacrifice, to place himself in any situation which might silence his voice or hamper his hand when the great time should come. He went back to his post, as he tells us in touching words,—

'With neither the desire nor the hope of retaining it long. Who could

* See in the Poems the two pieces 'Der Waffenschmidt der deutschen Freiheit,' p. 249, and 'Scharnhorst der Ehrenbote,' p. 252.

at that time calculate on anything remaining a year or two secure or unchanged? But two objects were essential to me; first, *to make myself a position in an honourable and irreproachable civil capacity*, and secondly, to settle my family affairs. Both of these objects I had secured by the summer of the following year (1811), and then sent in my resignation, packed up my books, papers, and possessions, and betook myself to my old home at Trantow to await events; ready to fly, if I must fly, or to journey, if my country wanted me.' (*Erinnerungen*, p. 114.)

We have called these touching words, for the sentence we have underlined implies more than it says; it implies that this true self-sacrificing patriot felt himself more or less at a disadvantage from the very conditions of life which had prepared him to be most useful to his country; that, in fact, at times he felt for himself, and possibly at times was made by others to feel, that his wandering and apparently unsteady course in life was a wrong and a discredit. It became then a part of his purpose, an essential to qualify him, even in the eyes of his own party, for useful and important duties, that he should in some sort remake his character, when already he had reached middle life, and resume his professorial duties to remove suspicions which no doubt were readily heaped upon him by those enemies of his country against whom he had been so outspoken, and from whom, day by day, he went in danger of his life.

The views which Germany held in those years of terrible abasement were by no means as high and as unanimous as those it holds now. Had they been so, Arndt would not have been what he was, or have done what he did. His was an utterance, not a mere reverberation. German unity is the one cry heard to-day; but it was one among very many when the modest simpleminded Arndt threw his whole soul into the task of sounding it in the ears of his compatriots, and even among many who had been his friends at Greifswald, his views met little sympathy. Several of the thrones of Germany were filled by French nominees; hundreds of Germans, and amongst them men as distinguished as John Müller the historian, had willingly accepted office under their conquerors; the Confederation of the Rhine recognised Napoleon as its Protector; and multitudes of German troops were serving in or with the French armies. No wonder, then, that Arndt took an early opportunity of setting himself free from all official trammels, as we have seen.

Warned by some loyal friends of the watchfulness of the French spies, and the partial discovery of the German secret societies, he hastened to Berlin, where he procured a passport

for Russia (in 'which country, as he says, 'there was still a 'Europe'), providing himself with another passport for the Bohemian baths, to be used in case of need. He was scarcely back a day in Trantow when the alarm came; but we will give in his own words the narrative of his escape from Swedish into Prussian territory:—

'A number of us were assembled in a joyous party at the house of the Provost of Loitz, when a mounted messenger brought me a line from my friend Billroth in Greifswald stating that the French had crossed the frontier, and would have the whole country occupied within a day or two. We all separated at once. I drove that very night to Stralsund, which as yet the French had not reached, obtained some money, slept the next night at a friend's house, starting early the following morning by sledge, and, passing on my way several detachments of French cavalry, got by sunset to Greifswald, which I found full of French troops. I bid a few farewells there, and, avoiding the high roads, made my way across country to a spot where a sledge of my brother's met me, and brought me back to Trantow that night.

'Arrived at the house I slipped in by a back door and reached a side room from whence, in case of alarm, I could easily escape into the thickly-planted shrubberies and so make my flight good to the woods. A number of French troops, both officers and privates, were billeted in the house; but my brother plied them well with liquor, they were weary and exhausted with long marching over ice and snow, and snored away in quiet repose while I spent the whole night in packing and arranging papers, writing letters, and giving my parting commissions, blessings, and good wishes to my friends. For as long as a man lives, though the death candle be burnt down low enough to scorch his fingers, he always feels he has something to set in order and arrange. The snow creaked under my footsteps, as with the first streak of dawn I withdrew by the back way from the house; my cousin, my sister, and my little ten years old boy clung closely around me, and held me fast. With a last caress and a sad violence I had to thrust them from me and hurry away. I heard my little son's footsteps as he ran after and tried to overtake me, I heard his voice crying loudly behind me; and my whole soul was filled with rage, almost with curses.' (*Erinnerungen*, p. 117 seq.)

He made his way in safety to Berlin, to find himself in the midst of that great association of Germans whose one engrossing bond of union consisted of hatred of the French, determination to shake off their yoke, and longing for their destruction. But there, too, he found the place too hot for him, and, furnished with good and influential recommendations, he took his way with Colonel Count Chazot to Breslau, on his way to Russia. From Breslau he passed to Prague, where, strangely enough, he met with information which he had failed to receive weeks before by letter, that the Minister Von Stein, summoned

thence to St. Petersburg some time previously, was specially desirous of his services in the great work of liberation he was organising.

Thus the man at last had found his mission. By what many would call a chance, but he himself honestly believed to be a special Providence, he found himself on the way to his work, his passport ready, and his place appointed. It was for this sort of service he had been making his whole life a preparation. From the early days of his boyhood, in all the modesty and simplicity of his nature, he had still nursed the presentiment of being useful to his Fatherland, when that Fatherland was found; and the unexpected call to co-operate with one so great as Von Stein found him every way prepared:—

‘If any ask from what sources I as a pilgrim and fugitive could be possessed of means and money, I reply: as a boy my heart was filled by God with a presentiment of my destiny; from horror of self-indulgence and luxury I early grew hardy and self-reliant, and learned how to be needy as well as how to abound. And this system I had persisted in even beyond my fortieth year, disciplining myself by voluntary deprivations of food, drink, and sleep. I had well tested my pedestrian powers, and often walked as much as thirty miles at a stretch, while my brothers rode about on handsome horses. From the time of Napoleon’s elevation I had felt we should have hard trials to undergo, and I had ordered myself and my mode of life accordingly. From the profits of some of my books, my official salary in Stockholm, and some years’ arrears of my Greifswald appointment, which were paid in full in the year 1810, I was provided with sufficient means for my purpose. Now and then indeed, in the company of my friends, I might spend a ducat or a Friedrich’s d’or, but when alone or on my wanderings my wants were of the very slightest. I cannot tell how many a time my table was no better provided than that of a huntsman in the woods, or of a hussar on a march.’ (*Erinnerungen*, p. 125.)

In August 1812, he reached St. Petersburg, and was received into Von Stein’s house, where he entered on his functions as a secretary, his salary and appointments being paid by the Russian Government, at whose call Von Stein also was working in ‘the good cause.’

In the following passage Arndt gives his own account of his meeting with Von Stein, and of the work he had to do:—

‘Towards the end of August 1812, I stood for the first time in the presence of the famous Minister Baron von Stein. I saw before me a man of middle stature, already greyish-haired and slightly stooping, but with the brightest of eyes and a most friendly bearing. Attracted to me as he had been by the perusal of some of my writings, he had invited me to join him in the most cordial manner, and as I stood before him I seemed to feel as if the impression I produced upon him satisfied his friendly expectations. He received me with as pleasant an

case as if we had been already years acquainted, and for my part, notwithstanding the deep respect I felt before a man so famous, I could not help feeling as if we were old friends. . . . Stein pointed out to me as nearly as possible the position I was to occupy with and for and under him, though he never gave me cause to feel myself subordinate. He never spoke of his own position towards the Emperor of Russia, merely saying, "You know what my object here is just as well as what "your own has been in coming so far to the Eastward." And then he gave me the necessary instructions as to the various persons I should have to transact business with. Though never speaking either of his relations with the Emperor of Russia or of his own doings, Stein's position in Petersburg was not only that of a representative of German interests in all the events of the time, but also in some sort that of a German dictator. We knew how, abroad, every German with a patriotic soul looked forward to the deliverance of his Fatherland from shame and wretchedness, to the dissolution of the hateful Confederation of the Rhine, and to the demolition of the might of France. And we knew how, even in Russia, there were fighting under Napoleon's standards no less than 150,000 Germans, troops raised by the Confederation, and auxiliaries levied from Prussia and Austria. It was our belief and hope, that if once the star of the mighty Attila of his time grew pale, we might move the hearts of these multitudes, driven as they had been so far from their homes towards the East, by reminding them of the great Fatherland which still lay behind them, and for which they might rather choose to wage a holy battle than to let themselves be herded on to death by a foreign conqueror. Numbers of brave men, inflamed with noble rage and holy hope, had flocked to Russia, under the rallying cry "The German Fatherland," in order to take sword with Alexander against Napoleon, and with all their energies to stir up German youth for the liberation of their country. This was the idea of the German Legion, which was set on foot at St. Petersburg, and the care of this matter was the first business given to my charge. . . .

'What striking changes can be wrought by circumstances in the destinies of man! Who could have thought that I, who in Stockholm during the years 1807 and 1808 had written from the cabinet of Gustavus, the Fourth (aye, and from the cabinet of my own heart), so many hard and bitter pamphlets and proclamations against Russia, should now, without changing my opinions or principles a hair's-breadth, be writing in St. Petersburg for Russia, and for the Fatherland we laboured to make ready for the strife? . . .

'And so my posture was that of a German writer (or to use a grander name, a German author), who knew there were many places in Europe where his life was not secure from the rulers of the time. And my time was occupied to the utmost in keeping the press busy with writings, partly dictated by my own feelings, partly commissioned directly by the Government; pamphlets, stirring appeals, calls to arms, despatches, proclamations, contradictions, and exposures of French statements and reports; some couched in Russian language and suiting Russian views, others from the German (may I not say from Stein's?) stand-point. These writings were printed from time to time in Ger-

man (sometimes even in French), and published in various places at once; some were distributed to individuals, some sent by post, some even thrown about in the streets and public places, scattered like sparks of fire in the hope that here and there one might kindle in a patriotic heart and help to spread the mighty flame.'

Such was Arndt's work, congenial, energetic, and influential, till the great time came; till, indeed, that Victory, which so long had sat upon the helmet of Napoleon, led him to the wilderness of ruined Moscow, and fled away for ever, leaving his lost battalions to stiffen in the unconquerable snow. Arndt himself gives an absolutely appalling description of the dread realities of misery he witnessed, as, following the steps of that helpless retreat, he and the other patriotic spirits who had laboured for their country in exile hastened back to help its approaching restoration. Amidst all the suffering and hardship, which even makes our hearts to ache in reading of after nearly sixty years, can we wonder at the exultation these returning exiles must have felt? Can we help, however we must feel for those whom the disasters of Napoleon overwhelmed so awfully, feeling a sympathy in gladness for those faithful ones to whom such great disasters gave a hope and consolation, restoring them to home and honour in a liberated fatherland? But all was not over with the failure of the Russian campaign. Every day was big with fate, and many a heart that bounded with patriotic hope was destined to be still and cold for ever before the mighty work was done. If Germany had been terrible in its downfall, it was resistless in its uprising, and the first dawn of hope soon brightened to the noon of triumph. Those were times when men's hearts were ready to be stirred, and every means to stir them was at hand. It is to this period we must refer the chief of Arndt's great patriotic songs, which we will pause a little to examine.

A song is but a small thing, but it may be the electric spark which fires the most destructive agents. It excites, it transmits, it kindles those sentiments which inflame the passions of nations; and it may be said with truth hereafter that a couple of songs have contributed more than any practical cause or real political necessity to the conflict which is now afflicting the world. A national song, such as is wanted, appearing when it is wanted, expressing one national idea, whether it be the suffering, the hope, or the courage of a nation, though its metre be rugged, and its words be homely, comes from the heart, speaks to the heart, and stirs the blood of men. Such were the war-songs of Arndt—plain and simple always—rude and rough enough at times; but songs, notwithstanding,

which put before men a mighty purpose in a manly way, making those who heard and sang them feel more than ever the dignity of their manhood, the value of their freedom, and the privilege of their self-sacrifice. They were, as we have said, full of hatred. But there are two senses in which to take the word. Such a feeling was essential to the deliverance of Germany in 1813; such a feeling, taken in conjunction with the other feelings manifest throughout his writings, and in his simple unaffected noble nature, show him to have been a poet according to the grand definition of the greatest poet among ourselves:—

‘Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.’

It could not be otherwise with a man who, like Arndt, was thoroughly in earnest; and unquestionably it was the echo which his glowing songs awakened in hearts of men who hated slavery, that made those songs so mighty in the appropriate moments they were uttered, so mighty in forming the mind of the free Germans of to-day, and so mighty in raising the courage and stirring the heart of the men who have sung them once more, in this awful year, by their watch-fires in Champagne and beneath the walls of Paris.

Such is no doubt the power of the patriotic song; but if we judge that by which Arndt is best known by ordinary poetic standards, we cannot critically praise it, unless we confound two things, and make poetic merit to consist in the mere expression of an idea. ‘What is the German’s Fatherland?’ became and remained a great song, not for its poetry, but for its patriotism. The song, with its burden ‘Our Fatherland ‘must greater be,’ is very well suited for a nation whose purpose was plunder, whose pretext was rectification of frontiers, and whose policy was annexation; and in such case we might call it a sort of geographical catechism done into irregular metre. But for German experience and German feeling, it had another purpose. It expressed a policy not of annexation, but of union; not of conquest, but of confraternity. It has given a motto easy of remembrance, interpreted in short and simple phrase an instinct of which each thinking German is conscious to himself; he feels that the old patriotic bard was right about his Fatherland, that

‘So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,
Das soll es sein!’*

This famous song or hymn—for, with its large scope, its con-

fident faith, and its deep reverence, it may well be called a hymn—we abstain from giving in the original, since nearly all the readers whom our subject interests must, in some sort, be acquainted with it; and we abstain from translating it, unwilling to add another to the long list of failures in that difficult task. It is not translatable; like Luther's famous hymns, the subtle spirit evaporates when we attempt to transmute its essence. Just in proportion as a national song is terse, direct, and vigorous, the difficulties of its translation are multiplied. The best translations very often are happy paraphrases; but short sentences and direct statements will not admit of paraphrase. The bard of battle girds his loins to sing as he strikes; and his song, like himself, is succinct; neither its metre nor its method can be transferred to a foreign tongue. The man must know Germans, feel for Germans, see Germans, judge their thoughts, hear their speech, learn their yearnings, before he can comprehend at all the strange power of that Fatherland song; and the more fully he comprehends this, the more hopeless he feels is the effort to translate it.

But we must not leave our reader without some specimen of Arndt's poetic power. His national songs were struck out like hot sparks, as we have said in his words, 'upon the glowing anvil of the time;' and so we find most of the momentous battles, and most of the distinguished heroes of the Liberation War celebrated in his fiery song. We give here as an instance a call to combat of the date 1812, entitled 'The Ancient and Modern Germans,'* of which we subjoin a translation:—

'Our fathers of old were renowned

As valorous lions in war,

Gigantic they seemed to the weaklings,

Their swordstrokes cleft deep and swept far;

Their spears sped through horse and through rider,

Like lightning through breastplate and helm;

God only could make them to tremble,

And virtue was wisdom with them.

'Of Rome the bloodthirsty battalions

Tormented the world they enslaved,

Degraded by wine and by women,

By gold and indulgence depraved;

They boasted that earth was created

For Rome and for Romans alone,

And bore them as tyrants, regarding

The fortune of war as their own.

'Till at last the free Germans arising,
Marched down from the Danube and Rhine,
Rushed on with their broad flying banners,
And broke through the proud battle-line ;
To combats they went as to dances,
Those champions so valiant and good,
And crimsoned their far-reaching lances
And terrible broadswords with blood.

'They were fighting for freedom, for honour,
For God, for their rights, for their land ;
They swept down their worthless oppressors,
As whirlwinds sweep forward the sand ;
They shattered the bond that had fettered
Their suffering peoples in twain,
Wiped out their past sins and disgraces,
And built up their nation again.

'Such as these were the Germans of old—
Such as these were, Oh ! German, art thou ?
Canst thou bear to be scourged like a cur ?
Canst thou cringe, like a cur, to the blow ?
Canst thou shrink, like a pitiful coward,
From meeting the death of the brave ;
But to eat, 'neath the eye of thy drivers,
The mean daily bread of the slave ?

'Canst thou serve with the Frank so deceitful,
Enslaved by a monster so foul ;
When thy bear-leader stirs thee for dancing,
Canst thou dance, and not utter a growl ?
Shall his ring through thy nostril be passed,
On thy lips shall his muzzle be laid,
Till he make thee a hare from a lion,
Till he change the war-horse to a jade ?

'No longer ! To arms ! Clutch thy weapon !
The delivering steel seize again !

'Arise, though thy vengeance be bloody,
Quick, conquer thy freedom again !
Uncover thy far-flying banner,
Let thy sword flash its glittering fires,
And show thee, at last, a free German,
And worthy the fame of thy sires !

'No longer ! shout ! shout ! and enkindle
The flame of just vengeance afar ;
And shake the proud soul of thy tyrant
With the terrible trumpet of war.
On mountain and hill sound the clarion,
Ring out the loud bells from each spire,
And pursue him with buffets of battle,
And the crash of the loud cannon-fire !

‘ So drive off our drivers detested,
 Follow up that proud chase of delight,
 And harass their plundering legions,
 With terror by day and by night;
 And ne’er sheathe the sword in its scabbard
 Till over the beautiful Rhine,
 We unite in full freedom and gladness
 The bonds of the German Verein.’

We have selected this as a specimen of the force and fire which made an inspiration of so many a battle-song of Arndt’s. We seem as we read it, foreign as we are to the race it was addressed to, to feel our spirit stirred. What must have been the power of such songs on those who knew and felt a real slavery and were panting for release?

To those for whom these songs were written, their language was not merely patriotic, it was devout. With all his energy of hatred against his country’s oppressors, Arndt’s heart in this great matter trusted in God, and he expressed the feeling that the cause of his country was a holy and sanctified cause, more strongly still in a ‘Catechism,’ with the following extraordinary title:—

‘Catechism for Germany’s soldiers and defenders, wherein is set forth how a warrior should be a Christian man, and go to battle having God upon his side.

“Fear not, O land! be glad, and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things.”—Joel ii. 21.’

This remarkable production of about fifty octavo pages was first printed in the summer of 1812 at St. Petersburg, again in 1813 at Königsberg, and reproduced by thousands in many other places during the War of Liberation. In twenty short chapters, touching in the most brief and incisive manner, and in Scriptural phrase, on such subjects as the origin of evil, dissension and war, justifiable and unjustifiable war, the Great Tyrant (Napoleon of course), trust in God, unity, soldiers’ honour, freedom and fatherland, self-restraint in war, self-sacrifice, and so forth, he supplies the simplest answers to the many questions, the directest resolutions of the many doubts, which might meet a man in taking up arms for his country. We subjoin a specimen or two of the style of this production:—

‘He who conquereth an oppressor is a holy man, and he who checketh pride doeth the work of God.

‘Such is the war that is pleasing in the sight of the Lord; and God in heaven counteth the drops of the blood that is shed therein.

‘He that falleth with the foremost in that combat, and adorneth the path of victory, *that* man’s descendants are blessed for generations, and

his children's children dwell in peace and honour. His memory is holy amongst his people, and his descendants pray on the spot where he died for his country.

'But he who fighteth for tyrants, and draweth the murderous sword against the right, his name is accursed amongst his people, and his remembrance fadeth away from among men.

'He is accursed in the place where the ravens assemble themselves, and his honour is blasted on the gallows tree.

'And he who goeth forth to oppress freedom, and to enslave the innocent folk, that man raiseth the sword against the Lord God, and He that sendeth His lightnings from heaven shall smite him down.'

After pointing out the sin of mere mercenary soldiering, and the error made in supposing military honour to be higher than any other, he says:—

'There is only one kind of honour and virtue, and that is the same for every man on earth.

'I will teach you what true soldiers' honour is.

'A brave soldier and warrior will fight to the death for his rightful king and master, and for the safety and honour of his country. A brave soldier will love his fatherland and fellow-countrymen above all things, and gladly shed the last drop of his blood for the sake of his endangered country.

'A brave soldier will always have God before his eyes, and God's law written in his heart, so that no power shall compel him to act against the law of God.

'A brave soldier will not boast himself for the sake of worldly fame, nor be puffed up with vanity, but faithfulness to his fatherland will be his highest glory, and a quiet courage his brightest ornament.'

One other point in his patriotic writings may be noted, the absolute unselfishness with which he gives honour where honour is due, even though to do so he has to yield up old prejudices and modify old judgments. If he was outspoken always in his opinions, fearless of giving offence where he felt frankness to be needed, he seems, on the other hand, to have had a perfect exultation in giving praise where it was deserved. We have but to read his songs of Schill, of Blücher, of Gneisenau, of Scharnhorst, of Stein, of 'the valiant King of Prussia,' to see how fully he could abandon himself to the fine impulse of generous appreciation.

But we must bring our paper to a close. We have lingered perhaps too long over the earlier half of his life, but after all it was the part of his existence and the time of his activity most influential upon the opinions and character of men in the great crisis of German history in which we stand to-day. Our notice must be brief of the remaining portion of his long career.

After the fall of Bonaparte, his banishment to Elba, and the

brief history of the Hundred Days, Arndt removed to Bonn, where he undertook the Professorship of History in the newly-founded and now famous university. He there married his second wife, a sister of Schleiermacher, and built the pleasant house known to so many of our countrymen, as it stands on the Koblenzer Allée, surrounded by the garden his own hands used to cultivate, and looking over the broad Rhine as it flows down from Königswinter, reflecting on its bosom the beautiful Sieben-gebirge. Would we had, as far as the external history of this true patriot goes, no further word of sorrow or of suffering to tell; that we could feel that in such a post and such a place he had found, with the approval and the thankfulness of his country, the peace and contentment he deserved. But he had yet to learn the spirit and temper of the Prussian Government. He obtained his post, as we have said, in the autumn of 1817; in 1818, startled and depressed by the unworthy tendencies he already saw to be gaining ground in political circles, he published the fourth part of his '*Geist der Zeit*,' and threw down the gauntlet before the reaction of the time. He published his book, appealing to the incontrovertible examples of the past, to warn men from the dangers of the future; fierce and firm and fiery as ever, the honest man delivered his conscience; but the spirit of the time which he exposed was against him. In January, 1819, an order of the Cabinet, censuring him for his writing, as unsuitable to his calling as an instructor of youth, threatened him with deprivation of his post, unless, in fact, he would consent to wear a muzzle. Worse was to come. His papers were seized in the summer, and in the autumn he was suspended from the exercise of his office. A so-called state-trial followed, conducted in the most unfair and irregular manner, which dragged its slow length along till the summer of 1822. It proved nothing against him, but it acquitted him of nothing; his papers remained in the hands of the police, and he himself was still condemned to inactivity. For one and twenty years! He was fifty when his post was given; he exercised his office for a year and a half, and only when over threescore years and ten was it permitted to one of the truest patriots that ever lived, to prove to absolute demonstration his innocence of the charge of disloyalty which had been laid upon him. '*All's well that ends well*'—possibly; but if in all those many years of undeserved suspicion and un murmuring patience his heart had broken in unutterable sorrow, and his wasted vigour been paralysed in death, the world would have lost the model of a brave and honest man, and the country he loved and lived for would have earned irre-

parable shame. Happily he was spared to clear the name he had made, and, in the self-justification which the restoration of his papers enabled him to publish, to show how deeply rooted in his own heart and life were the principles of freedom, honour, and self-sacrifice, of trust in God, and patient endurance of suffering which he had preached to all his fellow-men.

King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. ascended the Prussian throne in the year 1840; to his honour be it said that one of his first spontaneous acts was to restore the wronged and suffering Arndt to the full exercise of his office; and any readers who knew Bonn at that time will remember the jubilation to which this tardy reinstatement gave occasion. He was immediately elected Rector or Head of the University for the following year, amidst the unexampled enthusiasm of the students, and was spared to live another twenty years in surprising vigour and activity of body and mind, and to die as much lamented as he had lived useful and famous.

We saw him last in his ninetieth year, broken, indeed, from what he had been, as men must be who pass so far the allotted span of life, but still a marvel of vitality and faith and heartiness. And even then there was a day of triumph for him upon earth. His ninetieth birthday was the occasion of rejoicings and congratulations to him from every part of the great Fatherland. Deputations of every sort, bands of military music heading a great procession of soldiers, civilians, faculties, students, professors; rapturous acclamations, answered by a last burning speech from the soul-stirred veteran himself; multitudinous gifts from anonymous donors, and numberless telegrams in honour of the day; such were the sights and sounds that moved the aged Arndt to the deepest depth of his comprehensive heart. This was on the 26th of December, 1859. Before the end of the following month another vast procession, less jubilant but as impressive, followed the dead hero to his quiet grave, and over his rest crowds of sorrowing compatriots sang one of his own touching hymns.

Thus simple, brave, and honest, without pride or pomp or wealth, yet rich in peace, in honour, and his country's love, this remarkable man lived and died. 'He rests from his labours:' and we have but to look around to-day, and see how, reflected in the conduct of countless myriads of his people, the spirit that moved him is moving, to add the additional words the Scripture suggests—'and his works do follow him.'

- ART. VI.—1. *Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains and Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. 8vo. 2nd edition. 1869.
2. *Précis de Paléontologie humaine.* Par le Docteur E. T. ILAMY. 8vo. Paris: 1870.
3. *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ.* By MM. LARTET and CHRISTY. 4to. 1863-70.
4. *The Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia.* By SVEN NILSSON. Edited by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1868.
5. *Stone Monuments, Tumuli, and Ornaments of Remote Ages, with remarks on the Architecture of Ireland and Scotland.* By J. B. WARING. Folio. London: 1870.

THE intellectual activity of the nineteenth century is shown in no respect more strongly than by the extraordinary manner in which new sciences are springing up in every direction. During the first half of it the knowledge of the earth gradually advanced from a mere speculation into a science, governed by as strict laws as any of its sisters, and in the later period which has intervened the promoters of this science have been concentrating their attention on the geological frontier that looks towards history. The historians, on the other hand, have been carefully analysing their title-deeds, and sifting the certain from the fabulous, with a self-denying criticism that refuses to allow that the connected thread of our history can be traced further back than the English invasion, and rejects the mythical stories which profess to connect our country with the continent before that time. It is undoubtedly true, that from Cæsar's first landing down to the retreat of the Roman legions, there are incidental notices of Britain, but they are merely isolated rays of light which make the darkness of our ignorance the more visible. We do not even know whether the Roman provincials in Britain spoke Celtic or Latin, or a *patois* between the two, nor even the gods that they worshipped. Strictly speaking, therefore, we can only be certain of the sequence of events from the time of the English invasion, which is the only fixed point that divides our history from a confused jumble of isolated statements, hopelessly imbedded in fiction. If the historical boundary be stretched as far as possible, it does not extend further back in Britain than the landing of Cæsar, nor in Gaul than the conquest by the Legions, nor in Germany than

the first contact with the Roman arms, nor in Scandinavia than the date of the Sagas. All out of its reach, 'the speechless past' of Mr. Palgrave, was, till lately, given up as hopeless by one class of minds, while by another and more sanguine class it was looked upon as a legitimate field for the wildest speculations and day-dreams. Now prehistoric archæology, the youngest of the sciences, comes forward to claim this no-man's-land as her own province, with all the vigour, as well as some of the faults, of youth. New works on the prehistoric period are rapidly being published in nearly every country in Europe. An international congress for the interchange of ideas, and the comparison of work done in different regions, has been held for four years in Turin, Paris, Norwich, and Copenhagen, and would have met at Bologna this autumn, had not the unfortunate war compelled the French and German *savants* to exchange the pen for the sword. The facts already accumulated are many in number and of high importance, and have been classified by the Danish antiquaries, and especially by MM. Nilsson, Worsaae and Thomsen, according to the three ages of Lucretius, characterised respectively by the presence of stone, bronze, and iron. In our own country two eminent observers have approached the subject from two different directions. Sir Charles Lyell* has taken up the geological end of the narrative, and shown with a master's hand the relation of his science to prehistoric archæology, while Sir John Lubbock, in his present work, adopting the method of Cuvier in his restoration of fossil mammals, has instituted a comparison of the prehistoric traces of man found in Europe with the implements and weapons still in use by various races of men. Among the works published on the Continent, that of Dr. Hamy, intended to follow up Sir Charles Lyell's line of inquiry, stands pre-eminent for ability and caution. We propose to give an outline of the results of prehistoric archæology, and to show how far they occupy the ground between geology and history. The subject bristles with problems of the deepest interest. What kind of man first set foot in Europe? and by what conditions of life was he environed? Can we trace any steady progress in the arts and sciences from his first advent to the present day? What was the civilisation of the dwellers in the region north of the Alps and the Pyrenees during the time that the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile and the shores of the Mediterranean were the seats of mighty empires? These are a few of the questions which thrust themselves prominently forward.

It will be necessary before we plunge into the subject to devote some little space to the classification used by archaeologists, because it has very generally been misunderstood and excited much hostile criticism. Sir John Lubbock follows the Danish antiquaries in adopting the division of prehistoric time into three ages—of stone, bronze, and iron. The first of these he divides into two distinct ages, in consequence of the discoveries made in France and Britain of human implements associated with the extinct mammalia. These four great divisions are as follows:—

‘I. That of the Drift; when man shared the possession of Europe with the mammoth, the cave-bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. This we may call the “Palæolithic” period.

‘II. The later or polished Stone Age; a period characterised by beautiful weapons and instruments made of flint and other kinds of stone; in which, however, we find no trace of the knowledge of any metal, excepting gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. This we may call the “Neolithic” period.

‘III. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds.

‘IV. The Iron Age, in which that metal had superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, &c.; bronze, however, still being in common use for ornaments, and frequently also for the *handles* of swords and arms, though never for the blades.’ (P. 2.)

An ingenious critic in the ‘Quarterly Review’* argues against this classification with apparently but a slight acquaintance with the evidence on which it is based. He complains that it is too simple; ‘that it overlooks the existence of different races of mankind, endowed with different qualities and capabilities, and assumes that they were at all times governed by the hard logic of the nineteenth century, in the Teutonic countries of Europe.’ He finds fault with ‘the quiet sequence of events which the Danish classification presumes,’ and protests against the ‘peaceful progress’ presented by the industry of Copenhagen or Manchester at the present day being employed as the standard to be applied to these long-forgotten times. It is unfortunate that the critic did not give references to the works on archaeology in which such assumptions are made. Sir John Lubbock certainly does not give the slightest ground for the charge. M. Nilsson in his works does not presume any ‘peaceful progress,’ nor that the ancient dwellers in Denmark were of the same Aryan race as the present inhabitants; he leaves the first altogether an open question, and states, with reference to the second, that at one

time the Laps had possession of the country.* Nor is the critic more happy in his argument from the survival of customs. It by no means follows from the fact that religious beliefs and habits are endowed with an extraordinary vitality, such as Paganism in the Church of the south of Europe, that stone would come back into everyday use in the Bronze and Iron ages to the exclusion of those two metals, unless they could no longer be obtained. But the magnitude of the trade in bronze in ancient times, and the abundance of the ores of iron, render such an accident improbable; and even if it did happen, as in the case of the unfortunate Icelandic colonists in Greenland, the form of the implements would prove the previous knowledge of metal. It is admitted on all hands that the use of stone survived in religious ceremonial, like that of the Roman civil dress in our sacerdotal vestments, long after it had been abandoned for ordinary purposes. Flint flakes have been discovered in Roman graves in Britain,† at least as late as the days of Hadrian, and they have been found also in the foundation of the king's palace at Khorsabad.‡

Again, the use of stone is not supposed by any archaeologists to have been suddenly displaced by that of bronze, or the bronze by that of iron. The poorer class must have been content for a long time to use the one, while the richer only used the other. The ages of iron, bronze, and of polished stone may have been going on side by side in different parts of Europe at the same point of time. By the term 'age' Sir John Lubbock simply means that a definite succession can be traced of men who used rude unpolished stone weapons, of men who used polished stone and were ignorant of metals, of men who were acquainted with bronze and ignorant of iron, and, lastly, of men who used iron for those purposes to which it was best fitted. And this sequence can be traced, not in one or two isolated spots, but throughout nearly the whole of Europe. It may be, that while Scandinavia was in the Neolithic age, the bronze was gradually finding its way northward, and probably while bronze or stone, or both, were used in out-of-the-way places, iron was known in the centres of civilisation, on the shores of the Mediterranean. The idea that these ages are hard and fast chronological divisions has not been entertained, to our knowledge, by any writer on the subject.

* Nilsson, 'Stone Age,' pp. 201-202.

† On a Romano-British Cemetery at Hardham, Sussex. *Archæol. Col.*, 1863.

‡ International Congress of Prehistoric Archæology. Paris, vol. 1867.

Since we have answered the objections that have been raised against the received classification, we may proceed to test our knowledge about the first or Palæolithic age, which lies altogether within the frontier of géology. Dr. Hamy, in common with most of the French archæologists, believes that man was living in Europe during the remote period known as the Miocene, because certain rude flint implements have been discovered in the Tertiary beds of Thenay, and because peculiar striæ and notches have been observed on the bones of a large extinct cetacea, the *Halitherum*, found in the Faluns of Puancé. It has not, however, been placed beyond a doubt that the flint implements were not ultimately derived from the surface of the ground, where they are strewn about in great profusion, nor has it been clearly proved that the marks on the bones could not have been caused by other agency than that of man. While, therefore, we agree with Dr. Hamy that the climate at the time was warm enough for man to have lived in France, we cannot admit that any indisputable traces of his presence have yet been met with in any of the Miocene deposits.

Nor is the testimony of man's appearance during the next or Pleiocene Period of a higher value. M. Desnoyers* believes that he has met with traces of the existence of man at this time in some peculiarly scratched and grooved bones of *Elephas meridionalis*, from St. Prest, near Chartres. Sir Charles Lyell, however, thought it likely that the marks may have been caused by the teeth of a large extinct beaver, the *Trogonthere*, found in the same place; and he placed some recent bones in the cage of the porcupines in the Zoological Gardens, to see the result of their gnawing. This ingenious experiment showed that the marks in question may have been caused by the rodents, and not by the hand of man. M. Desnoyers' proof, therefore, cannot be accepted as conclusive that man was living in France during the Pleiocene period, although there is no assignable cause why he should not have been. The striæ on the bones found in the Val d'Arno, and considered both by M. Dartet and Dr. Hamy to have been made by the hand of man, fall also into the same doubtful category.

We must now give a slight sketch of the geological changes which heralded the advent of man into Europe, and which brought about the conditions of life under which he lived.

During the Pleiocene epoch, the mainland of Europe stretched far out beyond Britain into the Atlantic, and sup-

* Comptes rendus, 8 juin 1868.

ported herds of deer allied to the Axis and Rusa, now found only in the hot countries of the East, the mastodon and the sabretoothed tiger, the gigantic *Elephas meridionalis*, and sundry kinds of antelopes. The presence of these animals necessarily implies that the climate at that time was warmer than at the present day. The crag of Norfolk and Suffolk, and perhaps the Forest-bed of those counties that has furnished so many wondrous forms of extinct mammalia, are the only traces of this state of things in Britain; but deposits of this age occupy wide areas in France, Germany, and Italy.

At the close of the Pleiocene epoch, the climate in Europe gradually became colder; and while this was going on, the continent, north of a line passing through the valley of the Thames straight through North Germany and far into Russia, slowly sank beneath the waves of the sea. These climatal and geographical changes continued until Britain was reduced to an archipelago, Scandinavia was an island, and glaciers slid down from the mountains to the sea, to float off as bergs, laden with the rocks and other detritus which cover our hills and valleys north of the Thames like a great tattered mantle. While the conditions of life were thus being changed in Europe, the animals fitted for a warm climate were compelled to retreat southwards to the shores of the Mediterranean, and some, such as the mastodon, became extinct. The period of depression of northern Europe, or the Glacial period, forms a clear line of demarcation in the region where the boulder clay is found. In the countries south of the line above mentioned, where the land was above water, and consequently could not be traversed by icebergs, the Preglacial or Pleiocene strata gradually pass into the Postglacial or Quaternary, without any sharp boundary, and the animal remains afford the only key to the age of the deposits. At last the sinking of the land ceased, and a corresponding elevation took place, until Britain formed again part of the continent of Europe. The temperature, however, still continued to be very severe. Nearly the whole of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Cumbria, Lancashire and Derbyshire, were covered with enormous masses of ice, like those in Greenland, that have left indisputable traces of their presence in the moraines, and the smooth and polished surfaces of rocks over which they passed. It is indeed very possible that the elevation of northern Europe took place during the Glacial period, and that these insulated areas, full of traces of glacier action, are merely rags and tatters of a vast sheet of ice that covered nearly the whole of central and northern Europe. Whether this be true or not, there can be

no doubt that glaciers continued to occupy certain spots in Britain* and France,† such as North Wales and Auvergne, after the glacial submergence, and during the time that the characteristic animals of the Quaternary, or Postglacial, or Post-pleiocene epoch were living in those countries.‡

These physical changes naturally caused a revolution in the animal life. Driven from their ancient homes in northern Asia by the intense severity of the cold, or allured by the favourable conditions of life in Europe, the reindeer, musk-sheep, mammoth, the great woolly rhinoceros, the glutton, and the lemming spread through the whole continent north of a line passing through the Alps and the Pyrenees, attesting by their very presence the severity of the climate. Some of them even passed the Alps, and one, the mammoth, was fortunate enough to have been overwhelmed in the showers of volcanic ash that now constitute the Seven Hills. The animals, however, which inhabited Europe before their advent did not disappear *en masse*, but only those which were delicately constituted, and which could not adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life. The *Elephas antiquus*, two kinds of rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus ranged at least as far north as Britain; and their remains lie in the bone caves and river deposits, along with those of the arctic invaders. Their true home, nevertheless, was Southern Europe. The red-deer also survived, and the horses continued to live in vast herds. Another group of animals suddenly appeared on the scene, from a quarter of which we are ignorant—the lion, the cave-bear, the cave-hyæna, and the Irish elk; while the bison and the Saiga antelope probably came from the temperate zone of Siberia. Sir John Lubbock is mistaken in referring any of the fossils from the Norwich crag to the bison. Those to which he alludes belong most probably to the urus, the Pleiocene ancestor of our larger domestic breeds of cattle.

Such was the strange intermixture of animal life during the Quaternary period. The remains of creatures now only capable of living in a severe climate lie side by side with those dwelling now only in hot regions, the reindeer and the musk-sheep with the hippopotamus and the hyæna. Sir John Lubbock explains the presence of these two groups of animals by the hypothesis that they belong to different periods and to two different condi-

* See Trans. Geol. Soc. Glasgow, vol. i., pt. ii. Edinburgh New Phil. Journ. 1860. Quart. Geol. Journ., London, 1869, p. 209.

† *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*, 1869, p. 376.

‡ British Postglacial Mammals, Quart. Geol. Journ., 1869.

tions of climate, one warmer than the present and the other colder. Were this the true explanation, we should expect to find the remains lying in two distinct series, instead of being preserved in intimate association with each other, and in precisely the same condition. If M. D'Archiac's and M. Lartet's view be correct that the Quaternary climate was comparatively warm, how can the presence of the arctic mammalia be accounted for? The problem may easily be explained by an appeal to the physical condition of Europe at the time. Since the land extended at that time a considerable distance into the Atlantic, embracing Britain, and being a far larger and more compact mass than at the present day, the climatal extremes must have been greater. The summer heat must have been more intense, and the winter cold more severe. The soundings in the Mediterranean by Admiral Spratt, coupled with the discovery of African mammalia in the bone caves of Sicily and Malta, prove that Africa extended as far as those two islands, and that the Mediterranean was diminished to a chain of small land-locked seas. By this condition of things the present cooling and equalising effect of the Mediterranean on the temperature would then be reduced to a minimum, and a heated mass of land so near the tropics could not fail to influence to a very considerable extent the summer heat of the European continent. That the winter cold at the time was very severe, we have conclusive proof, not merely from the animals, but also from the ice-borne blocks of stone in the river-deposits in which they occur. The climatal extremes must necessarily follow from this state of things, and they would necessarily cause animals belonging to two different zoological provinces to be intermingled. In the winter, as the temperature gradually became lowered, the arctic mammalia would creep southward, just as they do at the present day in the great plains of Siberia and North America. In the summer, the animals accustomed to a warm climate would gradually advance northwards, and thus every season there would be a continual swinging to and fro over the same area of the two groups of animals, and their remains would be swept down by the rivers and deposited *pêle mêle* together. The area over which this double migration took place is ascertained with a considerable degree of accuracy. The denizens of the south did not advance further north than the meridian of Yorkshire, nor did the arctic invaders penetrate far beyond the line of the Alps and Pyrenees. Mr. Prestwich gets over the difficulty of the presence of the hippopotamus by supposing that, like the mammoth, it had a covering of hair and wool, as a defence

against the cold. Even if we admit this to be true, the fact that, in the Quaternary winter, our rivers were covered up with ice, would prove this aquatic animal could not have dwelt in our country throughout the year.

We owe this picture of the condition of Quaternary Europe to the unceasing labours of naturalists and geologists, from the time of Cuvier down to the present day, and especially to Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Prestwich, and the lamented Dr. Falconer. Each detail has been carefully worked out, and subjected to the strictest criticism. The idea of a great diluvial flood, or cataclysm, that devastated the whole of Europe and exterminated the animals, has now long been given up by the *savants* of England and Germany, partly because all the pre-existent animals were not destroyed, and partly because the transported blocks of stone and other traces of the operation of a great moving force are now clearly assignable to the action of glaciers and icebergs. It still, however, lingers in France. M. Figuier, the compiler of a highly popular elementary work, places this great catastrophe at the end of the Quaternary period.*

We now come to the advent of Palæolithic man upon the scene. The discovery that man was living at the same time with the extinct mammalia in the valley of the Somme, made by M. Boucher de Perthes many years before, was fully recognised in 1859, as well as the full significance of the flint implements found in Kent's Hole, so far back as 1834, by the Rev. J. McEnery, and of those found in the caves of Liège about the same time, by Dr. Schmerling. The rudely-chipped flint implements that rested side by side with the remains of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, cave-bear, lion, and reindeer, in the undisturbed higher gravels of the valley of the Somme, proved that the maker of them was a contemporary of those animals. Similar discoveries in England and Spain showed that the same kind of savage people occupied the south and east of our island, and passed the Pyrenees into the Iberian Peninsula. The river-gravels of France and England have altogether furnished about five thousand of these rude flint implements; and the number is not very remarkable, if we consider their massive form and their indestructible material.

'It is useless to speculate' (writes Sir John Lubbock) 'upon the use of these rude yet venerable weapons. Almost as well might we ask, to what use could they *not* be applied? Numerous and specialised as are our modern instruments, who would care to describe the exact use of a knife? But the primitive savage had no such choice of weapons. We

* Primitive Man, by Louis Figuier, p. 125.

see before us perhaps the whole contents of his workshop; and with these implements, rude as they seem to us, he may have cut down trees, scooped them out into canoes, grupp'd up roots, attacked his enemies, killed and cut up his food, made holes through the ice in winter, prepared firewood, &c.'

Some were probably used in the hand, while others were mounted in handles, to be used in the same fashion as the stone axes of the Australian natives. One form resembles closely the stone scraper with which the Esquimaux prepare their skins. The only safe inference that can be drawn from these discoveries is, that savages of a very low order inhabited Europe during the Quaternary period.

The region from which man first wandered into Europe cannot be determined with certainty. He appeared as a stranger, utterly unlike any of the creatures by which he was surrounded. The orders to which they belong were represented in the preceding age. The horse can even 'boast a pedigree in this quarter of the world, in a right line, through a slender three-toed ancestry as far back as the anchithere of the Eocene period. There were elephants before the advent of the mammoth, and large cats before that of the lion; but man is without kith or kin. From his delicate organisation, however, and nakedness, it may be inferred that he came from a warm region, just as the woolly coats of the mammoth and Tichorhine rhinoceros point to their northern derivation. Sir John Lubbock does not think it improbable that he may have been living in the warmer parts of Asia, even during the Miocene epoch; and Dr. Falconer* considered that the probable birthplace of man was to be found where food was abundant and life easy, in the plains of India. Successive races of men have from time to time invaded Europe from the south-east. There is therefore reason for the belief that man arrived in Europe from the same quarter—'from the birth-place of the nations,' the mysterious garden of Eden.

But if we are ignorant of the exact spot from which man migrated into Europe, we are still more uncertain of the exact date of his appearance. We can only say that the strata in which his remains are found were deposited by ancient rivers before the formation of the present valleys. The river Somme has cut its way down one hundred feet since the first appearance of man in that region; a result which must have demanded an enormous time, if measured by the almost insensible rate at which valleys are now being excavated in Europe. The

* Palæont. Memoirs.

bottom of the valley of the Somme also is occupied by a bed of gravel covered with silt and peat, in the latter of which M. Boucher de Perthes discovered 'platforms of wood, with large quantities of bones, stone implements, and handles, closely resembling those which come from the Swiss lake-villages. These weapons cannot for an instant be confounded with the ruder ones from the drift gravel. They are ground to a smooth surface, and a cutting edge; while those of the more ancient types are merely chipped, not one of the many hundreds already found having shown the slightest trace of grinding. Yet though the former belong to the Stone Age, to a time so remote that the use of metal was apparently still unknown in Western Europe, they are separated from the earlier weapons of the upper level drift by the whole period necessary for the excavation of the Somme valley to a depth of more than one hundred feet.' The valley, therefore, has been practically unchanged since the bottom was occupied by the users of polished stone implements. How long ago that may be we have no means of knowing; but it certainly could not be less, at the lowest estimation, than two thousand years. It follows, therefore, that the antiquity of the Palæolithic weapons buried in the river-gravel, a hundred feet above, are of an antiquity enormously greater than this. It must be admitted, however, that the erosive action of the stream was greater in the Quaternary-period than now; because the rain was stored up in the winter as ice and snow, and produced destructive floods in the spring, like those which Franklin describes in North America, and Wrangel in Siberia. The same mode of reasoning applied to the implements found in the ancient river-gravels of England, such as those of Dartford Heath, or those which crown the foreland cliffs in the Isle of Wight, leads to a similar conclusion. The high antiquity of man in Europe may also be inferred from the extinction of several animals which are associated with his implements, and the banishment of others, which could only have been brought about by changes in the conditions of life that according to our experience must have been very slow. We are therefore justified in referring man's appearance in Europe to a very remote period; but not to any date that can be represented by the historical unit of years. In Prehistoric archæology, as in geology, the question of time is merely the relation of one change to another. Man, therefore, can only be said to have lived in Europe before certain well-ascertained changes took place, that would necessarily demand a very long time.

Sir John Lubbock admits one only of the many alleged

cases of the association of the bones of men with those of the extinct mammalia in the river-gravels. In 1868, M. Bertrand discovered a human skull and bones in the valley of the Seine, at Clichy, along with the remains of mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, horse, ox, and stag. The skull was long and very thick, with simple sutures. These two last characters are only found in the present day among savage tribes unaccustomed to the use of a head covering, and with simple, poorly developed brains. The leg-bone was peculiarly flattened laterally, and of the type known as platycnemic. This form is unknown among any savages now on the face of the earth, although it occurs in certain interments of which presently we shall have occasion to speak. Dr. Hamy* gives many other instances of human bones being found in the river-gravels. A skull was discovered at Olmo in Central Italy, under similar conditions to that in the valley of the Seine, and, like it, was of the long type. With this exception, we prefer to follow the caution of Sir John Lubbock, than to admit the other instances cited by M. Hamy, which are more or less doubtful. M. Hamy, however, rejects the celebrated jaw found at Moulin Quignon, and prefers to follow the verdict of the English, rather than that of the French *savants*.

Nor is there any room for astonishment that the bones of man should be very rare in the Quaternary gravel beds:—

‘So far’ (writes Sir John Lubbock) ‘as the drift of St. Acheul is concerned, the difficulty will altogether disappear, if we remember that *no trace has ever been found of any animal as small as man*. The larger and more solid bones of the elephant and rhinoceros, the ox, horse, and stag remain, but every vestige of the smaller bones has perished. No one supposes that this scanty list fairly represents the mammalian fauna of this time and place. When we find at St. Acheul the remains of the wolf, boar, roe deer, badger, and other animals, which existed during the Drift period, then, and not till then, we may perhaps begin to wonder at the entire absence of human skeletons.’

There can be but little doubt that the numerical inferiority of man at the time, as compared with the beasts, as well as the smallness of his bones, sufficiently account for the rarity of human skeletons in the river-gravels. The vast numbers, moreover, of the hyænas at the time would considerably diminish the chances of the bones of so highly organised an animal as man being preserved.

The testimony of the bone-caves as to the condition of Palæolithic man must now be considered. The exploration of the caves and rock shelters in the valleys of the Vézère and

* *Les Mondes*, 1869, p. 64.

the Dordogne in Périgord, a region famous in the pages of Froissart for the brave exploits of the English, was carried out by the united labours of our countryman, Mr. Christy, and the eminent palæontologist, M. Lartet.* Before the former fell a martyr to his zeal in the work, he provided for the publication of the valuable memoirs which are now being issued; and bequeathed to the nation his unique ethnological collection from all parts of the world. The ten localities explored throw most unexpected light on the habits and mode of life of the men who had formerly lived in that region. Flakes without number, rude stone cutters, awls, lance-heads, hammers, saws made of flint or of chert, lay mingled, *pêle mêle*, with bone needles, sculptured reindeer antlers, engraved stones, arrow-heads, and harpoons, and with the broken remains of the animals which had been used as food, of the reindeer, bison, horse, ibex, Saiga antelope, and the musk-sheep. In some cases the whole was compacted by a calcareous cement into a hard mass, fragments of which are to be seen in the principal museums of Europe. This strange accumulation of *débris* marks, beyond all doubt, the places where hunters had feasted, and the broken bones and implements were merely refuse cast aside. The large quantity of charcoal, as well as the burnt stones, show in each case the spot where the fires had been kindled. The reindeer formed by far the larger portion of the food, and must have lived in enormous herds at that time in the centre of France. The severity of the climate at the time may be inferred by the presence of this animal, as well as by the accumulation of bones on the spots on which man had fixed his habitation. Indeed, had not this been the case the decomposition of so much animal matter would have rendered the place uninhabitable even by the lowest savage. Besides the animals mentioned above, there were also the lion, the cave-bear, the mammoth, and the Irish elk. There were no traces of the dog, or of any domestic animal, for Professor Vogt† has satisfactorily disposed of Dr. Rutimeyer's argument in favour of the horse and the reindeer having passed under the yoke of man at that remote time. There were no spindle whorls to indicate a knowledge of spinning, nor were there potsherds to show that these people were acquainted with the art of making pottery. In both these respects they resemble the Fuegians, Eskimos, and Australians.

* *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ. Cavernes du Périgord*, 8vo., 1864.

† *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*, 1869, p. 272.

The most remarkable remains left behind by man in these caves are the sculptured reindeer antlers, and the figures engraved on fragments of schist, and in one case on ivory. A well-defined outline of an ox stands out from one piece of antler. A second has been carved in a most tasteful manner: a reindeer is kneeling down in an easy attitude, with its head thrown up in the air so that the antlers rest on the shoulders, and the back of the animal forms an even and smooth surface for a handle, which is too small to be grasped by an average European. In a third, a man stands close to a horse's head, and hard by is a fish like an eel; on the other side of the same cylinder are two heads of bison, drawn sufficiently clearly to ensure recognition by anyone who had ever seen that animal. One figure of an ibex presents a very remarkable feature. The fragment of antler on which it is engraved was probably broken after the artist had commenced his work, without leaving sufficient room for the completion of the figure; but the proportions are not sacrificed, nor is the animal deprived of its hind legs, for they are doubled forward unnaturally, until they touch the under surface of the body. The lines engraved on the hard schist are, as might be expected from the character of the tools, feebly and uncertainly drawn. We think that if the most eminent sculptor of our times attempted to represent a figure on the same material with a fragment of flint, he would not produce a better result. The most striking figure that has been found is that of the mammoth engraved on a fragment of fossil ivory while it was in a fresh condition. The peculiar spiral curvature of the tusks, and the long mane, absent from all living specimens, have been most faithfully depicted, and prove that the original was familiar to the eye of the artist. The discovery of the whole carcass of the mammoth in northern Siberia, preserved from decay by the intense cold of the frozen cliff in which it was imbedded, made us acquainted with the existence of the long hairy mane. Had not the mammoth in the flesh been thus handed down to our eyes, this most accurate drawing would have been treated as a mere artist's freak.

Are there no savage tribes living in any part of the earth which may have been the lineal descendants of the cave-dwellers of Périgord? Absolute certainty we cannot hope to obtain on this point, but the evidence seems to amount almost to a certainty. We have seen that the Reindeer-folk lived for the most part on the reindeer, and killed the musk-sheep for food: does the country in which these two animals live present us with any tribe possessed with similar habits and

modes of life? Along the American shore of the great Arctic Ocean, in the regions of everlasting snow, dwells a race of hunters and fishermen, speaking the same language, and using the same implements throughout, from Behring's Straits on the west to Greenland on the east. Their implements and weapons brought home by our Arctic explorers enable us to institute a comparison with those found in the caves. The harpoons in the Ashmolean collection in Oxford, brought over by Captain Beechey and Lieutenant Harding from West Georgia, are identical in shape with those from Périgord. The fowling-spears also are identical, as well as the method of inserting the bone heads of the spears into the shaft. But the most remarkable objects yet brought home from that district are the sculptured bows which have been used for drilling holes. On these bows are engraved in basso-relievo the animals which they hunt by land or sea. On the side of one you see them harpooning the whale from their skin boats, and fowling; on a second they are harpooning the walrus and catching seals; while on a third they are dragging the seals home. The huts in which they live, the tethered dogs, the boat supported on its platform, and indeed all occupations in which they are engaged, are faithfully depicted. One bow is ornamented with a large number of porpoises, while another presents us with a reindeer hunt. The animals are being attacked while they are crossing a ford; one of them is swimming, another has waded far into the water, and the Eskimos in their boats are attacking them. A comparison of these various sculptures with those in Périgord shows an identity of plan and workmanship, with this difference only, that the animals familiar to the hunter in France were not the same in some cases as those familiar to the Eskimos on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Each sculptured the animals he knew, and the engravings of the mammoth or bison are not found on the implements of the Eskimos, because of their ignorance of those animals; just as the whale, walrus, and seal were unknown to the inland dwellers of Périgord. In the case of the reindeer, the carvings are precisely the same character.

An appeal to the habits of these two people, separated by such a wide interval of space and time, also shows a similar identity. The method of accumulating large quantities of the bones of animals around their places of abode, and the habit of splitting the bones for the sake of the marrow, is the same in both. The same stone scrapers prove that both dressed their hides in the same manner, while the needles prove that they were sewn together probably in a very similar fashion.

The West Georgians made their knives of walrus tooth, and ornamented them with the carvings of the spinal column of fishes; the people in Périgord used antlers of reindeer, ornamented with figures of that animal. A great many of the smaller implements of both people are absolutely the same in material and form. Both people were small of stature, for the handle of the dagger from Dordogne is so small that it can only be grasped by three fingers of ordinary size. The few remains of man amidst the relics of feasts in Périgord, evince the same disregard of sepulture, as the skulls lying about with numerous bones of walrus, seal, dog, bear, and fox in an Eskimos camp in Igloolik, which Captain Lyon carried off without the least objection on the part of the relatives of the dead. All these facts can hardly be mere coincidences, caused by both peoples leading a savage life under much the same circumstances, but afford reasons for the belief that the Eskimos of North America are connected by blood with the Reindeer-folk of Aquitaine. Nor indeed is there anything very strange in the idea that a people now confined to the Arctic regions of North America should have lived in the south of France, for one of the animals—the musk-sheep—has retreated from Europe and Asia northwards and eastwards, leaving its remains behind in Siberia to mark the line of its retreat, and even in America is going farther and farther north every day. In a word, though the evidence that would prove the dwellers in Périgord to have been Eskimos is circumstantial, it amounts to more than a probability.

Similar discoveries have recently been made in the caves of Belgium.* In our own country Kent's Hole† has yielded implements, some of which bear a striking resemblance to those from the river-gravels, while others are identical in shape with those of Périgord. In Wookey Hole‡ also, near Wells, flint implements of the same type occur. In both these caves the reindeer is very abundant, and the mammoth, bison, cave-bear, and woolly rhinoceros are by no means rare. In the caves of Sicily§ Dr. Falconer obtained evidence that a flint-using people had inhabited that island at the same time as the African elephant, and an extinct species of rhinoceros.

M. Lartet|| has attempted a chronological arrangement of the

* Bull. de l'Académie royale de Belgique, 1865-6-7.

† Brit. Assoc. Report, 1866-9.

‡ Quart. Geol. Journ. 1863.

§ Palæont. Memoirs.

|| Ann. des Sciences naturelles, 1861, p. 217.

Palæolithic Age, or 'la période de l'humanité primitive,' which has been accepted by nearly all the naturalists of Europe, as it seems to us, without sufficient reason. Acting on the *à-priori* consideration that all the animals in the caves and river deposits did not invade Europe in a body, but successively, he has divided the French Quaternary series into four periods. 'L'âge du grand ours des cavernes, l'âge de l'éléphant et du rhinocéros, l'âge du renne, et l'âge de l'aurochs.' The very simplicity of the system has made it popular. You find a cave-bear in a bed of gravel or a cave, and put it down to the period of the great bear; you find an aurochs, and forthwith assign it to the latest age. There are two fatal objections to this mode of classification. In the first place, nobody could expect to find the whole Quaternary fauna buried in one spot. One animal could not fail to be better represented in one locality than another, and therefore the contents of the caves and river deposits must have been different. The den of a hyæna could hardly be expected to afford precisely the same animals as a cave which had been filled with bones by the action of water. It therefore follows that the very diversity which M. Lartet insists upon as representing different periods of time, must necessarily have been the result of different animals occupying the same area at the same time. In the second place, M. Lartet has not advanced the shadow of a proof as to which of these animals was the first to arrive in Europe. From the fact that the Glacial period was colder than the Quaternary, it is probable that the Arctic mammalia, the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, and the reindeer arrived here before the advent of the cave-bear. It is undoubtedly true that they died out one by one, and it is very probable that they came in also gradually. The fossil remains from the English caves and river deposits, as for instance, those of Kent's Hole or Bedford, prove only that the animals inhabited Britain at the same time,* and do not in the least degree warrant any speculation as to which animal came here first. When the French and Belgian naturalists have tabulated all the animals found in their respective countries, they may generalise freely about the absence, or presence, or preponderance of certain species. Up to the present time, this has not even been attempted by any writer on the subject. Dr. Hamy follows Sir John Lubbock in refusing to admit that the age of the cave-bear differs from that of the mammoth, and in applying his classification to a large group of caves, he is obliged to accommodate M. Lartet's ages to the subject

by inventing a series of transitions. By doing this he practically allows that M. Lartet's classification will not apply even to the country for which it was framed. A glance at the tables of distribution of the British Quaternary Mammalia shows that it is equally inapplicable to the caves and river deposits of Great Britain. Moreover, why should these few animals be chosen out of a list of about forty that were living at the time, while the rest are passed over as worthless in classification?

The very popularity of M. Lartet's system renders it necessary for us to examine what we know about the animals on which his classification is based. The cave-bear, that characterises the first of his divisions, was unknown in Europe before the commencement of the Quaternary period. Dr. Hamy, however, assigns it to a Pleiocene age, relying on a mistaken identification of remains in the Norfolk Crag, and fancying that the Quaternary deposits of Walton, in which it is found, belong really to the Crag of Suffolk.* Sir John Lubbock is led into the same error, also from a mistaken identification, the bear from the forest-bed of Norfolk turning out not to be *Ursus spelæus*, but *U. Arvernensis*. The cave-bear is very abundant in the caves of Central Europe, and is found also in Southern Russia. In one case it has been found south of the Alps. It was essentially a dweller in caves, like the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, and could therefore hardly be expected to be found in abundance in the river deposits. The mammoth and woolly rhinoceros had a far wider range in space. The former animal abounded throughout the whole of Europe and Asia, north of a line drawn through the Pyrenees and the Caspian Sea, and even extended down the North American continent as far as the lower basin of the Mississippi. It also passes south of the Alps into Italy. Its fossil tusks, preserved by the cold of a Siberian winter, have afforded stores of ivory from time immemorial, and in some cases the entire carcass, with the hair and even the eye-balls perfect, have been exposed, by the warm rains of the Siberian summer.† The fossil ivory used by the Chinese as physic is probably furnished by its tusks. The woolly rhinoceros has the same range as the mammoth in Europe and Asia, excepting that it does not cross the Alps. It has not yet been discovered in North America. The fossil remains of the rein-

* Lower Brickearthis of Thames Valley, Quart. Geol. Journ., London, May, 1867.

† Siberische Reise, von Dr. A. von Middendorff, Band iv. Theil ii. Erste Lieferung, p. 1082.

deer and of the bison are scattered over the same area as those of the mammoth. Our present knowledge of these four animals only warrants our belief that they appeared in Europe at the beginning of the Quaternary period; the bison possibly may have been living during the Pleiocene, but the evidence on that point is far from satisfactory. The cave-bear, mammoth, and woolly rhinoceros became extinct at the close of the Quaternary period, while the reindeer lingered on in the Hercynian Forest, that overshadowed North Germany as late as the time of Julius Cæsar; and the bison was hunted in the forests of France and Germany at least as late as the fourteenth century, and still lives in Lithuania under the protection of a rigorous forest-law. There is nothing in all this which enables us to divide up the Quaternary epoch according to the presence of any one of these animals. They are so inextricably mingled together in the caves and river-gravels, that they must have lived in Europe at the same point of time.

Sir John Lubbock is unfortunate in his treatment of the reindeer. So far from that animal not having been found in the turbaries of England, its antlers have been met with in the peat of the valley of the Thames; at the Abbey Mills pumping station in Kent. A fine pair of antlers was figured by Professor Owen in 1846,* from the Norfolk Fens, and more recently they have been obtained in the West Riding of Yorkshire.† In the peat-bogs of Scotland the animal is by no means rare in Rosshire, Perthshire, and Dumfriesshire.‡ It has even been discovered around man's dwellings of the Neolithic Age in the ruins of a stone tower or burg near Brora. It has also been obtained from the lowest stratum of the harbour mound, in which the burg at Keiss in Caithness is concealed, along with red-deer, short-horned oxen, horse, goat, fox, dog, and the great auk. Several other localities might be quoted. The precise date of these burgs has not yet been ascertained, but some, such as that at Keiss, belong to the Neolithic Age, and therefore afford evidence that the reindeer was an article of food in Scotland during the time that they were inhabited. There is, indeed, historical proof that the animal lingered in Scotland as late as the middle of the twelfth century. In the Orkneyingá Saga,§ the Jarls

* Brit. Foss. Mammals.

† On the Former Range of the Reindeer in Europe, *Pop. Sc. Rev.* Jan. 1868.

‡ *Proceed. Soc. Antiqu. Scot.* vol. viii. pt. i. p. 186.

§ Orkneyingá Saga, *Hist. Orcadensium S. Jarla Saga*, Hafniæ, 1780,

Ronald and Harold are incidentally mentioned to have crossed over into Caithness every summer, to hunt the reindeer and red-deer. Sir John Lubbock rejects this testimony on the grounds that there is no record that the Jarls met with any sport.

'Torfæus is sometimes quoted as stating that there were reindeer in the north of Scotland down to the twelfth century. He certainly mentions that the Norwegians made an incursion from the Orkneys into Caithness for the purpose of hunting reindeer (*hreina*) and other game. He does not, however, tell us that any were killed, nor does he anywhere positively state that the reindeer did actually occur in Scotland during the historical period.' (P. 295.)

In this passage the evidence of the Saga is altogether ignored, and the words of the learned Icelandic commentator, Jonas Jonæus, are attributed to Torfæus, who wrongly translated the *Hreina* of the Saga by *capreæ* or *roedeer*. Moreover, we have the authority of Jonæus that the Jarls did not go once, but '*quavis fere æstate*,' were in the habit of going every summer, a fact that does away with the force of the objection that no reindeer are stated to have been killed in Caithness.

The authors of the Saga must have been well acquainted with the reindeer in Norway; Sweden, and Iceland, and there is therefore nothing improbable in the inference that the *Hreina* was undoubtedly a reindeer. The Romans never conquered Caithness, and the Highlands of Scotland were so strange to the English in the Middle Ages, that even so late as the time of William III. they were looked upon very much as we now view the extreme north of Lapland. The hills of Caithness lie in the same parallel of latitude as the south of Norway and Sweden, in which countries the animal was living at the time. Reindeer moss is very abundant, and the only condition of life which is wanting to make Scotland still habitable by the reindeer is a greater severity of cold. When we consider also the abundance of the remains of the animal in the Scotch peat-bogs, and that it undoubtedly was an article of food in the Neolithic Age in Caithness, there is every reason for believing in the historical value of the incidental notice in the Saga. We feel therefore bound to admit the fact, that the reindeer lived in Caithness during the time that Henry II. occupied the throne of England, and Alexander Neckam was writing his history. When Cæsar wrote his Commentaries the animal had certainly-forsaken Gaul and taken refuge in North

Germany.* Before his landing in Britain it had most likely departed from the portion of the island which subsequently formed the Roman province of Britannia. If this did not take place before the Stone or Bronze Age in England, it must have become very rare, for while other objects of the chase are represented by vast quantities of bones in the English tumuli and villages, it has not yet been discovered. It most probably therefore had taken refuge in Caithness before our history began.

The earliest traces of man of which we have authentic record prove, as we have seen, that the dwellers in caves lived by hunting and fishing; that they were acquainted with the use of the bow and of fire. That they were unaided by the dog in hunting is shown, not merely by negative evidence, but by the fact that those very bones which are invariably eaten by that animal, such as the vertebrae of the reindeer, are very abundant in the refuse heaps. In spite of the squalor of a life of this kind, they show the first sign of that artistic skill which in the course of ages produced the cartoons of a Raphael and the statues of a Phidias. Like the Eskimos they were a small-handed race. The men, whose implements are found in the river-gravels, may possibly have belonged to the same race; but the evidence is very far from being complete. In the valley of the Seine, and in Lombardy, the skulls show that they were long-headed; in the former locality also the legs are of the peculiar platycnemic type, which some of the French *savants* consider to be a character linking man with the higher apes, but which Professor Busk has demonstrated to be merely the result of peculiar conditions of life. With this solitary exception there is no character which separates them from men now living on the earth; nor is there evidence that the man of those days was more nearly related to the lower animals than ourselves. If, as some naturalists have supposed, we are descended from the same ancestor as the higher apes, the transitional forms are not met with in the Quaternary strata of Europe. They must be sought for in deposits elsewhere of far higher antiquity. There is not the slightest shred of proof, in either the cave or river deposits, in favour of such a view.

Can we add to this scant knowledge of Quaternary man? Did they bury their dead? Had they any belief in a future state? M. Lartet† and Sir Charles Lyell‡ maintain that the

* Former Range of Reindeer in Europe, *Pop. Sc. Review*, 1868.

† *Ann. des Sc. nat.*, 1861, p. 177.

‡ *Antiquity of Man*, p. 182.

testimony derived from the cave of Aurignac is conclusive on these points, and their verdict has been accepted by nearly all the European archæologists as final and beyond dispute. The statement of the case is briefly as follows:—In 1852 a certain road-mender, named Bonnemaïson, discovered by accident a cave at Aurignac which contained human skeletons, with its mouth blocked up by a slab of rock and covered with earth. The human remains were piously buried in the parish cemetery by Dr. Aniel, the mayor, and excited so little attention at the time, that in the short space of eight years the very place where they were deposited was forgotten, and they remain undisturbed by the curiosity of *savants* to this very day. In 1860 M. Lartet explored the cave, and discovered relics of its having been occupied by very much the same sort of men as those who lived in Périgord. Flint and bone implements, charcoal, fragments of crushed, split, and burnt bones of animals, eaten by man, lay mixed together in a confused mass. Among the animals the most important are the cave-bear, lion, mammoth, Irish elk, and reindeer.

‘Outside the great slab of stone’ (writes Sir Charles Lyell), ‘forming the door, there were no human bones. Inside of it there were found, mixed with loose soil, the remains of as many as seventeen individuals, besides works of art and bones of animals. We know nothing of the arrangement of these bones when they were first broken into. M. Lartet infers, from the small height and dimensions of the vault, that the bodies were bent down upon themselves in a squatting attitude, a posture known to have been adopted in most of the sepulchres of primitive times; and he has so represented them in his restoration of the cave.’

The skeletons, according to M. Lartet’s restoration, lay on the surface of the cave earth in which the traces of human occupation were met with. Such as this is the sum and substance of the facts adduced in support of the conclusion that the ancient dwellers in the Aurignac cave, during the Quaternary epoch, believed in the supernatural and placed the implements and bones in the cave for the use of the dead in the spirit world. The premisses in our opinion do not admit of any such interpretation. According to the laws of geological evidence, the fact of the skeletons being *above* the stratum containing the extinct mammalia, proves that they were deposited *after* its accumulation. Even if some human remains were intermingled with the underlying ‘loose soil,’ it does not follow that they are of the same age, unless it can be shown that the stratum had not been subsequently disturbed. The onus of proof rests with the supporters of M. Lartet’s theory. If an appeal be made to M. Lartet’s woodcut of the restored

cave, constructed out of the recollections of a road-mender, who had taken no notes of the place where the skeletons were buried, the full force of this objection will be seen. There is indeed nothing in the circumstances of the interment that shows it to be of the same age as the occupation of the cave by man, but quite the other way. The argument derived from the charcoal not being found inside the cave, but outside the slab, does not prove that the slab barred the entrance before the fires of the so-called 'funereal feasts' were kindled. Savages would naturally prefer to light their fires where they would not be stifled with smoke rather than in the interior of a small cave like Aurignac. We may also remark that the slab, stated by Bonnemaïson to have closed the mouth of the cave, was never seen by M. Lartet; and that if it were placed to keep the hyænas out of the cave, it failed to do so. The fragments of bone and antler marked with teeth in the collection of the late Rev. S. W. King, show that those bone-eating animals obtained free access during the accumulation of the ancient *débris*. The cave itself also has two entrances, and not one only, as M. Lartet supposed at the time of his exploration. We therefore hold that M. Lartet has not made out his case. There is every reason to believe that Aurignac was a cave like Kent's Hole—a place of resort for man during the Quaternary epoch, and afterwards the last resting-place for the dead of a far more modern date. The remains of sheep or goat from Aurignac, in Mr. King's collection, also tend to the same conclusion, because those animals found their way to Europe long after the Quaternary epoch had passed away.

The reputed discoveries of human bones of the Palæolithic Age in other caves, rest upon no surer foundation than that of Aurignac. The famous skull from Engis, discovered by Dr. Schmerling, 'and which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brains of a savage,'* is perhaps the strongest case in favour of the skull being of the same antiquity as the extinct Mammalia. Dr. Schmerling certainly states that the osseous breccia in which it was embedded was undisturbed, but since there were no traces of stratification, that fact can hardly be ascertained. The experience afforded by the working of Kent's Hole Cavern teach a lesson of considerable caution, for in some of the breccia there are remains of widely different ages confusedly jumbled together. The skull found in Neanderthal, 'the most pithecoïd of human crania,' is enveloped also in the same doubt. Both

these may, or may not, belong to the same age as the extinct Mammalia with which they were found associated.

The cave of Cro Magnon,* in the Dordogne, contained, according to Sir John Lubbock and M. Louis Lartet, 'an interment apparently belonging at latest to the Reindeer period,' and the latter terms it† 'a burial-place of the cave-dwellers of Périgord.' So far from this being warranted by the facts, an appeal to his section‡ shows that the remains were found in the upper portion of the cave and above the traces of earlier occupation. The implements found near the human skulls and bones are of the same character as those scattered throughout the mass of *débris* accumulated in the cave, and therefore are quite as likely to have been exposed at the time of the interment in the older deposit by accident, as to have been placed by the side of the corpses at the time of the burial. The same objection applies to the reputed interments of the Reindeer Age at Solutrèc.§ The skeletons distinctly overlie the undisturbed stratum containing bones and implements. The remains of man found in the famous cave of Bruniquel,|| embedded in breccia, and which Professor Owen considers to belong to the 'oldest Celtic' or long-headed type, may possibly be of the same antiquity as the remains of the animals found in the cave, but cannot be quoted as clear and decisive proof of a Quaternary burial. The recent discoveries in the Belgian caves by M. Dupont¶ are equally unsatisfactory. The traces of human occupation in Le Trou du Frontal lie distinctly underneath the stratum in which the human skeletons occur, and therefore are much older. In Le Trou des Nutons the contents have been disturbed by the burrowing of foxes and badgers. We give up reluctantly all these cases which have been quoted by the French and Belgian archaeologists to prove the kind of man who inhabited Europe in Quaternary times. The only indisputable evidence that we possess is founded on the implements that he used, and they show that his manner of life did not differ appreciably from that of the living Eskimos. All the discoveries up to the present time throw no light upon the

* Bull. Soc. anthrop. de Paris, 2^e série, t. iii. p. 350. Ann. des Sc. nat. Zoologie, t. x. 1868, pp. 133-160.

† Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ, chap. vi.

‡ Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ, fig. 41.

§ L'Age du Renne en Maconnais à Solutrèc. Internat. Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology, Norwich, volume 1868.

|| Philosophical Transactions, 1869.

¶ Étude sur trois Cavernes de la Lesse, Bull. de l'Académie royale de Belgique, 2^e série, t. xx. and xxi.

question as to whether he buried his dead or not, and still less as to his belief in the supernatural.

Quaternary man presents the lowest stage of the hunter civilisation since he was unaided by the dog. We cannot tell how long he dwelt in Europe, nor the cause which drove him thence. He disappeared along with the mammoth, musk-sheep, cave-hyæna, and great bear, at the time that very great physical changes were taking place in Europe. The glaciers had disappeared from the mountains of Auvergne and of Great Britain, and the British Channel extended to the North Sea over the level plain which had formerly joined our country to France and Belgium, before the appearance of the next race of men with whom we have to deal. The time represented by these changes was probably very enormous, but we have no data by which we can approximately guess at its length. The configuration of Europe as we see it now dates from the beginning of the Neolithic age.

The users of polished stone, or the Neolithic peoples of Sir John Lubbock, spread through the length and breadth of our continent from the North of Scandinavia to the small islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and even crossed over the Mediterranean into Algeria. Their beautiful stone axes have been found almost everywhere. They were known to the Greeks* and Romans as thunderbolts, and according to Pliny, they were used as charms against fire and shipwreck and for insuring a successful lawsuit; they were the sweeteners of sleep, and they added to the melody of song, and according to Galen, were valuable as astringents and antiphlogistics. In India at the present day they are viewed with superstitious reverence, and considered to bring good fortune on their possessors.

The Neolithic peoples of Europe formed communities that present stages of progress and civilisation, the lowest of which is far higher than that of the Palæolithic or Quaternary savage. The kitchen-middens on the shores of Denmark were accumulated by a people who lived by fishing and hunting, and were armed with rude stone axes and bone implements. The stag, the roe deer, and the wild boar, the herring, dorse, dab, and eel, were their principal food, and among the birds they ate the capercaillie, the wild swan, and the great auk, the last of which is now nearly extinct. They also did not despise beavers, foxes, badgers, mice, otters, and martin cats.

'The sheep, the horse, and the reindeer' (writes Sir John Lubbock) 'are entirely absent; the domestic cat was not known in Europe till

* Dr. Hamy, *op. cit.* p. 10, *et seq.*

about the ninth century, and the bones of the urus are probably those of wild specimens; so that the dog appears to have been the only domestic animal of the period; and though it may fairly be asked whether the bones may not have belonged to a race of wild dogs, the question admits of a satisfactory answer. Among the remains of birds, the long bones, which form about one-fifth of the skeleton, are, in the Kjökkenmüddings, about twenty times as numerous as the others, and are almost always imperfect, the shaft only remaining. In the same manner it would be almost impossible to reconstruct a perfect skeleton of the quadrupeds, certain bones and parts of bones being always absent. In the case of the ox, for instance, the missing parts are the heads of the long bones (though while the shaft only of the femur is found, in the humerus one end is generally perfect), the backbone, except the first two vertebræ, the spinous processes, and often the ribs and the bones of the skull, except the lower jaw and the portion round the eyes. It occurred to Prof. Steenstrup that these curious results might perhaps be referred to dogs; and on trying the experiment, he ascertained that the bones which are absent from the Kjökkenmüddings are precisely those which dogs eat, and those which are present are the parts which are hard and solid, and do not contain much nourishment.'

It is clear from this ingenious inference that these ancient dwellers in Denmark had already pressed the dog into their service, and thus were in what may be called the second stage of hunter civilisation. They were also acquainted with a rude kind of pottery. They must have been connected in some way or another with the builders of the chambered tombs, and also with the people who dwelt in the lake villages of Savoy and Switzerland, because fragments of polished axes, so characteristic of the latter, are found in the kitchen-middens. Their rude life, however, is inconsistent with the idea that they were the people who raised the magnificent tumuli in the neighbourhood.

The Neolithic dwellers on the Swiss lakes were in a far higher state of civilisation than these Danish fishermen and hunters.

In our review of Troyon's '*Lacustrine Abodes of Man*,' published in this Journal in July 1862,* we borrowed from that work numerous details which give a vivid picture of the modes of life of the lake villagers; and, pressed as we are for space to record the progress of more recent discoveries, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to that article.

A Neolithic people dwelt in the Grecian Archipelago under conditions of life very different from those in Switzerland. M. Fouquet† gives a most graphic account of the discovery of dwellings which lie buried in the tufa that covers nearly the

* Ed. Rev. vol. cxvi. p. 161.

† Revue des deux Mondes, Oct. 1869. '*Une Pompeii antéhistorique*.'

whole island of Therisia. On the top of the tufa there are ruins of numerous Phœnician tombs, a fact which shows that the habitations built on the ancient soil, now twenty metres below, were buried before the island was inhabited by that great trading people. How much before, it is impossible to tell, but the Phœnicians would hardly have been likely to have founded Gadeira (B.C. 1200) in Spain before they had colonised the fertile islands of the Greek Archipelago.

Massive stone habitations* of a Neolithic people have been met with also in the north of Scotland. In the harbour mound at Caithness Mr. Laing discovered a burg surrounded with the *débris* of animals, both wild and domestic. The condition of a child's jaw among the refuse has led Professor Huxley and Mr. Laing to infer that it had been eaten for food. Nor is there evidence wanting in other quarters to show that cannibalism was practised in Europe at that time. M. Delgado† has shown that in the Casa da Moura, a cave in Portugal, human flesh formed the main portion of the food of the people who used the polished-stone implements and pottery which he discovered. They also ate the *Bos longifrons*, horse, sheep, or goat, and wild cat. Traces of cannibalism have also been met with in Belgium by Dr. Spring.

Some of the tumuli so abundant in Europe may safely be referred to the Neolithic age, although they were used as late as the reign of Charles the Great. Both Sir John Lubbock and M. Nilsson agree that their date cannot be ascertained from their outer shape. The latter, however, has found by experience that those which cover a stone chamber with a passage leading into it have not furnished any traces of metal in Denmark, but stone and bone implements only. He therefore assigns them to a Neolithic age, and the truth of his conclusion is established by the exploration of many gallery-graves, as they are termed in Britain and France.

Sir John Lubbock argues that the polished-stone axes, bone needles, flint flakes, and other articles in the tumuli,

‘cannot be seriously considered as affording any evidence of a definite belief in a future state of existence, or as having been intended for the use of the dead in the new world to which they were going. Moreover, there is a well-marked speciality in each case, which seems to show that the presence of these rude implements, far from being the result of a national belief, are simply the touching evidence of individual affection.

* Huxley and Laing, ‘Prehistoric Remains of Caithness.’

† Early Antiquities in Portugal, International Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology, Norwich volume, 1868.

‘In some few cases, again, small models of weapons have been found in lieu of the weapons themselves. In modern Esquimaux graves small models of rajaks, spears, &c. are sometimes buried; and a similar fact has been observed in Egyptian tombs. Mr. Franks informs me that much of the jewellery found in Etruscan tombs is so thin that it can scarcely have been intended for wear during life.’ (P. 142-3.)

The contents of the tumuli certainly vary very much, sometimes consisting of beautiful vases and carefully polished stone celts and beads, at others merely of rude fragments of flint or of bone: but this difference does not seem to us to warrant Sir John Lubbock's conclusion. He must admit that the Eskimos, Etruscans, and Egyptians believed in a world to come. May not the poverty of many of the tumuli be owing to the fact that the objects buried with the dead were for the most part modelled in some perishable substance? Were the objects buried with an Eskimo exposed to the comparatively high temperature of our latitudes for the same length of time as the contents of the tumuli, should we be likely to find in them a larger series of implements than in the tumuli? The more perishable would have disappeared long ago without leaving a trace behind. It is quite conceivable that in the Neolithic age there was a somewhat similar custom. The presence, therefore, of beautiful implements in the Neolithic tombs may naturally be accounted for on the view that they were deposited for the use of the dead in the spirit-world, while their absence does not prove the converse. The hundred and three stone axes, three flakes, and fifty beads of jasper, agate, and quartz, in the tumulus of Manné-er-II'rock, in Brittany, can hardly be significant merely of individual affection for the dead. Indeed, we very much doubt whether a case can be adduced of any tribes living at the present day, without ideas of a future state, caring so much for the dead as to bury anything with them that was useful to the living.*

The gallery-graves, according to M. Nilsson and Sir John Lubbock, represent the subterranean habitations of the living, and in some cases may have been the habitations themselves. In plan they resemble an Eskimo hut, with its low subterranean entrance, walls of rough stone, and with a roof covered

* One of the most instructive and interesting collections of illustrations of the remains of prehistoric ages, and of the architecture to which no date can be assigned, is that recently published by Mr. Waring. This volume exhibits in a remarkable manner the similarity, and even identity of remains, found in the most remote parts of the globe.

with turf, and overgrown with moss or turf. This view is probably correct, but it by no means follows that the Eskimos were the raisers of Neolithic tumuli in Germany, France, or Britain, the skulls found in the two latter countries being of a long type, while those of the Esquimaux are of the short. M. Nilsson, however, has discovered short skulls in Scandinavia, in West Gothland, which may be assigned to the Laplanders. The Neolithic people sometimes buried their dead in caves. In Denbighshire two such interments have been met with, and several more in France.* The dead in the Neolithic age, as a rule, were buried in a sitting posture, and never at full length: some, however, were burnt.

It is of course impossible within the space of a review to give an adequate outline of all that is known about the Neolithic peoples. But we have shown that in different parts of Europe they presented different stages of civilisation, and followed different modes of life. We cannot tell whether they belong to one and the same race or not. The lowest of them was infinitely higher than the Palæolithic men; while the highest were herdsmen and farmers, of by no means contemptible culture.

We must now pass on very briefly to the consideration of the bronze-using peoples. An appeal to Dr. Keller's tables of the groups of objects found round the Swiss lake-villages, show that some consist altogether of bronze articles, while others consist of stone only, while in a third the stone and bronze articles are found associated together. This third transitional group is of very considerable importance, because it shows that bronze came into use gradually among the stone-using people. M. Troyon believes that the bronze folk in Switzerland differed in race from the predecessors, because many of the lake-villages were destroyed by fire, and that when, as appears to have been the case at several places, they were rebuilt during the Bronze Age, this was done not exactly on the same spot, but further away from the bank.

'Dr. Keller' (writes Sir John Lubbock), 'on the other hand, considers that the primitive population did not differ either in disposition (anlage), mode of life, or industry, from that which was acquainted with the use of bronze; and that the whole phenomena of the lake-villages, from their commencement to their conclusion, indicate most clearly a gradual and peaceable development. The number of instances in which lake-villages had been destroyed by fire has been, he considers, exaggerated. Of the settlements on the Lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel, amounting in all to sixty-six, only a quarter have, according

* *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme, passim.*

to Colonel Schwab, shown any traces of combustion; a proportion which is, perhaps, not greater than might have been expected, remembering that the huts were built of wood, and in all probability covered with thatch. Moreover, if these conflagrations had resulted from the attacks of enemies, we ought surely to have found numerous remains of the slain, whereas all the lake-villages together have not as yet supplied us with the remains of more than half a dozen human skeletons.

'It must, I think, be confessed that the arguments used by M. Troyon do not justify us in believing with him that the introduction of bronze was accompanied by an entire change of population. The construction of lake-dwellings is a habit so unusual, that the continuance of similar habitations during the Bronze Age seems to me a strong argument against any such hypothesis. However this may be, the lake-villages gradually became less numerous. During the Stone Age they were spread over the whole country.' (P. 211.)

This argument is materially strengthened by an appeal to many of the tumuli, in which the primary interment is Neolithic, while the secondary belongs to the Bronze Age, such as that of Möen. An invading and exterminating race, such as the English invaders of Britain, would hardly use the tombs of their enemies for the last resting-place of their own dead.

The bronze articles found in the Swiss lakes consist of axes, knives, adzes, various personal ornaments of exquisite beauty, swords, spear-heads, and arrow-heads. The pottery and the implements generally are of a higher order than those of the Neolithic age, and the style of ornamentation is much more delicate and beautiful. Professor Rutimeyer has ascertained that the users of bronze relied less on the chase than the former occupiers of the country, and that they were more pastoral. The bean also was cultivated, and the oat. With these exceptions, there was little difference between the habits of the Bronze folk and their predecessors. The bronze sickles show that they reaped their corn instead of plucking the ears; and the long* bronze hair-pins, and the earthenware rests for the head found at Nidau, show that the men of the Bronze Age, like the Figians, wore their hair very long and carefully arranged. Bronze razors also imply that they were in the habit of shaving. The ornamentation on the arms, implements, and pottery is peculiar. It consists of geometrical patterns, straight lines, circles, zigzags, &c. The double-spiral was very common. Besides gold and amber, they used glass for ornamental purposes. Similar pile-dwellings of the Bronze Age have been explored in Savoy,* which have yielded similar groups of weapons. There is ample evidence that the Bronze folk, like

* M. Perrin, '*Étude préhistorique sur la Savoie*.'

their Neolithic predecessors, raised tumuli, which are found throughout Europe. The implements and pottery found in them are identical in form and make with those in Switzerland; and the remains of the animals, which may have been eaten in funereal feasts, indicate the same domestic species. Unfortunately, as they were in the habit of burning their dead, there is no means of comparing the human bones with those of the Neolithic age. The handles of the swords prove them to have been, like the Egyptians and Etruscans, a small-handed race. In one of the Danish tumuli, a woollen cloak, shirt, two shawls, two caps, and a pair of leggings, show the kind of dress worn in the Bronze Age in Denmark.

The megalithic structure of Stonehenge may also fairly be assigned to the Bronze Age:—

‘It was’ (writes Sir John Lubbock) ‘at one time a spot of great sanctity. A glance at the Ordnance map will show that tumuli cluster in great numbers round and within sight of it. Within a radius of three miles there are about three hundred burial mounds, while the rest of the country is comparatively free from them. If then we could determine the date of these tumuli, we should be justified, I think, in referring the Great Temple itself to the same period. Now of these barrows, Sir Richard Colt Hoare examined a great number, 151 of which had not been previously opened. Of these the great majority contained interments by cremation, in the manner usual during the Bronze Age. Only two contained any iron weapons, and these were both secondary interments; that is to say, the owners of the iron weapons were not the original occupiers of the tumuli. Of the other burial mounds no less than thirty-nine contained objects of bronze, and one of them, in which were found a spear-head and pin of bronze, was still more connected with the temple by the presence of fragments, not only of Sarsen stones, but also of the blue stones which form the inner circle at Stonehenge, and which, according to Sir R. C. Hoare, do not naturally occur in Wiltshire. Stonehenge then may, I think, be regarded as a monument of the Bronze Age, though apparently it was not all erected at the same time, the inner circle of small, unwrought blue stones being probably older than the rest. As regards Abury, since the stones are all in their natural condition, while those of Stonehenge are roughly hewn, it seems reasonable to conclude that Abury is the elder of the two, and belongs either to the close of the Stone Age, or to the commencement of that of the Bronze.’ (P. 116.)

This argument, so far as it relates to Stonehenge, seems to us to be conclusive, but it throws no light on the date of Abury. Because there are cut stones in the one, it by no means follows that the rude stones of the other are of a higher antiquity. The latter, indeed, were used at least as late as the days of the Sagas. Mr. Fergusson, indeed, maintains that both Stonehenge and Abury are of an age subse-

quent to the departure of the Romans; and he brings forward as evidence that in the latter place Silbury Hill is raised on the Roman road. Recent investigations, however, have shown that the road swerves away from it, and therefore, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, there is the clearest possible evidence that it was in existence before the Roman road was planned. In spite of this evidence, a critic in the 'Quarterly Review' has even ventured to assign an exact post-Roman date to the erection of Abury. He tells us that it was put up to celebrate the last and greatest of Arthur's victories over the English at Mount Badon, in which Cissa, the leader of the South Saxons, was killed; * but he does not give us any reasons for this very remarkable conclusion. Gildas is the only original authority who tells us anything about 'the battle,' or rather siege in one incidental passage, 'usque ad annum obsessionis Badonici montis.'† There is no mention of the leaders on either side, nor of the exact locality of Mount Badon. Nennius and the writers of the 'Annales Cambriæ' certainly state that Arthur was the conqueror; but it must be remembered that this is merely a statement written nearly three hundred years after the event. The story at that time had begun to grow, and it has gradually been amplified by subsequent writers until it has culminated in what may be called the mock history of the Quarterly reviewer. The idea that Abury can be connected at all with our history must be abandoned. We know nothing of its age, and we can merely say that it was in existence before the Romans occupied Wiltshire.

We have now to face the most difficult problem which is offered by prehistoric archaeology—the origin of bronze. The Neolithic Age cannot by any possibility be brought into relation with any historical record whatsoever. The sole historical proof that it ever existed may be deduced only from the facts that polished stone weapons were used as charms, and that the use of stone lingered in the offices of religion. The earliest writings, on the other hand, which have been handed down to us, testify to the wide-spread use of bronze on the shores of the Mediterranean, and to the vastness of the trade to which it gave origin. The weapons used in the Trojan war, and in the heroic age of Greece were, for the most part, made of bronze, although Homer at the same time speaks of iron as having been made into axles of chariots, fetters, axes, and bills. Hesiod expressly mentions that arms and houses were made of bronze before his time, and that iron was unknown

* Quarterly Review, April, 1870, p. 466.

† Gildas, p. 26.

in ancient days. There is evidence from many quarters to show that at the very commencement of history the bronze trade was in the hands of the great maritime nation, the merchant-princes of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians, who furnished the bronze for the building of Solomon's Temple, and whose artificers made the great bronze lavers. The Bronze Age, therefore, on the shores of the Mediterranean can be brought into relation with history; and in that region that material was gradually being superseded by iron in the days of Hesiod, and in the days when Jabin went to war with the Israelites with nine hundred chariots of iron. If, then, we can identify the Bronze Age of Central and Northern Europe with that of the Mediterranean, we may in some sense connect it with history.

The very presence of bronze in Northern Europe implies an extensive commerce, as well as a considerable knowledge of metallurgy, for it consists of nine parts of copper and one of tin, the latter being of very limited distribution. The bronze implements, also, throughout Northern and Middle Europe, are made essentially of the same pattern, and, although they present minor and local differences, they show what Professor Owen would term a unity of type running through all the variations of individual form. It is very clear, therefore, that the bronze civilisation proceeded from one centre, and not from many isolated and independent centres, for in the latter case the unity of type would not have been preserved. The knowledge of bronze must necessarily have been preceded by the separate use of copper and of tin, and yet there are but very few cases in which implements of the former have been discovered, while there are absolutely none of the latter. This would show that our bronze civilisation was not indigenous, but introduced from without. The idea advanced by Dr. Wright, that bronze weapons were introduced among the barbarians of the North by the Romans, may be dismissed at once for the following reasons: they have never been found in association with Roman remains, they are very abundant in Denmark and Ireland, where the Roman arms never penetrated, and they are different in form from those used by Roman soldiers, whose swords were made of iron and not of bronze. An analysis also proves that the bronze of this age is an alloy of copper and tin, with a few impurities, such as nickel, and sometimes a trace of lead, while the Roman bronze contains large quantities of lead. Any one of these objections is fatal to his theory. The Romans, therefore, cannot be viewed as the introducers of bronze.

The inquiry as to how the bronze was introduced falls naturally into two heads—the distribution of the metals of which it is composed, and the form and ornamentation of the bronze implements. The possessors of the mines of tin and copper must necessarily have been intimately connected with the bronze civilisation. Copper is found in very many localities in Europe, while tin occurs but rarely. The latter has been worked for an unknown length of time in Cornwall, as well as in Bohemia and Saxony. The Iberian peninsula, also, in ancient times furnished an enormous supply of tin. ‘In every corner,’ writes Mr. Howorth,* ‘where a trace of metal is found, from the mountains of Granada to the obscure corners of *Tras os Montes*, Algarve, and Biscay, heaps of scoriæ, unchronicled antiquities, and labyrinths of ancient workings exist.’ In the geological description of Galicia, Don Guillermo Schultz, the Director of the Spanish School of Mines, testifies to the abundance of tin in that province. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, agrees with Sir G. C. Lewis, that Spain did not furnish very much tin to the ancient commerce, but we would refer anyone who has doubts upon the subject, to Mr. Howorth’s able essay on the ‘*Archæology of Bronze*.’ The traces of old workings in the Iberian peninsula are enormously larger than those of Cornwall; and, therefore, the amount of tin furnished to the ancient commerce by the former must have been proportionately greater. Nor is there any doubt as to the people by whom these Spanish mines were worked. The mineral wealth of Spain had attracted the attention of the Phœnicians twelve or fifteen centuries before Christ, and they probably also worked the mines of Cornwall, but the evidence is not altogether decisive.

The people famous for bronze, and who had possession certainly of the great tin mines of Spain and probably of Britain, must necessarily have carried on a traffic of some sort or another with the barbarians of north-western Europe. The amber, also, mentioned by Homer as being sold by the Phœnicians, and by Herodotus as being obtained from the Eridanus,† a river opening on the Northern Sea, and identified by Sir J. Y. Simpson with the Eider, would be a powerful incentive to their maritime adventure. From their very position, therefore, in the ancient world, their influence must have been felt in Northern Europe.

Professor Nilsson believes that the Phœnicians were the introducers of bronze, and to their influence he assigns the unity

* Journal of the Ethnological Society, Feb. 26, 1867, p. 10.

† Herodotus, iii. cap. 115.

of type of the implements and weapons which are discovered throughout Europe. His principal arguments are as follows. In the remarkable tomb near Kivik, in Christianstad,

‘human figures are represented which may fairly be said to have a Phœnician or Egyptian appearance. On another of the stones an obelisk is represented, which Professor Nilsson regards as symbolical of the sun-god; and it is certainly remarkable that, in an ancient ruin in Malta, characterised by other decorations of the Bronze Age types, a somewhat similar obelisk was discovered. We know also that in many countries Baal, the god of the Phœnicians, was worshipped under the form of a conical stone.

‘Nor is this by any means the only case in which Professor Nilsson finds traces of Baal-worship in Scandinavia. Indeed, the festival of Baal, or Balder, was, he tells us, celebrated on midsummer night in Scania, and far up into Norway, almost to the Loffoden Islands, until within the last fifty years. A wood fire was made upon a hill or mountain, and the people of the neighbourhood gathered together in order, like Baal’s prophets of old, to dance round it, shouting and singing. This midsummer’s-night fire has even retained in some parts the ancient name of “Baldersbal” or Baldersfire. Leopold von Buch long ago suggested that this custom could not have originated in a country where at midsummer the sun is never lost sight of, and where, consequently, the smoke only, not the fire, is visible. A similar custom also prevailed until lately in some parts of our islands. Baal has given the name to many Scandinavian localities, as, for instance, the Baltic, the Great and Little Belt, Belte terga, Baleshaugen, Balestranden, &c.’ (*Lubbock*, p. 70.)

Sir James Simpson adds to these Belan in Montgomeryshire, and the Baal Hills in Yorkshire. A second argument in favour of the Phœnician theory is derived from the ornamentation of the bronzes, and especially of two curious vase-waggons found in Sweden and Mecklenburg, which, according to Sir J. Lubbock, certainly appear to have been like the vases made for Solomon’s Temple, and described in the First Book of Kings. They are considered, however, by Dr. Wiberg to be of Etruscan origin. The double spiral so commonly found on bronze articles in Scandinavia and North Germany is said to be Egyptian and Assyrian; and, as the Phœnicians were in the habit of copying the works of art of other peoples, this form may have been conveyed to the North by them. It was, however, also used by the Etruscans.

In spite of these arguments, a comparison of the few works of art which are undoubtedly Phœnician with those of the Bronze Age, show that there is not very much in common between them. The Phœnician influence certainly must have been felt, but we must look in another direction for the unity of type of the northern bronzes. Sir John Lubbock very

pertinently remarks that the ornamentation in right lines, so common on the bronzes of Northern Europe, cannot be assigned to the Phœnicians. His second objection, however, that as the Phœnicians were acquainted with iron as well as bronze, they would have imported them both at the same time, seems to us to be invalid, because the trade would necessarily depend altogether upon the demand and upon the scarcity and cost of the supply. The Phœnicians, moreover, were famous for their bronze, rather than their iron.

If, however, we must give up the Phœnician theory as explaining all the facts, Mr. Howorth* in this country and Dr. Wiberg† in Germany, working independently, agree in assigning to the Etruscans the greater share of the honour of introducing the civilisation of the South among the barbarian tribes of Northern and Middle Europe, and they bring forward very strong evidence that the Greeks also kept up the trade after the extinction of the Etruscan power. M. Noel's discovery of an Etruscan tomb‡ at Caëre, with sculptures on the walls representing the domestic life of the time, proves that the implements and weapons characteristic of the Bronze Age north of the Alps, were known to the Etruscans. The sickles for reaping are of the same character as those found in Germany and Sweden, as well in the pile-dwellings of Switzerland and Lombardy. The lancet-shaped swords also are the same, and the peculiar sigmoid trumpet, the lituus, which the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans, bears a strong likeness to those found by MM. Nilsson and Worsaae in Denmark and Schonen. The former writer describes them as twisted like the horn of a bison. The bronze waggons, likewise, which Professor Nilsson considers to be Phœnician, are extremely common in the Etruscan tombs. Dr. Wiberg's inference from the bas-reliefs of the tomb at Caëre is considerably strengthened by a collection of bronzes in the British Museum, said to be Etruscan. The spear-heads, arrow-heads, and socketed celts are of such a character that if found in Britain and Ireland they would be assigned by all archæologists to the Bronze Age. In fine, the evidence is of that precise and definite sort which is wanting to establish the Phœnician hypothesis.

The Etruscans were great workers in the noble metals of ancient times; and they carried on an extensive commerce with ancient Greece. So intimately, indeed, were they connected with the Greeks, that it is very hard to distinguish

* The Archæology of Bronze, Quar. Ethnol. Journ., 1867.

† Archiv für Anthropologie. Vierter Band, 1870, p. 11.

‡ L'Étrurie et les Étrusques. Paris, 1862-4.

between the works of art of the two peoples. According to the testimony of Polybius, the Etruscans originally extended as far north as the river Po, and traded with the Celts, by whom they were eventually driven from the rich plains of Northern Italy.* It is also reasonable to suppose that formerly they occupied the Canton of the Grisons and a part of the Tyrol, because in the days of Livy an Etruscan dialect was spoken in those regions. We can, therefore, trace the Etruscan influence north of the Alps, not merely by the identity of style exhibited by the bronze articles in Northern Europe as compared with those of the Etruscan tombs, but also by an appeal to historical records. It is very probable that they obtained their tin from the mines of Saxony and Bohemia, for it would have been impossible for such skilful metal workers to have overlooked those important sources of supply within the boundaries of their trade. Dr. Wiberg has proved that the Greek colonies in Italy gradually learned the art of metal-working from the Etruscans, and that their chief places of manufacture were Brundisium and Tarentum; and he shows how they subsequently usurped the overland trade of the Etruscans. He recognises the evidence of Greek and Italian art on the north side of the Pass of the Great St. Bernard, in Switzerland, and in the Valley of the Rhone. How long the Etruscans worked the copper-mines of Bruttium, and how long they carried on their commerce in bronze overland with the cis-Alpine nations, are questions that cannot possibly be answered. Nor can we ascertain the commercial relations that must from their very position have existed between them and the Phœnicians. The style of the bronze weapons in France, Germany, and Scandinavia points more strongly towards the former than towards the latter people, but very possibly bronze implements of the Etruscan type may have been manufactured by the Phœnicians for the north-western trade, just as our Birmingham cutlers manufacture creases for the Malays, and the cotton-spinners of Lancashire imitate the patterns of the people of the East. The Greek influence probably was not so great as that of the Etruscans or Phœnicians, because they came later into the field.

We may therefore fairly ascribe the knowledge of bronze in the North to the trade which was carried on with these civilised peoples. The objection that Etruscan and Greek works of art are of a much higher character than those found in the North, falls to the ground, because it is hardly likely that costly *objets*

* M. le Hon, 'L'Homme fossile,' p. 207.

de luxé, the splendidly-embossed shields and the beautifully-painted vases, would be prized by barbarous tribes. At the present day we do not import our Sèvres or *repoussée* work, or beautiful enamels, into the Hudson Bay Territory, but merely those articles which are of daily use in that region.

There is evidence also that some of the bronze implements in the region north of the Alps were made upon the spot. Bars of tin have been discovered in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland* and Savoy,† and the moulds for making the celts in Ireland, Sussex, and Scandinavia; and in some cases along with large quantities of broken and imperfect bronze implements, which had been collected together for recasting. This would of course account for the bad workmanship of some of the bronze implements, which would be imperfect copies of those which had been imported.

The superior workmanship of the bronzes of Scandinavia and of the part of Germany bordering on the shores of the Baltic, remarked by Professor Nilsson, is probably due to the great trade in amber which was carried on in that region. The weapons and implements made in the South would naturally be exchanged for the amber which was highly prized both by the Phœnicians and the Etruscans, and there would be but little demand for the imperfect copies made at home. We would therefore refer the unity of type manifested by the implements throughout France, Germany, Britain, and Scandinavia to their having been derived from one artistic centre, either directly or indirectly, while the local differences may be explained by slight modifications in the original designs made by the native bronze-smiths in each country.

There is also a very slender clue which eventually may lead to the knowledge of the race of men who derived their bronze-culture from the great metal-workers of the South. Our word 'bronze' is, Mr. Howarth acutely remarks, derived from the Basque or Iberian *broncea*, Italian *bronzo*, Spanish *bronce*. It is well known that the Iberians occupied the peninsula to which they give their name during the time that the Phœnicians were carrying on the tin and bronze trade, and they must therefore have been to a great extent a mining people. They also occupied a large portion of France, and, according to William von Humboldt, formed the substratum of the population of Western Europe generally. The dark-complexioned races in France, Ireland, and Wales, also 'the black Celts of Tacitus,' and the Silures of Cardigan, are identified by Professor Huxley

* At Estavayer.

† In the Lake of Bourget.

with the Iberians. Altogether the evidence is very satisfactory that France and Britain and Ireland were inhabited by the Iberians, who were overwhelmed and driven away into the hills and to the south by the Celtic invaders. It is therefore only natural to suppose that bronze was not merely known to the Spanish miners, but also to their kin on the north of the Pyrenees; and it becomes very probable that some, to say the least, of the pre-Celtic dwellers in Central and Northern Europe during the Bronze Age, were Iberians. Whether this be accepted or not, the Bronze Age north of the Alps and Pyrenees was essentially an age of commerce, during which the civilisation of the southern people gradually passed through the ordinary channels of trade. No coins have yet been found associated by any remains of the Bronze Age in Middle or Northern Europe; but that fact does not tell against the Phœnicians having held any intercourse with the North, any more than the absence of sovereigns in Central Africa would imply the absence of British trade. In either case one could not expect to find coins. It implies, however, that the commerce of the Bronze Age was carried on in the regions under consideration by means of barter, and that a conventional and representative value had not been attached to any one current medium of exchange. It is worthy of note, however, that no coins have yet been discovered in Etruscan tombs.

We must now very briefly pass on to the Iron Age in Middle, Western, and Northern Europe; but the nearer we approach to the borders of history, the more fragmentary and unsatisfactory does the evidence, to be derived from those remains, become. Coins first make their appearance in the pre-Roman Iron Age. Those of Marseilles have been discovered in an old battle-field, at Tiefenau, near Berne, along with a large number of objects made of iron, such as broken chariots, bits for horses, wheels, &c. Since Marseilles was founded B.C. 600, the coins must be later than that date, and probably before the conquest of Gaul by the Romans. Some of the villages in the Swiss lakes may also be assigned to the Iron Age; in that near La Tène, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, fifty iron swords, five axes, four knives, and twenty-three lances have been found, unaccompanied by a single weapon of bronze; nine coins also were found, of which one bears on the reverse the Gallic horned horse. Mr. Evans has shown that the Gauls had a coinage of their own in B.C. 300, while in Britain the coins make their appearance about 150 years later. It would, therefore, seem very probable that coins were used to a considerable extent during the Iron Age, and their style implies that they are

derived originally from the East and South—from Greece and Macedon, and not from Italy. Mr. Evans has in his possession a marvellous series of British gold coins, in which the passage from the highly finished Greek original is traced down to the almost meaningless emblems stamped on the rude copies.

The iron-using people buried their dead in tumuli, sometimes burning the corpse, and at others laying it at full length. Sometimes, as in some of the tombs round Stonehenge, they made use of the tumuli of the Bronze Age, so that after digging through the secondary interment of the one age, you come in the centre of the mound to that over which the mound was originally heaped. That they were, comparatively speaking, highly civilised, there can be no doubt. In Gaul, Cæsar tells us that they opposed the Roman armies in the field, with chariots and cavalry, and fought for a whole day with the Roman fleet off the coast of Brittany.

The actual date of the introduction of the use of iron into the area north of the Alps and the Pyrenees cannot be satisfactorily ascertained; but it seems pretty clear that wherever the Romans came in contact with Gauls, or Britons, or German tribes, they found them armed with weapons of iron. The Scots, according to Tacitus,* used chariots and iron swords in the battle of the Grampians—‘*enormes gladii sine mucrone*.’ The Celts of Gaul are stated by Diodorus Siculus† to have used iron-headed spears and coats of mail, and the Gauls who encountered the Roman arms in B.C. 222,‡ were armed with soft iron swords, as well as at the time when Cæsar conquered their country. Sir John Lubbock thinks it probable that the commercial organisation which introduced bronze introduced also iron; and it is very possible that the Phœnician, Etruscan, and Greek traders may have brought in the art of reducing iron ore into the region where bronze had been previously used. And if from any cause or other the tin trade was interrupted, as it certainly must have been by the break-up of the Phœnician and Etruscan power, to say nothing of the wars which must have happened from time to time between the tribes of France and Germany, the people cut off from the supply of tin must either have used copper or have been obliged to apply iron for those purposes to which they had applied bronze. This, certainly, may be one of the causes of its introduction; but at the same time it must be admitted that the patterns of the Iron Age differ from those of the Bronze, and the weapons are of

* Agricola, § 32.

† v. 30.

‡ Polybius, ii. 33.

a different character. Did the Celts, the conquerors, of the Iberian race north of the Alps, invade Europe, bringing their iron weapons along with them from the East? The long sword, made for cutting rather than for thrusting, was certainly not derived from Greece or Italy, and it appears for the first time in the West in the hands of the Celts and the Germans. It is, by no means improbable that the civilisation of the Iron Age was in part introduced into Europe by the Celtic and Teutonic invaders from Central Asia.

We must now bring this review to a close. We have shown what important problems are opened up by prehistoric archaeology, and how it throws light on the chaos which precedes our written records. Does it afford proof or disproof of the progression or degradation of the human race, as it is assumed to do by the advocates of those antagonistic theories? We hold that it does not. The area which it embraces is far too small for any generalisation of the kind. At the very time that stone and bone were the only materials known throughout Europe, it is very possible, and indeed very probable, that a higher civilisation existed elsewhere; and we have brought forward evidence to show that, in the later or Bronze Age of the North, the Etruscans, Phœnicians, and Greeks were flourishing around the shores of the Mediterranean. Sir John Lubbock may possibly be correct in deducing the primeval savage state of man from a comparison of manners and customs of different races at the present day, but his conclusion is not affected in one way or the other by an appeal to archaeology. We therefore leave this important question to be fought out by the ethnologists. Archaeology merely tells us that in Europe there has been a steady progress in the usages and appliances of social life. Man first appeared on the scene as a savage, living by the chase. Then a race of shepherds and tillers of the earth come before us, the introducers of domestic animals into Europe; then the knowledge of bronze gradually crept northwards, and a commerce by barter sprang up; and lastly a knowledge of iron, and a commerce carried on by means of a coinage. Thus we are conducted gradually from the remote Geological Past to the borders of History in North and Central Europe.

- ART. VII.--1. *The Military Memorial*. Translated from the Frankfort Edition of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES's Essay, 'How to beat the French.' London: 1860.
2. *The Prussian Tactical Instructions for Grand Manœuvres*. Translated by Sir C. STAVELEY. London: 1870.
3. *A Tactical Retrospect of 1866*. Translated by Col. OUVRY, C.B. London: 1870.
4. *Entgegnung über die tachtische Rückblicke* (a reply to the 'Tactical Retrospect'). Von Lieut.-Col. VON BRONSART. Berlin: 1870.
5. *Der Feldzug von 1870; vom Rhein bis vor Chalons*. Von G. VON GLASENAPP. Berlin: Sept. 1870.

IT is now ten years since the question was publicly put to Prussia by a Prussian—'What will be our fate in a war with France?' Answered by Prince Frederic Charles himself in the private lecture in which it was uttered, question and answer went further, and produced impressions wider and deeper than he ever dreamed of. The Prince was then young, a favourite in his profession, and known to be sincerely attached to it. His utterances, once taken down, were handed from one admirer to another, until they came to be regarded as public property, and finally went forth to the world from the Frankfort press with a preface almost as noteworthy as the Essay itself. For the anonymous editor was one of those ardent believers in the future of Germany, who, democratic in principle, have found themselves swept away in the popular pressure after unity at any price. It is instructive at the present epoch to look back ten years and see working in this preface the two great currents which, often neutralising one another for the while, have, under the most daring statesmanship of modern times, been fused into one, and overflowed successively the various adversaries of Prussia with ruin. Much as such men have loved the progress of Liberalism, they have loved the unity of Germany more; and from the moment when it became apparent that the latter and more pressing object could only be ensured by Prussian domination, they have bowed their souls to its yoke without abandoning totally those hopes of the absorption of Prussian royalty in a Constitutional empire or German republic, which to the cool observer grow fainter and fainter as the policy of Berlin advances from triumph to triumph.*

Count Bismarck had need of such men. He had need of

their impetuous enthusiasm pervading the smaller States, and shaking the pettier thrones of Germany into readiness to buy safety at his price. He had need of them in Austria to paralyse her efforts, after the disasters of 1866, towards fusing her broken empire into a new form of power. He had need of them even to counteract the zeal of their brother-democrats in France, Switzerland, and Belgium, who would have treated Germany but as one province of the great democratic empire of the future. He has won them for the time to his cause. They have followed the Prussian standard with ardour. They have learnt to cheer the Prussian monarch whom they once regarded as absolutism incarnate. The fusion of their principles into the calm blood of Northern Germany has given to it that glow of patriotism which roused the whole country as one man against France in the genuine spirit of warlike fervour. And now they have seen brought into actual practice in the field that 'moral strength and united spirit' which the editor of the 'Military Memorial' in 1860 longed for to give safety to his country; although the 'free institutions and political development' which he coupled with them, the soldiers that should think, and the officers who should have 'no gulf of etiquette between them and the private,' remain as much a dream as though the history of the past ten years were still to be written.

To pass to the 'Memorial' itself. Prince Frederic Charles, when yet a young soldier and having served but in one petty civil war, had the courage and discernment to examine and set in the clearest light those leading principles of the French military service which in the war of 1859, as in former periods of its success, had made it the envy and admiration of other continental armies. 'A person,' he says, 'who supposes that the French fight in an irregular and disorderly way, like the hordes of Attila, is as much mistaken as one who expects to find in them an adversary subjected to the strict rules of military art. We must look for the truth between these two extremes.' And he goes on to explain that the recent successes of the French at Magenta and Solferino were due, not so much to special tactical discoveries, as to certain very simple principles put into practice by them in all times of war, from the Revolutionary epoch downwards. The most essential of these might be thrown, the Prince asserts, into a few broad rules; and his statement of these may be abbreviated as follows.

In the first place, parade-ground manœuvres and barrack regulations are altogether set aside by the French army in the field, so that commanders may not be limited to any special

form of tactics, but rely upon their general knowledge of the profession. In the next, the private, as well as the general, is familiarised with the axiom that moral force is more important than physical. Hence the French 'soldier' may say approvingly of his leaders, 'We have no tacticians,' judging of them not by their talent for manœuvring, but by their gift of impressing their men with the needful impulse, and of intimidating the enemy by putting on a bold front. A third French principle has been to keep in close order when opposed to irregular enemies as in Africa, but in a looser form when fighting overdrilled soldiers like the Austrians or Russians. A fourth, and one of the most essential, is never to make a merely passive defence, but constantly to act on the offensive. This was held by Marshal Bugeaud in particular to be vital to the efficiency of the French soldier. A fifth—and the mention of it must have surprised many military students—is to use the skirmishing order only as a make-shift, and not as a vital part of an attack. The sixth and last is to surprise and overcome the enemy by the vehemence of that first fiery assault for which the nation had been famed from the time of Cæsar downwards. Connected with this of necessity, the Prince found that rapidity of manœuvring to which the French only, of all European armies, were at that time accustomed. The Prince adds to these reflections, that the French, as an inevitable consequence of their looser system, make a more disorderly retreat than any other army; whilst in the attack or defence of a strong place, on the contrary, they are more methodical than their neighbours. Finally, he remarks, before closing his observations, the French use in their attack columns of the most varied nature, and dispose them in every sort of way, so as to keep back a great part of their troops ready to defend their flanks at need. And this plan, the Prince suddenly concludes, is no more than an imitation of 'the oblique order' of Frederic the Great.

'I can assure you positively,' are his words, 'that in this they have only imitated him. It is the same with the majority of the principles of which I have spoken; they are more or less in conformity with true tactics; but in place of being of French origin they have been formerly employed by our generals with greater or less success. It rests, then, with each of us to put them in practice in future, which will be the easier for us the more we are convinced of their importance. History is there to prove to us that these principles are not the exclusive privilege of the French, nor the immediate result of their national character. May we only ponder this while there is still time.

'Now, if Prussia puts to herself this haughty question, What will be our fate in a war with France? We can conquer her, I shall

answer; and we shall conquer her with a certain blow, if we know how to detach ourselves, in time of war, from the routine of the drill ground, the demands of regulations, and from our system of skirmishers. Here is the difficulty, this is my only anxiety. The motive power which these forces give is insufficient to maintain discipline, to bring the soldiers up to the enemy, and to make them sustain their fire. Thank God we have others, and we shall know how to bring them to our aid.'

So decisive a condemnation of the army of which the Prince was already deemed one of the ornaments, was not to be treated as mere idle rhapsody. Criticisms, objections, and answers followed, until the Prince, in deliberately closing the discussion, declared specifically, that 'there were three conditions to be observed at once, in order to render the Prussian army capable of conquering that of France.

'(1.) To develop the military qualities of each individual soldier earnestly in time of peace. (2.) To give the army leaders who have a thorough acquaintance with the three principal arms. (3.) To oppose to the French a more varied and elastic form of tactics.'

To ask for a new system without showing the way to what was needed would have been unworthy of the care with which the Prince had studied his subject. He laid down, therefore, distinctly the chief maxims which in his view should regulate the tactics of the future army of Prussia. Skirmishers should be employed by columns of companies, so as to increase the mobility of the infantry and give them freer fields of action. The troops generally should be disposed in depth rather than breadth, so as to be more ready for flank movements, and expose less front to the enemy's fire; and they should support their skirmishers in echelon rather than in square, as the form more appropriate to the quick movements which the former were to make.

In this Essay, and the discussion which followed, were the germs of a mechanical transformation of the whole Prussian service as great as that which has been wrought in the last few years in the model of its constitution. The famous 'Tactical Instructions of 1861' (of which Sir C. Staveley has just given us a faithful translation) laid down the principles by which the whole duty of a Prussian army and its component parts were in future to be guided. Those who would study with advantage the best system yet devised for the conduct of Advance and Rear guards, Outposts and Bivouacs—those who would see for themselves the theory on which the Prussians execute their great practice-manœuvres in peace time, and how

this is to be applied to the study of actual war—will find here all the necessary details. We do not wish to burden our readers with the technical details of a profession. What we desire to point to as the key to many recent Prussian successes is of a broader and simpler character. It is, that from the time that this work was published, all the cumbrous system of rule and theory, by which officers were made drill-masters without being soldiers, which substituted parade-ground practice for the imitation of real war, vanished from the Prussian service. The pedantry which had attempted to prescribe by minute rules for every contingency, and to take away from every individual all responsibility save that of following the written law, was absolutely swept away, and in its place was put a set of sound, well-considered principles, the carrying out of which into practice was left in the main to the discretion and independent judgments of the officers concerned. This is the leading idea on which the 'Instructions' are framed throughout. They aim at being no more than a general guide for the use of intelligent agents, for thoughtful and well-trained leaders. No one who catches the spirit of the 'Military Memorial' will be surprised that its author has from the first been credited with inspiring the 'Instructions' which have made that spirit the rule of the Prussian service, and have given each member of it that individuality which the Prince was the first to claim for him, and to each leader that moral lever wherewith men are raised in the face of danger to the greatest deeds of valour.

The 'Instructions' alone were not sufficient to complete this work. A new form of drill naturally followed other improvements, a mode suited to more intelligent action, and to better arms. All attempts to handle methodically a larger body of men than one brigade were dropped from the service; and in their place came field manœuvres, conducted so as to interest and teach each person employed, and to bring vividly before the minds of the higher officers the necessities of an actual campaign. Not that these things were done perfectly, or done all at once. Symptoms of the old pedantry still linger even down to the present day; and one standing vice of the system of the Hapsburgs, that close criticism of generals concerned in the manœuvring, which has enfeebled for a century past the judgment of Austrian officers, is practised, despite its distinct condemnation in the 'Memorial,' by their rivals in Northern Germany. Yet in the main the change was revolutionary, and soldier and officer gradually became what Prince Frederic Charles had desired they should be made.

Only in a country where strong government and wise administration went hand in hand, could so vital a change have been wrought out in so brief a time. But those who ruled at Berlin were fully conscious that the work before them needed instruments sharp as well as strong; and the Prince's counsels had fallen on attentive ears. Indeed, the changes in drill and discipline which followed their reception, great as these were, can hardly be compared in importance with the vaster one accomplished by Bismarck in the constitutional position of the army. For the same campaign of Solferino which had fixed the Prince's attention on the defects of detail in the Prussian army, had shown the great Prussian Minister how unfitted it was by its organic composition for ambitious uses. An army which, to be mobilised for war, must draw half of each division from the peaceful homes of militia-men of mature age, could not be safely called to arms except under national pressure. An army officered as to this second half chiefly from a middle class pervaded with liberal ideas, could not be reckoned on for the strengthening of royalty at home, or for aggressive policy abroad. So the change was resolved on, and carried out by the ability of Count Bismarck and the tenacity of the royal master he guided, which put into the hands of the Prussian monarchy the most tremendous weapon that the skill of man has ever forged.

What this change was has already been described in the pages of this Review,* through which we believe it first became generally known in this country that the army with which Prussia attacked Austria in 1866 was a totally different force in its constitution from that called to the field in 1850 and 1859. We there explained the main features of the reform, and would willingly content ourselves with referring to what was then written, desiring to pass on to other topics. But errors once made as to the fashions of other nations are peculiarly hard to eradicate, and within the last few weeks old mistakes on this head have been repeated, and England has been warned by a writer of no less importance than Sir C. E. Trevelyan† that it is her duty to reform her military institutions not according to the Prussian system as it is, but according to an ideal system which the writer believes the Prussians to have attained.

On this subject the utmost frankness will just now be useful. It is not the case, as Sir C. Trevelyan declares, 'that the

* Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1866.

† In his letter in the 'Times' of the 18th September.

‘German army is the nation in arms, and that every able-bodied young man of every class goes through the same course of military service, and princes and barons stand in the ranks with peasants.’ Far less is it true that ‘from twenty to twenty-three of age every young man serves with his regiment.’ Indeed, in so far as these descriptions are applied to the normal state of peace, they are founded absolutely on misconceptions. The number of young men attaining the legal age of twenty and becoming liable for service, for many years past, excluding those who for any special reasons are unfit, has all but doubled those draughted into the army. The number required for the latter is settled exactly at one-third of the peace establishment, and no more than the fixed contingent are taken annually, whatever may be the number of those liable that year. The remainder are entered in the paper rolls of the Ersatz Reserve; but of these only a select part receive any training at all in time of peace, the remainder being merely registered to be called upon in the event of pressure; and it is evident that to make use even of the first class requires some considerable time from the opening of a war. The experience of the present one has shown that two months were needed to bring select Ersatz troops into the field, and those first entering France are reported to be largely composed of volunteers, moved by patriotic ardour to solicit speedy employment.

In the other assertion that ‘the service of the prince or baron’ is the same as that of the private, lies a fundamental error as to the guiding spirit of the Prussian service, the most essentially aristocratic in the world. Its whole system is founded on the maintenance of caste, except where relaxed partially under the stringent pressure of war. The young man of gentle birth or wealthy family is never forced into the ranks in time of peace. He escapes by doing a year’s service as a volunteer at his own expense, being treated in all respects like the regimental cadet of the Austrian system, permitted to pay one of the privates as his servant, and forbidden to mix with them on any terms of equality. It is true that he stands side by side with them on the parade. So does the young British ensign, when under his first instruction, with the recruits of his own service: but their relative positions are not affected thereby, and the social difference is more distinctly maintained in Prussia than among ourselves. The demands of real service, however, necessarily sweep away a part of this artificial barrier. A war suddenly breaking out finds a number of these *Einjährige* passing through their probation; and many more of the same

class are liable to be called into the ranks as *Reservisten* (or supplementary rank and file), who would have otherwise passed into the landwehr with no more than the one year of cadet life, made so easy under ordinary conditions that it interferes neither with the university studies nor the professional training of the individual. This mass of young men of the better orders, thus added to the ranks by a sort of surprise, must go indeed into the field, endure the lot of the common soldier as to duty, and share his personal dangers; but the social status of the *Einjähriger* and his distinctive name and badge remain with him still; and off duty he is to the last the equal of the officer rather than of the private, provided his birth and means place him socially in the higher class.

We have been thus particular because the constitution of the Prussian forces is still much misunderstood among us. The system now applied to all Northern Germany is in truth not one of universal service. Rather it is the most ingenious compromise ever devised between that crucial measure and the selection of the lower ranks of the army from the lower ranks of the population, which, in one form or another, has prevailed everywhere else except in France. There also it has been found necessary to sweeten conscription to the better classes by turning liability into a money penalty, employed in former years to buy a substitute in open market, but of late paid direct to the State, which was supposed to use the amount to fill the place by purchasing a volunteer from among those undrawn at the conscription, or the old soldiers about to be discharged.

To return to the Prussian army. The reform of 1861, already briefly noticed, altered its whole constitution. Not only was service in the ranks for those conscripted (and the fixing of the annual contingent is but conscription by selection instead of lot) prolonged from two to three years, and the reserve service fixed at four, but the landwehr ceased to become an integral part of the field army. The latter was henceforth composed of the peace force, added to the *Reservisten* called into their places, and its gaps to be made up by draughts from the Ersatz reserves. The landwehr, are formed in case of war into separate divisions in second line, and, if used, of necessity play an altogether subordinate part. From this time the Cabinet of Berlin ceased to depend for the success of its foreign policy upon a force in which the civic feeling, even after a severe military training, was of necessity more powerful than the instinct of the soldier. Prussia has, in fact, discovered the secret of putting so vast a proportion of her males under arms as to give her overwhelming power abroad, without committing her policy to

the will of the nation by resting her strength on a national militia. Terrible as that strength has proved to be, it is not that of a people in arms, but of one which political sentiment and consummate statesmanship have trained to a great sacrifice of the present to the future—of the youth of her people to the accomplishment of a daring policy. To put the flower of her working population through a short military service; to keep their liability to return to the ranks open over half the young men in the State; to support these at need by a well-trained militia of old soldiers discharged from the service; but for the dangers of battle, to put before the latter class, fathers for the most part of families, those younger men who escaped their share of line service;—such are the broad outlines of the system which has made of Prussia a power more formidable than Napoleon framed of vassal Europe. Such a system, late events have shown us, may carry the nation to triumph in a war (such was that of 1866) forced on it by its rulers. It will shatter, as the history of this year has shown, any enemy whose organisation follows older models. In defence invincible, for offence seemingly resistless, its power would fail only in domestic strife. The danger which attaches to this development of the national strength is not that the armed force could be turned directly against civic freedom, but that the temptation it offers to a ruler's ambition is irresistible when coloured by a national cause. Cheap in time of peace, ready for the day of war, accommodated to the circumstances of all classes, the Prussian organisation is only felt to be oppressive when it is called into full action, as in 1866, for purposes foreign to the wish of the people. When moving with the popular will, as we have just witnessed in the war with France, which the nation had at heart, it puts forth a strength such as the most sanguine organiser could hardly have foreseen.

It is not our purpose to review the tortuous course of policy which placed Prussia this summer in the long-sought-for position of leader of the German nation against Napoleon. Not a step in it had been taken, we are sure, by chance; and in the eyes of millions the vast success of the end will abundantly crown the means. Our business here is to look at the military conditions of the struggle, and to see how far they bore upon the issue accomplished under our eyes. And the more we examine them, the more we shall find the traces of the same masterly design on one side which has placed Prussia at the head of the political world of Europe, while on the other military rashness, ineptitude, and folly, combined with mal-admi-

nistration to give the descendants of the Grand Army over to a greater ruin than that of Moscow or Leipsic.

We have seen how the organisation of the Prussians was modified by a resolute policy, until a machine unwieldy and uncertain in action took a form of vigour and power which left little to be desired. In time of war a general might possibly desire more stamina for the first or embodied half of the rank and file, many of whom are yet in their twenty-first year; but with this one exception, the arrangement, so far as the infantry went, was organically perfect. And side by side with this perfection went on the spirit first breathed into the mechanism of Prussian tactics by the 'Military Memorial.' Prince Frederic Charles had the satisfaction, so rare to military reformers, of seeing his ideas worked out into practical shape by those above him. To skirmish with columns of single companies became the rule, and the Prussian infantry—for a short time surpassed in this respect by the Austrians after their bitter lesson of Solferino—became in a few years the most free in action and rapid in movement of the world. As a consequence of the increased facility and quickness with which troops could be thrown out to strengthen either flank, the army came to be disposed, as the Prince had desired, in depth rather than breadth, and the old Prussian form of dividing each column into advance, main body, and reserve, was reintroduced and modified to suit the new view. The traces of the effect of the original advice of the 'Memorial' are apparent in almost every combat of infantry in 1866 and 1870. Nay, the often-quoted chapter of the 'Tactical Retrospect' which unfolds as a discovery the pressing forward of second line into first, and of reserves upon the flank of both, as the normal characteristic of the actions in Bohemia, is, rightly viewed, simply an exposition of the working out in the field of the recommendations made by the Prince six years before.

Besides its more powerful organisation and lighter tactics, there was a moral influence at work during the past few years in the Prussian army, the effect of which it is difficult to over-rate. From the time that the Danish war fairly roused and fixed on definite objects the national passion for unity first awakened by the arming of the Bund against France in 1859, the German people began to look upon the military force of Prussia, which had taken the leading part at both these periods, as the readiest means whereby its cherished object was ultimately to be attained. Its officers felt sensibly the concentration of their countrymen's attention on their various successes or shortcomings. Naturally also they identified themselves with

the success of the royal policy against the threatened reduction of their professional importance by the Liberal party; and they answered with zeal to the double call. Dislike it as we may from our national instinct, as the Liberal Germans with more reason did but a few years since, the devotion of the chief members of the House of Hohenzollern to the improvement of the military system in all its details, had a powerful effect in stimulating the progress of the army, and urging its separate branches to compete in the race for perfection.

Of Prince Frederic Charles the world had already heard before his services against Denmark made him known as a thorough soldier as well as a sound and brilliant essayist; but his cousin, the Crown Prince, was hardly behind him in devotion to that profession of arms which had raised his House from a petty marquisate to regal dignity of the first order. Their enthusiasm kindled the flame of zeal from above, as the passion for German unity fired it from below; and the officers at least of the army went into the Bohemian campaign proud of their high training, confident in their new weapons and organisation, and as sure of success over Austria as the rest of the nation was dubious or downcast. Short as this war of triumphs was, it gave abundant opportunity for the display of that individual energy and zeal, that high professional spirit which the words first uttered in the 'Memorial' had evoked, whilst patriotism, warming with first success, diffused through the rank and file the moral power which some would claim as the sole property of perfectly free men, but without which in some shape the exertions and skill of the leaders in 1866 would have lost more than half their value.

How completely the victories of that year swept away all opposition to the Bismarck *régime* and the royal military system; how the current of democracy, long dashing vainly against the power of the monarchy, turned aside to flow in the tempting channel of national aggrandisement; how German patriots came to look upon their great standing army as no useless attribute of absolutism, but the mighty instrument of completing the once ideal Fatherland, and framing for the vision of past days a solid existence: these are now matters of familiar history. We allude to them here only to note with what care the system devised in 1861 was brought to perfection after the defeat of Austria and her allies. The work of Generals Von Moltke and Von Roon now received its finishing touches. The nine corps of the old Prussian army were raised to thirteen and a half, by the formation of the 9th in Schleswig-Holstein, lately wrested from the Danes; the 10th in

conquered Hanover; the 11th in Cassel and Frankfort, won also by the sword; the 12th created out of the fine Saxon army, to all military purposes now incorporated with its late enemies; and the 25th Division raised in the northern half of Hesse Darmstadt. Each corps could muster within twelve days an average of 34,000 infantry and cavalry, with a complete regiment of artillery of ninety guns. The three South German States under their private treaties could furnish against a foreign foe an addition of three corps, reckoned at 80,000 men, with a similar proportion of artillery. And this field army, mustering in round numbers just half a million men, of which full 60,000 were cavalry, could all be collected and equipped by corps at a fortnight's notice. It was supported by reserves partly trained and available to fill up vacancies numbering 222,000, and had the North German Landwehr, the best disciplined militia in the world, 200,000 strong in second line. No nation in modern times had ever before had under arms so vast a proportion of its males. No nation since the Roman had ever devoted itself so wholly to the development of the military side of the national life.

The numbers we quote are those upon the rolls this summer. Three years before, when the South Germans still sorely felt their defeat, and murmured at their coming Prussianisation, when the new army of the Northern Confederation existed only on paper, Prussia had to face the prospect of war with France on the Luxemburg question with the lesser resources that had proved so sufficient and had served her so well against Austria. But France was then supplied with inferior weapons. Her troops would have had to face the breech-loader at the same risk as those of Benedek; and though the danger of collision passed away for a season, it was certainly not from any fear on the side of the military guides of Prussia, who have since avowed that their sole strategy would have been to mass the armies lately victorious in Bohemia in two great columns on the Rhine, and march straight for Paris, trusting to the needle-gun. Who shall say, after the events we have just witnessed, that the enterprise would have failed, that the strategists' calculation was over-bold? Be this as it may, the Luxemburg question was solved at the instance of Europe, and by the special interposition of England. Prussia withdrew her pretensions to the late Federal fortress: France was left without excuse for her pretended claim for compensation; and the mortal struggle of these two ancient foes was postponed for three years more.

How these three years were spent on the German side we

have already stated. The field army of 1866 was all but doubled; the reserves of the Ersatz, especially, were immensely increased by the application of the Prussian system to the new confederation and its allies. These additions were the natural result of annexation and alliance, and concerned the infantry above all; but the changes in the other two branches were founded chiefly on the experience of 1866. Then Prussia had gone into the war without accomplishing her artillery reforms. Part of her batteries at Königgrätz were of the old smooth-bore construction, and of the breech-loading guns three several patterns had been carried into the field. Now all confusion and uncertainty has passed away. The simplest and most efficient breech-loading piece yet discovered has been adopted throughout. The artillery service, and the proportion of horses and drivers maintained in peace has been brought up to a higher standard, the experience of 1866 having clearly shown that a large infusion of raw elements into the field artillery to strengthen it suddenly, defeats its object by crippling the efficiency of the batteries. The Prussian cavalry had borne itself gallantly in action, and proved of abundant utility in outpost work in Bohemia. Yet, here again, there had been experienced difficulties arising from an admixture of half-broken horses and unpractised riders. These evils it was judged necessary to avoid in future by raising the peace effective of the cavalry to at least two-thirds of the war strength, a change which has made the Prussians in this war show a more marked superiority in that arm over the enemy than Europe has witnessed the like of since the Archduke Charles outmanœuvred Moreau and Jourdan on the Danube by the dexterous use of his horse. On the whole, therefore, General Von Moltke entered on his new task not only with a far larger force than in 1866, not only with the prestige of success and the gain of experience for his staff, but with an army more complete in every detail, and, above all, well exercised in those bold free principles propounded ten years since in the 'Memorial,' and confident in their proved effectiveness in actual war. Never was the transformation of discipline more complete than that which created the light dashing style of warfare of the Prussian infantry of our time out of the stiff stateliness of manœuvre their fathers inherited from the school of the Great Frederic. No doubt some theorists would have carried these novel principles to excess. The author of the 'Tactical Retrospect,' elated by the success of his vivid criticisms of the weak points of the Prussian army of 1866, attacked in a new pamphlet the whole system in use at that

period as still too restrained and formal, alleged that no exertions of higher officers could influence an action if the captains of companies were fully trusted, and prepared a form for the attack which should supersede the column, line, and skirmishers, as devices effete and unworthy of the infantry of the future. General Moltke was forbidden by his official position to take personal notice of an anonymous assailant; but he replied in a pamphlet issued not long before this war in the name of his friend, Colonel Bronsart;* and those who study the discussion will see for themselves not only that the veteran strategist has the best of the argument, but that his own mind has been busied during the peace with practical proposals for developing to the utmost the power of the Prussian infantry.

We have dwelt thus at length on the recent history of the North German army, since it has now avowedly reached a condition of efficiency such as none had approached before. Much of this efficiency is beyond question due to the modification of the pedantic rules which the traditions of the service in the days of its former glories bequeathed; and we have seen that the change was based upon a close study of the principles by which French soldiers have, at various memorable epochs, been led on from triumph to triumph. It remains to ask, what had been the progress of the French army itself during the ten years in which its tremendous rival grew up to maturity? Had its officers striven to realise that ideal which the 'Memorial,' long since translated into their own tongue, had put so vividly before them? Had they studied, by improving still further the intelligence and moral qualities which the Prince assigned as attributes to their soldiery, to overcome the disposition to disorder induced by democratic sentiments, and which, as he noticed, would act fatally in retreating after a repulse, if they were resolutely followed up? Had their chiefs sought to imitate their German rivals in devoting themselves to the instruction of their men in the improved weapons, which, hurriedly and imperfectly used, are no better than those they had superseded? Had their staff made amends by special study for the want of practice in real or feigned field manœuvres? Had the artillery profited by the lessons of 1866, and the severe criticisms passed by the 'Tactical Retrospect' (a work well known in its French dress) on the small tactical use made of batteries in the battles of that year? Had the cavalry followed out, under the guidance of

* The same staff officer recently employed in the confidential arrangements with the French commander as to the capitulation of Sedan.

the staff, those principles of outpost and reconnoissance duty which the Prussian 'Instructions' enjoin as the special study of mounted officers, and by which only the importance of that arm is to be restored after the loss of its prestige for the shock of battle? The events of the last two months compel us to return, without further proof, a direct and complete negative to each of these questions. Why these duties were neglected it is more difficult to say. The work of General Trochu had plainly pointed out how apt his countrymen are to neglect those details of the military art which require patient and steady labour; and to this the evidence of friends and foes alike adds the charge that the very successes gained against enemies of inferior calibre in Algeria, Mexico, and Rome had fostered in the minds of officers and men the delusion that no enemy whatever could stand before the French vivacity and *élan*. The Prussians were credited with vast successes over the Austrians; but had not the French army vanquished these same Austrians with ease at Montebello and Magenta, and imposed a conqueror's terms upon their Emperor at Solferino? The Prussians had had indeed the start in the new weapon, but the chassepot had more than restored the balance, and thus armed, who should dare to doubt that a new collision with the boldest and best German troops would but lead to a new Austerlitz or Jena?

All Frenchmen did not reason thus. The Emperor, even in failing health, could not have forgotten the remarkable advice he had offered his countrymen thirty years before, 'to borrow from Germany her system of public education and military organisation.' At that time he had declared, in attacking the *bourgeois* royalty of the day, 'France would not be able to bring 200,000 men into line upon the frontiers, while on the Rhine, alone upwards of 500,000 could be collected against her in less than a fortnight.' How much more serious was the proportion against her now, and how much greater the striking power of the supposed enemy! Doubtless so thoughtful a ruler must have felt this truth deeply. We are sure that Napoleon III., no less than his wise adviser, Marshal Niel, who has had the credit of the reform, felt the need of some such measure as that not long since passed for doubling by a war reserve, copied from the Prussian, the peace strength of the French army. But there is no doubt that the new law had not had time to do its work, nor that the fatal flaw of the purchase of exemption, denounced as 'a white slave trade, the purchase of a man to be killed in the stead of him who has the means,' by Prince Louis Napoleon in exile, was but con-

tinued in another shape—exoneration from service by a fine to the State, under Napoleon the Emperor, and marred all reform in the direction of the Prussian model. The theory, indeed, was that the fines thus levied were to be applied to increasing the bounties of old soldiers re-enlisting for further service, or for rewarding volunteers; but the practice of retaining the large sums accruing in the military chest was too great a temptation for a Government forced into extravagance by the very nature of its being. So the fines were paid, and the battalions remained unfilled; and, of the 288,000 men who should have been found in the ranks of the 24 active divisions when the war broke out, not much more than 200,000 were at first forthcoming, raised by the reserve contingents first called in to about 250,000. Raw troops were gathered later at Paris, Chalons, and other dépôts; but for the first line it was impossible to collect more than a quarter of a million to meet nearly twice that number of Germans gathering against them.

The moral power of the French was as inferior to that of their adversary as their numerical strength. Marshal Niel, struggling hard in the political world of Paris to carry his new army organisation through an unwilling legislature, was unable to correct the vices which crept into the military system of his country in the latter years of the Second Empire; and Lebœuf was little likely to perform what his great predecessor had failed in. The chief commands had been parcelled out to men eminent rather for their worship of Imperialism than for warlike vigour. The generation of hardworking active leaders raised up in the early days of Algeria had passed away, and their places were taken by commonplace professional men, who made luxury as much their object as the once Republican marshals of the Grand Army are reported to have done in the decadence of the First Empire. De Failly holding court at Nancy, and banqueting daily on eight courses served on plate, whilst Trochu languished for active employment on half pay, were representative instances of the abuses which were preying on the vitals of the service. When war came the army found itself placed under men whose ready courtiership had been their chief claim to rank and honour. MacMahon's name, indeed, commanded respect from all, for, though untried in the larger operations of war, like Benedek before 1866—like Benedek he had never failed to answer his country's expectations so far as he had yet been tested. Bourbaki and Canrobert were personally esteemed. Bazaine, was popular with those who had served with him in Mexico, and had kept his reputation for soldiership and ability in a very trying position. But Lebœuf,

Ladmirault, Frossard, and Douay were names that commanded little respect, and De Failly's cheap victory at Mentana had not redeemed his own character as an indifferent officer, nor strengthened the Government which rewarded him with its most important command, the military charge of the East of France. The luxury and carelessness of imperial favourites in high places extended its influence below them; and officers who sought to make marches in carriages, and to fit their tents up as boudoirs, were ill-placed over recruits who chafed at the law that let the rich escape the national service, and at the administration that made promotion avowedly depend on favour, and ostracised all suspected of want of devotion to the dynasty. Imitating the Court above him, each general had his courtiers and favourites. The small triumphs of an African or a Mexican campaign were extolled as mighty deeds, while the flatterer and the flattered were blinded alike to the shortcomings around them. The history of these cannot yet be written in detail; but the veil is already sufficiently lifted to enable us to pronounce unhesitatingly that corruption and carelessness had crept into every department, while the want of discipline inherent in the French army had increased vastly with the increase of the democratic spirit which was felt throughout the Empire, the additional burden of the new and heavier conscription, and the incompetence of the higher officers. An Empire cannot be corrupt and keep its army pure. It cannot study the wishes of the officers at the expense of the men without evoking a spirit of discontent which the first disaster may ripen into mutiny. We desire to speak here with caution and fairness; but it is too evident that not only were the different branches of the French army when the war began left behind their German rivals in the race for improvement, and its numbers inadequate to the task to which it was called, but its general spirit retained the vices of the days of the older Empire, without the military genius and warlike practice which then so largely counterbalanced them.

It would take us beside our task and beyond our limits to discuss the political causes of the war. It had, to speak most briefly, been so long impending that both sides might well have been prepared. And both seemed to themselves to be prepared: but the readiness of one was that of practical statesmanship and sound soldierly counsels; of the other a mere outward show of military ardour and boastful exultation, covering weakness which the first collision must reveal. Yet were the fatal words spoken as promptly on the one side as the other. The show which deceived the world seems to have

blinded the Sovereign ; France found herself face to face with her ancient antagonist. Old hatreds armed with new weapons were to meet once more upon the Rhine.

The war had no sooner become certain than it was seen that the strategic conditions of the struggle would in some respects be different from those of any former contests between Germany and France. Had the minor States of Germany desired and been able to maintain their neutrality in spite of the private treaties enforced upon them in 1866, the whole front by which France could attack Prussia, or Prussia France, would have been limited to the forty miles which lie between Sierck on the Moselle and Sarreguemines on the Saar, where Rhenish Prussia and Northern Lorraine are actually conterminous. Strategy would have been, as it were, put out of court, unless one of the belligerents stole an advance upon the other, and pushed into the hostile territory without delay, so as to seek a wider front of operations beyond. And doubtless it was partly with a view to these narrow limits of the frontier districts of kingdom and empire that Von Moltke is understood to have designed four years before, had the Austrian war been immediately succeeded by a French one, to lay strategy aside for the time, and trust to the needle-gun only and the impetus of recent victories to carry his army on to Paris. But from the first the South Germans threw themselves into the struggle with a heartiness that astonished their great ally no less than the short-sighted French writers who had counted on their neutrality or support. Rhenish Bavaria, therefore, and that western half of the old Palatinate which is known in modern days as Baden, were at once exposed to attack or available for offence, and the front of operations stretched from Sierck down to Basle in Switzerland, the whole frontier projecting forward into Germany as a great right angle, standing on a base of 140 miles, the direct distance between those places.*

The northern side of this angle is the line between Sierck and the little town of Lauterbourg upon the Rhine. It traverses first the hilly country about the Upper Moselle and the Saar, then passes straight across the high plateaux which rise up from Lorraine to form the western or French side of the Vosges, and descending the steeper eastern side of that high range which stands like a wall along the Rhine frontier of France, finally crosses the narrow strip of fertile plain, here but fifteen miles wide, which lies between its foot and the great river which it seems to guard. The little stream, the Lauter, here marks the frontier, and the principal passage over it in the plain is at the small town of Wissembourg, well-known in former

wars waged in the Palatinate. The other or eastern face of the great right angle we are describing is formed by the course of the Rhine, which runs from Basle due northwards through the plain to Lauterbourg, and thence onward to Mayence, where it first meets the hilly country of West Central Germany. This angle therefore formed the immediate base for whichever army should first attack, and projecting as it did on the northern face from Germany into France on the Moselle, and on the eastern from France towards Germany on the Rhine, became an object of more pressing interest than it had ever been in the wars of the First Napoleon, or of the Revolutionary armies, when movements were complicated with, or even subordinated to, other invasions of the enemy across the Lower Rhine through the plains of Belgium or the hilly Duchy of Luxemburg, now closed to both the combatants.

When we speak of the immediate base, we do so especially for the purpose of pointing out the great change which has taken place in Continental wars since the completion of the railroad and telegraph system of Central Europe. Railroads, so far as yet has been seen, do not serve the purpose of moving the huge masses of men now put under arms during the progress of active operations. "The telegraph has not yet been so applied as to dispense with the service of aides-de-camp and couriers, when the foe is near the front of an army under movement. But what these great inventions have actually done for war is this; they have made of such a country as France or Prussia one vast base for the general conduct of warlike operations. They have enabled supplies and men to be concentrated with a celerity and magnitude hitherto utterly beyond the reach of the highest form of administration; and the whole resources of the land for offensive war can now be got together on a given frontier with as little trouble and uncertainty as formerly would have been needed to do as much for a single corps. It is this fact above all others which gives such pre-eminence to the strength of Northern Germany. The thirteen corps of her army may be assembled by provinces within the same fortnight which is required for putting a single one under arms, and the appropriation of her vast railroad service simultaneously to Government use for the same short space enables these huge masses of men to be sent on daily in heavy detachments to the required points; so that the time that is required for mobilising is all but sufficient to collect any part of her forces on any given points. Thus Mayence and Mannheim being at once indicated this summer as points of assembly on the Rhine, 116,000 men were actually collected on the river

on the 26th July, ten days after war was declared. Such an armament as the Confederation possesses might indeed without this advantage be very formidable for defence; but its striking power would be comparatively small if its strength in men and *matériel* were not vastly multiplied by this ready use of the means created by advancing civilisation. The temptation thus offered to ambition seems hitherto to overcome the humanising influences of the inventions we have been ready to deify; and those who prophesy universal peace must base their predictions for the future on some better foundation than mere improvements in the means of locomotion.

Had the French army been as ready as has been supposed when war was declared, it would have given the Emperor the choice of three distinct courses. For a few days nothing could have hindered him from throwing a body of troops over the Rhine from Strasburg, and entering those South German States which some of his admirers fondly dreamed would have fallen off from Prussia rather than incur the risk of a war with France. But the Emperor, though attempting to address the German people by proclamation as a nation outside of Prussia, was not so blind to their sentiments as were his courtiers. He expected no aid within Germany but what he could win as a conqueror; and as he was aware that the North German army when mobilised must outnumber his own field force, he had to weigh against the supposed advantages of an immediate entrance into Germany the certainty that a large force might meet him in front, whilst another would descend upon his communications over the Rhine, or take the bolder course of cutting them nearer to his base by a counter-invasion of Lorraine from the Moselle extremity of the frontier angle. Even had his army been in the completest readiness, such an undertaking would have been over bold, except against a timid and hesitating enemy. As it was, he had soon to learn that the effects of vicious and careless administration became manifest the very instant that the word was given for war. The muster-rolls of the battalions were found to be far below the normal strength, and of the men borne upon them many were on furlough in distant parts of France. Although the army could hardly have been suddenly employed at any point of the frontier but that indicated, the Intendance had no stock of provisions to draw upon, and was at its wits' end to feed the troops as they came up from the west. More distressing still was the lack of promptitude as to strictly military means. Ammunition for the troops as they collected had to be got together from distant dépôts; and the very fortresses from which an invasion must

be based, Metz and Strasburg—the watch-towers of France on her eastern frontier—were discovered to have their magazines unfilled. The eight corps, which had been spoken of as the new Grand Army which was to revive the glories of Jena, had been got indeed to the east of France, and six lay echeloned along it from Thionville (a small fortress behind Sierck) to Strasburg; but the Emperor at Paris soon learnt that there was no hope of starting them equipped for any arduous and lengthy campaign during the short interval which would suffice to give his enemies full time to prepare.

A second plan which suggested itself to the French councils as more practicable and less hazardous than the passage of the Rhine, was to advance before the Germans were ready, and occupy the district lying between the French frontier and the river. This tract might be entered at all points from the northern face of the angle before spoken of; and Landau, the only German fortress of any size near to it, was known to have been but recently so poorly kept as to be liable to capture by assault. Mayence was better armed and greatly stronger, but even that might have been surprised by a sudden advance, and at any rate the railroads leading from it destroyed. The theoretical danger was represented that the Germans might collect in great force about Trèves, and debouch from the Moselle upon the rear of the French army on the Rhine side of the Vosges; but this was in reality hardly worth weighing, since the very advance of the French, if vigorously conducted, would have put them in possession of the only railroads by which so vast a concentration beyond their left could have been accomplished. Should Mayence not fall—should the Germans appear there, and at their other passages, in such force as to make it dangerous to risk the fate of the campaign on actions fought within their own frontier—it would have been open for the Imperial army, while falling back from the invaded district, to cripple their enemy's operations severely at the outset of his campaign by destroying the railroads, and carrying off the supplies offered by the early harvest. But though offering many obvious advantages, not the least being the prestige of the first blow, and the gratification of those more ardent spirits of the army who thought all inaction error, the same unavoidable delay, the same difficulties of supply, were urged against this proposal which had prevented any passage of the Rhine being seriously thought of. And the Emperor, weakened mentally and physically by failing health, remained waiting at Paris from day to day for the report that all was ready; whilst Lebœuf, who represented him on the spot, was

not of character nor weight sufficient to overcome difficulties inherent in the task of suddenly moving a large army accustomed to years of peace. Such a body has in it a wondrous *vis inertiae*, which it needs a strong will to overcome. The only effect of the Major-general's presence was to cause some changes of position among the troops on the frontier, so trifling as to be called purposeless, and yet giving toil enough to produce murmuring at exertions made without fruit. So day passed after day in the wrangling and hesitation which feeble direction and unwilling subordination inevitably produce, and officers and men had begun to lose faith in their leaders, when the Emperor arrived at Metz, on July 28, to take the personal command, which for political reasons he was unwilling to entrust to others, yet had hesitated to assume for himself.

Of the six corps which formed his first line upon the frontier, four lay scattered as if attempting to watch the whole of the line from end to end. Ladmirault was on the left between Thiouville and Sierck; Frossard lay next to him, across the main railroad which runs from Metz to Mannheim, leaving the French territory at Forbach. De Failly was more to the right at Sarreguemines and Bitsche in the Vosges, his posts reaching towards the plain of the Rhine. These three, therefore, covered the northern face of the angle, and MacMahon, with headquarters near Strasburg, watched the east. Bazaine and the Guards near Metz seemed posted to support Frossard on the left centre of the line. Besides these six corps, which were very unequal in strength, but averaged 30,000 combatants in each, two more under Douay and Canrobert were forming a distinct second line at Belfort and Chalons respectively.

It would seem from this arrangement that it was originally designed that MacMahon (supported possibly by Douay) should operate in the plain of the Rhine, whilst the five corps which have been noticed as fronting the northern face should concentrate in front of Metz and move towards Mayence, covered by the former on their right as they passed through the Vosges to the plain, and followed or joined by Canrobert's when ready. Such a plan had floated through the Emperor's mind before he left Paris; but the difficulties raised from time to time caused it to be deferred; and even after his arrival the wants of his generals, men unused for the most part to face the real difficulties of moving very large masses, and accustomed to leave administrative details to the intendants, raised obstacles such as the more practical soldiers who had led the army in Italy would have known how to overcome. So day

after day was still suffered to slip away in idle inspections ; the host which was to have astonished the world by the celerity of its invasion of South Germany, or the boldness of its advance on Mayence, choosing that third and weaker course not yet referred to, and confining itself to mere defence of the French frontier.

The position of the four front corps, though too scattered even for this purpose, might have been turned by the staff to one special end with great advantage. Had each chief exerted himself to the full to gain intelligence of the enemy's proceedings, had they impressed this necessity on their subordinates, their cavalry might in their earlier days of expectation have penetrated every point of the Prussian and Bavarian districts before them, and done such service as at least to have changed the aspect of affairs at the outset. Frossard's advanced troops should have destroyed the junctions of the three railroads which met from Trèves, Bingen, and Mayence, within twenty miles of his front. Ladmirault might have discovered the truth of the reports already rife of an assembly of Germans behind Saarlouis about Trèves. De Failly's horse should have penetrated into Rhenish Bavaria at least sufficiently far to discover whether Landau was being garrisoned in force. Without doubt a little exertion on the part of the two former would have at least discovered the enemy's plan sufficiently to have made known the vital importance to the coming German concentration of the railroad junctions of Saarbrück and Neunkirchen. Had De Failly been moderately active he would have infallibly discovered that a third of the German armies were being gathered within a morning's ride of his videttes. As to MacMahon's own share in this strange state of indolence, it is beyond question that he had about Strasburg some means at least of feigning a passage of the Rhine in force, and so drawing his enemy's attention that way. But not one of these things was even attempted, and the world learnt with surprise that the excursions made across the frontier were entirely from that side which was to have been attacked ; that Prussians had disturbed the French railroad between Bitsche and Sarreguemines ; that Badish officers had ridden far within the French lines and risked their lives to destroy the lines of telegraph ; and that Bavarians had not merely reconnoitred the territory occupied by De Failly, but had ridden into his camp with a boldness that made their safety, since they were not suspected until they had passed through. If this strange indolence or incapacity on the French side, this ignorance of a part of a soldier's duties as essential to success as his courage in action, was misinter-

preted by a large part of the world who retained their faith in the Gallic dash and activity so often manifested in former wars—if it was taken, as many critics took it, for the calm which precedes the sudden burst of a tempest—even these lost their faith in the Emperor's star when he himself came on the scene. The irresolution manifested at Metz, the piteous looking back to see what Paris was saying, became even more conspicuous during the first hours of his arrival; and when going forward to the front in person, he watched with his young son the shelling out of the Prussian detachment which guarded the railway junction at Forbach, and claimed in his despatch a victory, that to others was more contemptible than the *promenades militaires* of Louis XIV. which he appeared bent on reviving, it was seen that the days of Solferino had gone by with him, and that he was now hopelessly beneath his task. But the days of grace which the Prussians had needed to get their vast forces together were now past. August had been entered on, and the North and South German forces throughout were on a war footing. Rumours vague yet not to be despised told the Emperor that his extended line was shortly to be attacked in force. Where this would be none of the French staff knew, and one might have supposed that it was to matter little to them where the blow fell. The petty success of the 2nd was not even followed up sufficiently to destroy the railroad junction from Trèves, which had seemed to be the only object—beyond mere show—of the demonstration; much less did Frossard make any attempt to disturb that of Neunkirchen fifteen miles further off. So the Germans were left in peaceful possession of their three lines of railroad meeting just before the posts of their enemy's main force. Ladmirault, Bazaine, and De Failly remained still so far off from Frossard as to be just unable to support him if suddenly attacked. The Emperor only, feeling more anxious than others at the isolation of MacMahon on the right, and being sure that that Marshal's force was now no longer strong enough to act independently in face of the masses with which he would soon have to do, had ordered him to close in from Strasburg, preparatory to a general concentration. The Rhine front of the angle which formed the French base was now, in fact, to be stripped; for there was little reason to expect that the Prussian main armies would be brought through South Germany, and part of them were heard of certainly on the Moselle, threatening the opposite flank, or left of the French. Thus, after the Saarbrück skirmish, the French army remained scattered as before upon the left and centre; but MacMahon, reinforced by one division

sent up by Douay, was on his way northward from Strasburg to approach De Failly. His march was first to be along the Rhine, then turning to the left through the Vosges on Bitsche. In making it he approached the open bit of frontier along the Lauter, between the hills and Rhine, those fifteen miles of plain which lie near the point of the angle where the French border meets the river, and he would in turning leave his outward flank open to a surprise made along this plain. So a division, under General Abel Donay, younger brother of Felix, the corps commander of that name, was thrust forward to Wissembourg to bar the opening, whilst the other four divisions, thus covered, were to turn off into the hills, a day's march in its rear. Such was the situation of the French on the 3rd of August—men, officers, generals, leader, alike filled with vague doubts of the future, yet ignorant how near and terrible was the reality of their danger.

If we pass to the other side we find not merely greater strength and better preparation in detail, but that certainty and unity of action which are needed above all things in any great undertaking as a first condition of success. From the first day of the war, the provincial organisation of the corps which had been fully tested in the campaign of 1866 proved equal to every demand. The principles on which this is founded are simple in themselves and few in number. They are in the main but two. In the first place, the corps supplies all its own wants as a whole direct from the central War Office, but distributes and checks the supplies so received within itself without reference beyond, being, except as to the filling up of its depôts, regarded as its own war administration, and responsible for its own doings. Thus, one vast step has been taken to get rid of that army centralisation which Prussian administrators have condemned for its working in the French and Austrian services. The other great rule is to carry this decentralisation further within the corps itself, and divide the transport especially so that no one branch shall be dependent on any outside authority. This subdivision has been naturally condemned as complicated and needlessly expensive; but Prussian authorities hold that an army is above all intended for war, and that the machinery of that which is to be effective should be maintained intact in its framework in time of peace. Carriages of themselves cost little to keep up. Horses, on the contrary, must, under any system, be bought up for transport in case of war; but the only way, in the Prussian view, by which each department can be made thoroughly responsible for its own efficiency, and taught to vie with others in readiness for action, is to hand over

to it all the rest of the machinery which would be needed to equip it for the field, and thus to prepare it for independent action so soon as the call sounds to arms. Men, and even horses, may be added at short notice; but without organisation so prepared that they may take their places at once where needed, they will at first prove no better than encumbrances. As a consequence of this system it no doubt at some time happens that a particular corps or column may have a superfluity of supply; but, on the other hand, delay at the outset to wait for the issue of necessaries from distant stores is prevented, and in the field it is found a less evil in practice that there should be no excuse for failure, than that even occasionally a necessary supply should be inadequate. The Prussian system enlists on its side the powerful motive of emulation on the part of each general and each regimental commander. The opposite practice takes from these officers a large part of their responsibilities to throw it upon a special class of men trained in peace to raise objections to every demand, and blamed in war if their minds do not instantly rise to the full necessities of the occasion.

Thus this year there was a single responsible head for the rapid mobilisation of each corps, and the experience of 1866 was found so useful that all were ready before the 28th, the day fixed for the completion of the armament, had fairly arrived. Ascending higher in the scale of command, the same unity and vigour of purpose which distinguished the Prussian counsels in 1866 was found ready to guide the nation in its new and more mighty encounter. The great strategist, whose name five years before was unknown out of his country save to a few professional writers, had now entrusted to his sole guidance the great threads of the future operations. So, indeed, it might have been in 1867 had the war then broken out; but General Von Moltke had no longer the superiority of weapons on which he had then been prepared to rely. The chassepot was recognised even in Prussia as a more deadly weapon than the needle-gun. Its effects, unknown as yet, might possibly counterbalance that advantage of numbers which he well knew to be on his side. And it was necessary to use the resources of strategy against opponents thus armed, and led by one who had the reputation himself of having shown some strategic ability in his one campaign of Magenta and Solferino. The dispositions of the Prussians were therefore made as follows.

The largest or main army was to assemble at Mayence, the gate of those Saxon plains which are the heart of northern Germany. Prince Frederic Charles was to command this,

under the King, and seven of the thirteen North German corps (2nd, 3rd, 4th, 9th, 10th, 12th, and Guards) were allotted to it. Three corps (1st, 7th, and 8th) assembled about Trèves, on the Moselle, under General Von Herwarth, on the right or north of the threatened frontier, and were called the First Army, as the main one took the title of the Second Army. Lastly, a Third Army, composed of the three remaining North German corps (5th, 6th, and 11th) with the three supplied by South Germany (1st and 2nd Bavarian, and a mixed corps of Badish and Wirtemberg troops) was ordered to unite under the Crown Prince at Landau, just at the apex of the angle which the French were known to occupy. If the latter advanced, as all expected, in force through the Vosges from Metz, he would be checked at or before Mayence by the Second Army, which when assembled would nearly equal the Emperor's in strength; and the First and Third would be left comparatively free to act against his flanks and rear.

But the case might happen, as it actually did, as it had happened with the Austrians in 1866, that the boasted forwardness of the enemy would end in finding him hardly ready for the defensive when the Prussian arrangements were complete. Then the plan to be followed was simple and direct enough, and closely modelled, as it would seem, in its general outline, on the precedent so successful in Bohemia. Prince Frederic Charles would unite with the First Army and engage, if found between Saarbrück and Metz, the main body of the French, whilst the Third Army, moving at first southward, was to enter the territory of the French by the Rhine at the apex of the angle, and drive their detachments through the Vosges. Then the Crown Prince was to sweep round to his right to threaten the communications of the Emperor, and force him to make the retreat, which would be a disaster to the French of itself, or to stand and be attacked, like Benedek four years before, in front and flank at once. That this outline was not more completely filled up, was because circumstances played so wonderfully into General Moltke's hands as continually to modify his plans more and more in his master's favour.

The grand combination designed from the first was carried out steadily side by side with the mobilisation of the corps. Herwarth, indeed, was replaced in the active charge of the First Army (at his own request there is little doubt) by General Von Steinmetz, the most distinguished of the corps commanders of 1866. Parts of the four corps raised in the coast district (1st, 2nd, 9th, and 10th) were retained for the present to form the

nucleus of a defensive force placed under General Vogel Von Falckenstein, to guard against any French diversion attempted by sea, and to overawe the Danes and Swedes, whose sympathies were avowedly with Napoleon. Against Russia and Austria, on the other hand, Moltke declined to use any military precautions, thinking it of more importance to throw the whole offensive power of the Confederation at once against her certain foe, and overwhelm France, if possible, before any change of European politics could help her. The 6th corps, raised in far Silesia, was of necessity kept back from joining the Crown Prince till the railroads had carried the troops from Saxony and Brandenburg westwards and were left free for its use. With these exceptions all was accomplished by the 2nd August, the day of the Saarbrück skirmish, according to the original design; and before Paris had ceased rejoicing over the dramatic performance of their new weapons before the Emperor and his heir, the Germans had begun that steady and terrible advance against Paris which was hardly checked until they had closed the doomed capital in on every side.

Hour by hour the Second Army poured its legions along the railroads into Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Mayence, and flowed through the latter place over the rich plain beyond its works, where the French had suffered their greatest disaster in the Revolutionary wars. Herwarth's 7th and 8th corps, the men of Westphalia and Rhineland, were hurriedly reviewed by the veteran, as battalion after battalion reached Coblenz by the river railroad, and marched up the Moselle in unceasing succession on Trèves, where Steinmetz had hastened to receive them. In South Germany the exertions were no less. For fourteen days successively 5,000 men crossed the Rhine at Mannheim on the way to Landau, while with unflagging kindness the wants of each regiment as it passed were supplied by willing contributions from kind-hearted citizens. Never were a country's exertions and its Government's more in harmony than in that memorable fortnight; for the war had aroused the double sentiment of patriotism, and of deep-seated animosity against the French bequeathed by memories of old offences, of conquest, occupation, and oppression. If the means for concentration offered to Moltke's hand were an age in advance of those that had served Napoleon, the German strategist may boast that his plans were carried out with completeness and promptitude proportioned to the advantage.

The French still palpably hesitating, it was time for Germany to take the initiative, and make war as far as possible on the enemy's soil. Yet the junction of the First and Second

Armies on the Saar would still occupy a week to complete in full, notwithstanding that the French had spared the railroads, so vast were the masses of Prince Frederic Charles' force. But the Crown Prince had farther to go, with a circuitous march through a hilly country to make, before he could reach Lorraine. Better informed than his enemy, Moltke knew there was no force on MacMahon's side that could equal that gathered at Landau; and as surprise was an important element in the accomplishment of this part of his design, the Crown Prince received orders to advance over the frontier forthwith. On the 3rd August he was drawing up to Wissembourg with a force too moderately estimated at 100,000 men. Of these the Badish division, followed by the Wirtembergers, who only arrived that day, were directed ten miles to the left on Lauterbourg to outflank the enemy, should he be in force at the chief passage of the Lauter, on which the main body moved.

We have seen that General A. Douay was at Wissembourg, and the reason of his being sent there. MacMahon's orders to close in to his left from Strasburg had been some days received, so that the division of Douay had reached its advanced position before the end of July, and had sent patrols across the Lauter which exchanged shots with outposts of Bavarian cavalry. But so strict and able were the measures of the Crown Prince's staff to prevent intelligence reaching Wissembourg, that Douay encamped with security within two miles of the frontier-line, utterly unconscious that a force ten times his own strength was within a single day's march. For the isolation of his division MacMahon must be in some sort responsible; but Douay's troops had himself chiefly to blame for the temerity which exposed them to the surprise of a vastly superior enemy. The country on the Bavarian side of the Lauter was so wooded as to conceal all movements. There was no military purpose gained by thrusting his camp close to the frontier which would not have been in every sense better answered by keeping it ten miles to the south, and watching the passages of the little stream with detachments of cavalry. Probably the convenience of being near the town, and the fact that there was a good position behind looking towards the Lauter, decided the general's choice. Choosing thus however he put himself at the mercy of the enemy, who drew up close to the stream just before daybreak on the 4th; and when at early dawn he discovered the Germans crossing directly in his front and on both flanks in resistless force, it was too late to draw away from the shock. Forced into sudden and hopeless action, Douay and his men for a while fought gallantly, but had they been paladins all, it would

not have availed against such a preponderance of force armed and led as were the Prussians. The unfortunate general fell early, vainly attempting to rally his men, and the division was soon in disorderly retreat, carrying off indeed some of its wounded, but leaving 600 prisoners and a gun in the enemy's hands, with the camp in which it had been surprised. The Crown Prince had so hastened the opening of his campaign as to come up without his two Prussian cavalry divisions; and to this and from the long march of the day before from Landau we must ascribe the fact that the defeated division was not annihilated. Its march southward was so rapid as soon to take it beyond direct pursuit, and to outstrip any attempt to cut it off made by the Baden troops, which had crossed unopposed at Lauterbourg, using boats that the commonest caution should have caused the French to destroy.

The moral effect of this action, the first serious event of the war, was naturally immense. The French, who had eagerly expected news of a real victory to follow the skirmish at Saarbrück, were immoderately cast down. The Germans on their side recounted the particulars triumphantly, and comparing them with the same Prince's success over Ramming's corps at Nachod, prophesied a new Königgrätz for their foes whenever the dashing young general should draw near the real object of the campaign, the Imperial main army. Alas for the French! Disasters far beyond that of Königgrätz were to fill the next page of their nation's chequered history. Defeats greater than Germany had ever experienced at the hands of the First Napoleon himself, were to overtake his successor in the new encounter of the nations.

MacMahon had heard of the disaster of his lieutenant too late to remedy the fault which had exposed a division singly to be crushed by an army. He gave no credit to the rumours of the fugitives that the force advancing from Landau was so large that to encounter it even with a corps was but to multiply disaster; and having rallied the troops flying from Wissembourg upon his other divisions, he took up a strong defensive position fifteen miles to the south-west, on the lower spurs of the Vosges, and drew his forces together, about 55,000 strong in all, ready to check the further invasion of Alsace. His front, looking generally north-east, was semicircular, the right thrown back so as to be parallel to the great road and railroad from Wissembourg along the Rhine to Strasburg; while his left pointed rather to the west, covering the railroad which turns off from the main line just mentioned at Haguenau, and traverses the Vosges by the pass of Bitsche. It was impossible that an enemy's

force could pass by towards Haguenau and Strasburg without danger to its flank, whilst to penetrate into the Vosges the Germans must dislodge him by direct attack. The position was strong in itself, and strategically well-chosen had the forces been fairly matched; but the Crown Prince, pushing on steadily from Wissembourg on the 5th, was close to it that evening with 130,000 men, and discovered that the French were before him in force. Though certain from the information furnished him from head-quarters that the district he was entering was guarded by little more than a single corps, he would have deferred the battle to allow his Prussian cavalry and some other detachments still in rear time to arrive; but the impatience of his outposts and those of MacMahon brought on heavy firing early on the 6th. After sending orders to break this off, which were literally obeyed by but one of the corps, Hartmann's 2nd Bavarians, he deployed to support the troops engaged, and the battle was soon fairly joined.

It is not our intention to repeat here details that must still be fresh in our readers' memories. The French on the day of Woerth fought gallantly, and the Crown Prince only forced them from their position late in the afternoon by using his superior force freely to outflank them. The Bavarian and Württemberg horse followed up the success partially into the hills, and captured guns and prisoners in addition to those taken in the fighting; but the striking point to observe is this, that the right of the French, though not pressed at all after its ground was once yielded, gave way to a panic rout such as is only paralleled in modern history by the raw fugitives of Bull's Run at the opening of the American War. Fleeing madly, though wholly unpursued, crowds of men on foot, or, worse, on horses stolen from the guns and trains, rushed pell-mell through Haguenau towards Strasburg, where 3,000 of such fugitives arrived without their arms, to take refuge in the fortress, which at once embodied them in its slender garrison. Shameful as the disorder was on this side, the centre and left of MacMahon's behaved hardly better on the retreat, which their own misconduct turned into a disastrous rout. Their officers, who had neglected to maintain order in time of peace, found it impossible to rally them under the pressure of panic, and when MacMahon on the following evening reached Saverne after a cross-march through the hills, but three of his infantry regiments had kept their ranks. The fatal indiscipline, the total want of mutual confidence between officers and men, the utter prostration under reverse which have constantly characterised the army of the Second Empire since the war began, were at

once fully manifested in this shameful retreat, the sad presage of greater misfortunes to come.

Bitter as it was to the French to hear of the defeat of France's favourite marshal, and the ruin of her finest corps, there were other events on the same 6th August which bore no less hardly on their future, and of which it must be our next task to speak briefly.

The news of a sudden advance of a force of unknown strength through Wissembourg, and of the disaster that Douay's division had suffered, reached the French headquarters on the 5th, and spurred the Emperor's staff to take steps for that concentration which had hitherto been only generally designed. Though even yet neither Ladmirault nor Bazaine was at once moved up to support him, orders were given to General Frossard to withdraw the troops lately left overlooking Saarbrück, for fear that a similar surprise to that of Douay might be attempted from the woods beyond the Prussian frontier-line. On the morning of the 6th, therefore, they were out of sight when the leading division of the First Army arrived at Saarbrück under General Von Kameke, and Goeben, the corps commander, pushed it on to discover whether the enemy were really in retreat. Crowning the hills which Frossard had just abandoned, the Prussians discovered him not far off, his troops lying about Forbach, where another and steeper hill bounds a little plain lying just within the French frontier. Goeben knew that part of the 8th corps was following his own, and he was also aware that divisions of the Second Army were coming up from Mayence in rear of both, Saarbrück in fact being the junction point where the masses of Steinmetz and Prince Frederic Charles were to meet. Under these circumstances he did not hesitate to take the responsibility of an attack, and was so vigorously supported by reinforcements from both German armies, that he was enabled finally, with a dexterous flank movement, to mass to his right the troops first engaged and to carry the steep hill of Spicheren, on which the French left rested, by a direct attack of the favourite company columns of the army of his nation. Forced thus off the direct road to Metz, which their enemy had now seized, and seeing little of their commander, who had proved himself quite unable to meet his adversary's tactics, Frossard's troops made a hurried night retreat southward. More confusion, more indiscipline, more causeless panic, was again the result, though no attempt was made by the Germans to follow up their success; for the battle closed at dark, and Steinmetz, now in person on the ground, was quite unaware, as were the other generals, of the real measure

of their success. A hurried and circuitous retreat carried the beaten corps towards Metz, where, as it was announced on the 9th, just a week after the first shots had been exchanged at Saarbrück, the French army was to 'concentrate, with Marshal Bazaine in command.' The first stage of the war of 1870 was already over. 'All may yet be re-established,' were the almost despairing words in which the Emperor summed up its events.

For Napoleon saw the reality plainer than those around him. There were not wanting flattering tongues to assert at Metz, what was asserted elsewhere, that isolated defeats of single corps overpowered by surprise and outnumbered, could not affect the result of the campaign. The Emperor never hugged himself with this delusion. The constant revelations which he had had since reaching Metz of the scandalous conduct of his men and the want of professional zeal in his officers, were sufficient, when combined with his historic knowledge of what the French army has been before under reverses, to prepare his mind for the worst. He sought no longer to keep up the pretence of commanding in person the troops he was physically incapable of leading. He allowed the staff which had misled him to fall into deserved disgrace; and abdicating at once his position as General and his authority as Emperor, he remained thenceforward a mere encumbrance on the forces which defended France rather than the dynasty now tottering to its fall.

A week of expectation passed by, while Europe breathlessly awaited the next scene in this great drama. On the French side it was clear already that partial as the defeats of Frossard and MacMahon had been, their influence had so wounded the prestige of the Imperial army as to threaten seriously the stability of the throne that had relied on it. The Prussian army, which the pupils of Metz and St. Cyr had been trained to consider as 'a sort of school for the Landwehr, 'a magnificent organisation on paper, but a doubtful weapon 'for the defensive, and very imperfect for the first period of an 'offensive war,'* had shown itself as formidable in moral tone and tactical dexterity as in numerical strength. Should the latter really prove to be in the proportion which had been claimed for it, the boldest Frenchmen might well already doubt whether Bazaine would find himself able to bar the way into France. He stood alone before Metz with the four corps

* Quoted from the Official Textbook on Military Art used in the École d'Application at Metz.

which had fallen back from the Saarbrück frontier, strengthened only by part of Canrobert's, which that Marshal had brought up from Chalons with generous speed on hearing of his sovereign's disasters, placing himself ungrudgingly at the disposal of his junior, when on arriving he found Bazaine holding the reins the failing hands of the Emperor had resigned. The army thus collected amounted to about 130,000 men: but MacMahon was retiring continuously on Chalons, where he arrived ten days after his defeat, bringing with him but 15,000 disheartened men, the relics of the 55,000 soldiers whom he had ranged in battle-order at Woerth, three-fourths of whom, instead of one-fourth, might have been preserved to his standards but for the shameful loosening of the bonds of discipline which defeat and retreat had induced. De Failly, terrified at the disasters of the 6th on either side of him, had abandoned the frontier in haste, and marched towards Paris without check, until he rallied on the dépôt at Chalons, and joined MacMahon, as did Douay coming in from Belfort. When thus assembled MacMahon had 80,000 men, besides reinforcements promised him from Paris, wherewith to protect the direct road to the capital.

All this was tolerably well known, for the new and more avowedly Imperialist Ministry which had been formed under the pressure of national disaster to support the Government, found it necessary to soothe the excited citizens by publishing some particulars of the forces still left to cover Paris. But the same week that witnessed this double concentration of the eight corps lately scattered over the east of France, sufficed the Prussians to carry forward their great strategic design to the next important stage. The seventh day after the battle of Woerth saw the heads of the Crown Prince's columns descending the western slopes of the Vosges into Lorraine; and, despite of bad weather, and of the impediments offered by the hill forts in his rear, two of which, Bitsche and Phalsburg, blocked the chief roads, his head-quarters on the 13th had gained the more open country near Luneville, on the line where railroad and chaussée run together from Strasburg through Nancy and Chalons to Paris. Strasburg itself was blockaded by his Badish division, and orders given for an active siege, which the vicinity of the frontiers to main lines of German railroads wonderfully facilitated. The Third Army was, therefore, already so placed as to be ready soon to carry out the original design which was to have brought it on the southern flank of the French forces defending the Saar or Moselle against the First and Second.

As it happened, however, the combinations against the

enemy's main body were so hurried forward by the force of events as to leave no room for the Crown Prince's action. On the 3rd the King had reached Mayence with his advisers, and taken command officially of the whole of the German armies; but before he reached the front the battle of Forbach was brought on and won, and the French line on the Saar irretrievably broken. Entering France on the 10th, King William followed the enemy to the Moselle, and on the 13th was before Bazaine with the whole of the First and Second Armies. Had the ten and a half corps represented on the ground actually been present in bulk, he should have commanded not less than 300,000 men, even allowing for the usual casualties; but there were still many detachments with General Von Falckenstein in Northern Germany, reducing the actual numbers to about a quarter of a million. Still this was just double the army rallied under Bazaine; and it could hardly be that such superiority of forces, with the prestige of a hitherto successful invasion, was to be reduced to inaction by the fact of the new French Commander-in-Chief's resting the centre of his line on a large fortress. Action was necessary, were it only for the purpose of maintaining that moral advantage which the Germans could already fairly claim.

Considerable as the stream of the Moselle is, the German army possessed bridge-trains abundantly sufficient for several passages of it; and the temptation was great to surprise Bazaine by advancing both wings of the army at once, so as to unite them on his communications with Paris through Verdun, and shut him off, with the field household of the Emperor, from the rest of France. Yet this plan, though offering brilliant prospects, would also offer great chances to a resolute adversary who divined it in time; while, if successful, it would leave the enemy the cover of the fortress to which he evidently clung, and from which no direct attack short of a siege could possibly force him. It seemed easier to manœuvre him from under its shelter, and deal with him in the open field; and for this purpose the bridge and road through Pont-à-Mousson, twenty miles higher up, lay conveniently placed. The cavalry of the King's army, traversing the whole country down to the belt southward near Nancy, which that of the Crown Prince was exploring, had already reconnoitred this point of passage, and found it but slightly guarded. So on the 14th the army made a general movement by its left in a south-westerly direction on Pont-à-Mousson. To cover this the more effectually, General Von Steinmetz, whose army was to the left of that of Prince Frederic Charles, was directed to make a demonstration against Bazaine's

troops, then lying partly between him and Metz, as well as all round the face of the eastern side of the fortress. A severe action was the result, in which half of the 7th Corps, first engaging the French right wing, and supported by successive divisions of the Prussians, forced the enemy from a slightly intrenched position back to the cover of the outworks of Metz. Meanwhile the passage of other corps went on steadily by Pont-à-Mousson; and they were distributed on the further side of the Moselle so as to prepare for an advance westward. But before the action of this afternoon began, Bazaine had discerned signs of the movement, and growing anxious for the Emperor's safety, or desirous to be free from the encumbrance which the care for it necessarily laid on his own action, had persuaded his master to quit the army, and take the road to Châlons by Verdun along the northernmost of two high roads leading to the latter fortress from Metz.

Next day, the greater part of the German army had crossed at or near Pont-à-Mousson, the 1st Corps chiefly excepted, which remained to guard the communications of the army towards Forbach. The 4th had been ordered to march towards the south on Toul, a second-rate fortress on the Châlons and Nancy railroad, which it was very desirable to seize, in order to clear the Crown Prince's way. The other eight were at points to the west or north-west of Pont-à-Mousson, and getting almost between Paris and Bazaine, who, as Moltke had expected, became seriously alarmed at this flank movement; and not trusting his troops so far as to make the obvious use of it recommended in sound theory, by striking boldly at his enemy whilst thus extended, drew through Metz to the west bank of the Moselle, and began a general retreat along both roads to Verdun. As the German army had kept moving round the works within a moderate circuit, it followed that there were skirmishes between its advanced troops and those that flanked Bazaine's left; and should they choose to interrupt his march by decisively attacking the head of his column, it became evident that he would need extraordinary resolution to force his way onward.

This was exactly what occurred next day, the 16th, when the battle of Mars-la-Tour was brought on by the 3rd Prussian Corps intercepting the head of the French column on the southern road. Once engaged, the nearest German divisions (parts of the 8th, 9th, and 10th Corps) hurried up in support; and taking ground successively to the left, the open flank, according to the ordinary Prussian tactics, finally fronted with their line facing eastward, and the extreme left reaching to the

northern of the two roads which Bazaine had intended to use. His retreat westward was completely stopped; and although he had inflicted heavy loss (16,000 are admitted) on his assailants, and claimed partial advantages on parts of his line, he found it expedient next day to fall back to a stronger position at Gravelotte, where the two roads from Verdun to Metz unite five miles westward of the latter fortress.

To retire from the advantage won would have been a moral error on the German side, whatever may have been Von Moltke's earlier design. To allow Bazaine to remain so far westward of the works, where he was already busy intrenching, would have involved an enormous circuit of investment in order to hem him in. It was resolved therefore to attack him without allowing him further time to strengthen his position; and so the tremendous battle of the 18th was fought and won without even waiting to call in the 4th Corps from the south. The French lines were stormed by direct assault, at an expenditure of lives not reached before in these days of improved weapons; and Bazaine was fairly shut within the works round Metz, where the relics of the force that was to overrun Germany are still attempting, as we write, to force their way out from the net thrown around them.

The campaign having taken this unexpected turn, the Crown Prince's army was freed from the obligation of co-operating with the First and Second. It became the chief force wherewith to advance against Paris; and to ensure its being able to appear with the more effect, and to deal effectually with MacMahon, should he bar the way, the resolution was forthwith taken to support it in its advance by such a detachment from Prince Frederic Charles's troops as could be spared from the watch over Bazaine. Accordingly, the 4th Corps (which had been halted after proceeding a few miles towards Toul), the 12th (Saxons), and the Guards, were constituted a separate Fourth Army under the Prince of Saxony; and on the 22nd, four days after the battle in which the last two had taken the decisive share, they were on their way due westward, keeping parallel to the Crown Prince's movement along the great Nancy-Chalons road. It was thought probable that MacMahon would attempt to cover Paris by taking up a defensive position on the flank of the latter, and if so, the double lines on which the Princes moved would be specially convenient for turning it. That he would leave the Third Army knowingly between his own and Paris, in the effort to get round it to Bazaine, seemed at first but little likely. Indeed, should he attempt this by the south, the wide circuit he must make by

the roads on the Upper Seine would give abundant time for the Crown Prince to intercept him. On the other hand, a march round the northern flank through the hilly Argonne district would at once be checked by the Saxon Prince, who was on his way thither with not less than 80,000 troops flushed with success, and might be safely trusted to encounter the Marshal, though now reinforced by a new corps, the 12th, raising his force to over 120,000 men. On the 25th, therefore, when the King followed up and joined the Prince at Bar-le-duc, although Chalons was known to be evacuated, it was not yet thought that MacMahon was about to attempt that desperate effort to join Bazaine by Sedan and Montmédy, to which the Paris telegrams pointed. And as on this very day the French were known to be still near Rheims, while the Saxon Prince had already entered the Argonne, there was no possibility of their passing by him undiscovered. The notion of this flank march to be made by surprise, which was the design of Palikao and his council at Paris, and forced upon the Marshal, was in fact foiled beforehand by Von Moltke's prompt combination.

MacMahon, on whom the dead weight of the Imperial cortège was now inflicted, had not sufficient resolution to refuse to carry out the orders received from Paris, and take the responsibility of leaving his brother-marshal shut up on the Moselle. Pressed by the new Ministers to attempt the junction which they had taught Paris to expect, and assured by them that every facility was given for it by the railroad from Mézières to Thionville, which should carry him stores and more men, he started finally from Rethel on the 24th for his desperate adventure. His march lay in two columns; the left to pass the Meuse at Sedan, the right to march by Beaumont on Mouzon, the next passage higher up the river. But before he entered the Argonne news of his movements had reached General Von Moltke. On the 26th the heads of the Crown Prince's columns turned northward, while the Saxon Prince received orders to stay the enemy on the Meuse passages at all costs—orders which were rendered unnecessary by the extravagant delays of the French army, which only reached Sedan and Beaumont on the 30th, having spent full seven days since leaving Rheims, just fifty miles off in a direct line. That afternoon the heads of the Third and Fourth German armies drew near each other not twenty miles south of Sedan, looking for the French, and fell upon MacMahon's right column. The shameful surprise of one of De Failly's divisions in its camp by the Bavarians began the actions, with the memorable details of which we have lately been amply furnished. It is enough here to say that on

the third day the German troops had so completely got the upper hand of their prey, that Von Moltke could afford to dispense with reserves, and throw his whole force, one corps alone excepted, in a vast circle round the French position, a tactical performance fully justified by the event, but which, against any but ill-led and very disheartened troops, should have been the ruin of the assailants. The world saw the most utter destruction of an army ever known, the most complete defeat, viewed in its whole circumstances, ever suffered, placed to the account of the nation which had thought its soldiery invincible.

With an unregenerated army, an undisciplined nation, which will have no leadership but its own fierce will and volatile fancies, which refuses to know the truth and opens its ear only to flattery, what hope is there left, now that Bazaine's forces are shut up and MacMahon's destroyed? We have no desire to prophesy by way of answer, and shall only quote, in conclusion, the sad words of a French critic on this subject. 'I had observed,' says Captain Jeannerod,

'that the number of stragglers was enormous, and I continually met soldiers who did not know where their regiments were. I had seen men and officers disabled by wounds which French soldiers of other days would have despised. I had remarked how untidy and careless the men were allowed to be about their dress and equipments. These things, slight, but significant to a military eye, had caused me, no doubt, some misgivings as to the rapidity of the success we had a right to expect. I saw, also, how prone French officers were to avoid the fatigues of long marches and the discomfort of bivouacs. I remember how often I have traversed the French lines at the dead of night and at early dawn, and never heard a challenge, never came across a French vidette, never have fallen in with a party of scouts. On the other hand, I have seen officers spend the time that ought to have been given to their men in cafés or in poor village inns. Often even officers of the staff seemed to neglect their duties for paltry amusements, showing themselves ignorant sometimes even of the name of the department in which they were; so that I have known a French general obliged to ask his way from peasants at the meeting of two roads. I struggled long against all this kind of evidence, but the end is only too clear. Painful it is to me, but I am bound to declare my belief that any further effort France may make can only cause useless bloodshed; and that a means of escape from her peril must now be sought otherwise than by force of arms.'

When an eye-witness, a professional critic, who has also the spirit of a true patriot, speaks thus, what need is there of further explanation of the failure in the field of the great machine which was called the Imperial Army? To attempt to expound fully the causes of its corruption and decay would be to write the whole political history of the Second Empire.

ART. VIII.—*History of England, comprising the Reign of Anne until the Peace of Utrecht.* By Earl STANHOPE. London: 1870.

THIS volume, in which Lord Stanhope has made an important and valuable contribution to English history, has unavoidably a somewhat fragmentary character when regarded by itself. It is, in truth, the separate preface of a greater work accomplished many years ago. The author's 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles' has long taken its place on our shelves, as the received textbook of the events of its period, and a portion of the common 'catena' of English historians whom we are accustomed to consult in the first place when any question suggests itself to our minds. No historical work of the same class has, perhaps been so generally read, with the exception of Macaulay's; and Macaulay, in all probability, designed and arranged his great undertaking in the hope of coming down to the point from which his friend and fellow-labourer had started. This peculiar coincidence of circumstances gives of necessity this somewhat truncated character to the present work. It completes, in truth, a missing link between Macaulay's latest fragment and Lord Mahon's former volumes.* 'The Peace of Utrecht,' however marked an era it were in European annals, was not accompanied by any domestic events which could mark it as a crisis for England. But the death of Queen Anne, which occurred a year afterwards, was such a crisis; and in reading by itself Lord Stanhope's recent narrative, which terminates with the first event, we feel as if we were witnessing a play which breaks off at the fourth act. These, however, are consequences of the intention with which it was composed, and we only notice them to indicate a natural cause of disappointment to readers who take it up separately from what we must term the context.

This being the case, however, it is interesting to mark the slight and not ungraceful changes which, under the influence of long years and mature thought, have passed over the writer's mind, and coloured, not his narrative, but his speculations. He began his historical career as the inheritor of the name and achievements of great Whig leaders of the great Whig days; he revered their characters, and held stoutly to their policy,

* For the sake of clearness, we propose to cite the earlier History as Lord Mahon's, and the present volume as Lord Stanhope's.

but he belonged, as regards the politics of his own day, to the Tory or modern Conservative persuasion. Hence, while he entered with something of youthful impetuosity into the ancient quarrel of Queen Anne's days, and took side with his ancestral allies as vehemently as a Stanhope of the period might have done, he felt himself exposed to some imputations of inconsistency between his historical and his contemporary leanings. This he endeavoured to anticipate by a well-known and often-quoted passage, in which he maintained the paradox that in the course of time, Whigs and Tories had, in point of fact, changed swords in the heat of conflict, like Hamlet and Laertes, and that the relative meaning of these terms in 1700 was not different from, but opposite to, that which they bore at the accession of William IV. Macaulay criticised this ingenious parallel, which its author to a certain extent, but with much less of youthful zeal for a crotchet, now once more defends. Substantially, Lord Stanhope stands, in this volume, on the same ground which he held as Lord Mahon thirty years ago; he has not relaxed in his rooted conviction that the Whig policy was substantially the right; but advancing years, while they have made him more tolerant and more comprehensive, have perhaps also a little impaired his confidence in his own convictions. The Peace of Utrecht, when he first wrote in 1836, was the consummation of political wickedness.

'To our enemies,' he says (Lord Mahon, ch. i.), 'I would willingly leave the task of recording the disgraceful transactions of that period. Let *them* relate the bedchamber-influence of Mrs. Masham with her sovereign, and the treacherous cabals of Harley against his colleagues—by what unworthy means the great Administration of Godolphin was sapped and overthrown—how his successors surrendered the public interests to serve their own—how subserviency to France became our leading principle of policy—how the Dutch were forsaken, and the Catalans betrayed—until at length this career of weakness and wickedness received its consummation in the shameful Peace of Utrecht.'

But the Lord Stanhope of 1870 has quietly abandoned the *nos certè taceamus* line, and has chronicled these matters himself with reasonable equanimity. Lord Godolphin's government is still the 'great Whig administration of Queen Anne' (p. 441), but its leader is reduced to a very insignificant level. 'As Sunderland had written a few weeks before: "If Lord Treasurer could but be persuaded to act like a man." But that was the very thing Godolphin could not do. Queen Anne, in his first portrait of her, was merely a half-witted person in nominal possession of a throne. 'Can it be necessary to waste many words upon the mind of a woman

‘who could give as a reason for dismissing a cabinet minister, that he had appeared before her in a tie-wig instead of a full-bottom?’ Lord Stanhope’s Queen Anne, in 1870, is dull, no doubt; ‘her powers of mind were certainly not considerable.’ But she ‘had many exemplary qualities, and fairly merited the popular appellation of “Good Queen Anne.”’ Her letters to Sunderland show ‘great rectitude of purpose;’ and, especially, she was throughout an excellent High Church woman; a qualification to which, perhaps, the Lord Mahon of 1836 might not have attached so much importance. Mrs. Masham, the wielder of the odious ‘bedchamber influence,’ denounced in the former history, has become a lady of ‘placid temper and ingratiating manners,’ whose personal control over her Sovereign is chiefly exerted in the way of securing ecclesiastical appointments for sound men of ‘High Church and Tory opinions.’ Lord Mahon’s Harley was ‘one of the most remarkable examples in history how it is possible to obtain both popularity and power without genius or virtue.’ Even his vaunted taste for literature was only a ‘specious and ingenious sort of idleness.’ Lord Stanhope’s Harley is merely a ‘very commonplace politician,’ but ‘truly at home with men of genius, thoroughly enjoying their converse and desirous of their friendships.’ These, however, as we have already said, we cite but as indications of the natural change, the smoothing of wrinkles and rubbing down of asperities, which years bring, together with increased hesitation as to one’s own infallibility, in the case of minds of the happier temperament, capable of refinement and expansion. But on some points we must own that this amiable tendency appears to us to preponderate over the severer virtues of the historian; and of this the most important instance is his treatment of the great figure of his canvas, Marlborough.

There can be no doubt that the overflowing iconoclastic zeal of Macaulay against the great captain has produced a certain reaction in his favour in the minds of many general readers, and of some competent judges; and it is in this sense that we interpret Lord Stanhope’s language in his present Preface:—

‘In the reign of Anne, the main figure in war and politics—around which, it may be said, that all the others centre—is undoubtedly Marlborough. I have, to the best of my ability, endeavoured to weigh his character in the scales of impartial justice, believing as I do that these scales have not been held even in the hand of preceding writers.’

Lord Stanhope has, in our opinion, fully redeemed the pro

mise thus held out; and his general portrait of Marlborough, as regards his achievements and his genius, is the worthiest of the original with which we have met in the pages of the many modern writers who have illustrated the subject. But if we have a fault to find, it is rather that his narrative reads in parts too much like a vindication; as if the exalted fame of the man, and our national pride in him, rendered it necessary, or at all events graceful on our part, to judge of all doubtful questions which touch him in the favourable sense. We cannot, for our own part, accept this principle of criticism. Marlborough, before the tribunal of history, must be judged like any other man—or let history respectfully refrain from pronouncing any judgment on him at all. After a century and a half has elapsed, the only client worth defending is Truth. But, in plain earnestness, the more closely the man and his actions are examined, the more does his extreme superiority, in all that constitutes a great man, '*le moral*' apart, make itself clearer and clearer to the observer. He is not merely the best among many, but he stands among contemporaries absolutely alone. If the experience of other times had not demonstrated this truth, that of our own is surely alone sufficient to establish it—that high military genius is something apart, solitary, and exceptional; and that a war-like nation and a magnificent army may utterly break down in collision with an enemy who has no prominent advantage over them except one—that of possessing a first-rate strategist to direct his movements. Marlborough was to the full as much the master of those to whom he was opposed, as Frederic the Great or Napoleon. If his genius was not fully appreciated in after days, by either of those great professors of his art, we attribute this less to any spirit of jealousy than to the insularity of our position and the smallness of our national contribution to the general forces of the several alliances in which we have been engaged.

'Above all' (says Lord Stanhope) 'our gratitude as Englishmen is due to him because he so signally "retrieved" (let us adopt those words from the Commons' notes*) "the ancient glory of England." To Marlborough, beyond all others, belongs the praise of bringing back to our arms the full lustre that beamed upon them in the days of the Edwards and the Henries. The days of Queen Anne need fear no comparison with those: Ramillies and Blenheim are worthy to be enrolled side by side with Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers.'

* Lord Stanhope does not here notice the fierce debates in Parliament which the insertion of these words occasioned. The Whigs regarded them as an insult to the memory of William III.

We must think that it is not strictly accurate to attribute to our men the honours really due to our general. 'The English infantry,' Marshal Bugeaud is reported to have said, 'is the most formidable in the world: happily there is but little of it!' When we claim to ourselves, as Lord Stanhope seems a little inclined to do in this passage, the glory of campaigns in which we, English born, formed only a small fraction of the great armies engaged, we tempt foreign military historians to sneer and to depreciate. We do not suppose that there were, at any one time, in any campaign, more than 30,000 of Queen Anne's British troops actually in service under Marlborough. He was, throughout, the commander of an allied force; and the consummate temper and sagacity with which he filled a post so eminently difficult, formed even more, if possible, than sheer military talent, the highest of his merits. At Blenheim, out of 52,000 men in all, Marlborough had only 9,000 English, besides Dutch, Danes, and Hanoverians. The Margrave of Baden, besides the Imperialists * (?), had Suabians, Prussians, and Franconians.' At Ramillies, which was more the Englishman's battle than Blenheim, the Duke's army consisted of troops in Dutch as well as English pay, and a contingent of Danes. At Malplaquet, where the armies were swelled on each side into the then unheard-of magnitude of more than 100,000 men, almost the entire anti-Gallican confederacy had its respective contingents in the field. On the other hand, in the famous 'Representation of the Commons to the Queen,' drawn up by Sir Thomas Hanmer's Committee in 1712,† of which the

* We have before us a dry professional compendium, entitled 'Introduction to the Study of Military History, by J. v. H., member of the Swedish Academy of Military Science,' in which the author selects the battle of Blenheim as adapted for a special lecture. He does ample justice to the commanding genius of the Duke of Marlborough; but all he says of the English troops is that 'they were a little behind those of the Continental armies in their equipment,' although their musketry fire was effective.

† One of the ablest state papers of that age of fine political writing. Sir Thomas Hanmer had the credit of it with the public; but it bears marks of a much stronger hand than his. Swift lays claim to his share in it, and did his best to make it what he calls a 'pepperer.'

Sir Thomas Hanmer, whom the biographies term a 'distinguished statesman and polite man of letters,' afforded one of the instances so often to be noted in our party history, of the gradual and almost unmarked failure of a career which had at first every prospect of success. His importance in Parliament was at one time so great, that his opposition to the Commercial Articles of the Treaty of Utrecht endangered the success of the whole measure. He went to France, in company

object is to complain of the unequal burdens cast on England in respect of the war, it is asserted that the allies 'have almost wholly declined taking on themselves any part of the war in Spain;' and that in seven years, from 1705 to 1711, the forces sent there by England 'have amounted to not less than 57,973 men,' besides subsidised troops. But the war in Spain, which cost so much of our island blood, was, though abounding in gallant feats against great odds and in chivalrous surprises, on the whole inglorious. Our men were commanded by one or two knights errant, and one or two incapables. They achieved, therefore, but little; and our ordinary historians prefer dwelling on the exploits done in Flanders, in which we really had a much smaller share; though Lord Stanhope,

with Ormond, in a semi-official way in 1712, and Saint-Simon could make nothing of him. 'Il parut à la cour un personnage singulier qui y fut reçu avec des empressemens et des distinctions surprenantes. Le roi l'en combla, les ministres s'y surpassèrent, tout ce qui étoit de plus marqué à la cour se piqua de le fêter. C'étoit un Anglais d'un peu plus de trente ans, de bonne mine et parfaitement bien fait, qui s'appeloit le chevalier Hammer (*sic*), et qui étoit fort riche. Il avoit épousé aussi la fille unique et héritière de milord Harrington (Arlington), secrétaire d'État, veuve du duc de Grafton, qui en étoit éprise,' [Swift describes his dining with this lady in 1712: 'She wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty,'] 'et qui conserva de droit son nom et son rang de duchesse de Grafton, comme il se pratique toujours en Angleterre en faveur des duchesses, marquises, et comtesses qui étant veuves se remarient inégalement. Hammer passoit pour avoir beaucoup d'esprit et de crédit dans la chambre des Communes. Il étoit fort attaché au gouvernement d'alors, et fort bien avec la reine, qui l'avoit tenu toute la campagne auprès du duc d'Ormond, pour être un peu son conseil. De Flandre il vint ici; il y demeura un mois ou six semaines, également couru et recherché, et s'en alla d'ici en Angleterre pour l'ouverture du parlement. Je n'ai point su alors ce qu'il étoit venu faire, ni même s'il étoit chargé de quelque chose, comme l'accueil qu'il y reçut porte à le croire, et j'ai oublié à m'en informer depuis. On n'en a guère oui parler dans la suite! Il faut qu'il n'ait fait ni figure ni fortune sous ce règne en Angleterre, et qu'il ne se soit pas accroché au suivant.' Saint-Simon no doubt regarded Hammer's attaining the dignity of Speaker of the House of Commons—if he knew of it—as no 'fortune' worth a courtier's notice. Probably the real solution of the failure of Hammer to 'make his mark' on the age lay in the fact that he was fundamentally a dull man. His qualifications as an editor of Shakspeare are summed up by Horace Walpole. He amended Iago's puzzling description of Cassio as follows: 'A fellow almost damned in a fair phiz.'

as is surely pardonable in an inheritor of the great name which he bears, devotes to the affairs of the Peninsula a larger space than they usually occupy in English histories.

The great glory of Marlborough lies in this—not that he knew how to make the best of excellent materials, but that he obtained his successes through the employment of the very worst materials which a first-rate general ever had at his disposal.

‘It is not to be supposed that the timidity of the Dutch States was the only obstacle against which Marlborough had to strive. In a Confederacy that ranked together so many members great and small, there was scarce upon the Continent one general officer, there was scarce one petty prince, who did not put forward some selfish and undue pretensions. . . . Nothing—in public life at least—could ruffle his composure: neither the scruples of the Dutch Deputies, which so often interposed between him and an almost certain victory, nor the pretensions as unreasonably earned of his German colleagues; neither the calumnies of his opponents nor the changes in his friends; an attack in Parliament as little as an onset from the French.’ [We can scarcely agree with this last remark in its full extent: Marlborough surely at times showed extreme sensitiveness to the attacks of his political enemies.] ‘It is recorded of him that once, as he heard a surly groom mutter some words of anger behind him, he quietly turned to Commissary Marriot, who was riding by his side, and said, “Now, I would not have that fellow’s temper for all the world.” With the suavity of mind in this great chief there was also no less suavity of manner. So competent a judge as Lord Chesterfield speaks of him in the following terms: “Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him “extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces “in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them. These graces enhanced the effect of his noble cast of countenance, and of his singular “beauty both of face and form. They gave him on every occasion a “most fascinating influence; they enabled him, whenever he desired, “to please and persuade.”’ (Pp. 127–170.)

Without detracting to any serious extent from the force of a panegyric which rests on so much concurrence of authority, we cannot help doubting whether the graces of Marlborough were not, to some extent, Chesterfieldian graces after all. Perhaps it might be owing to the dislike and suspicion so generally entertained of his personal motives; but even his most attractive advances seem to have been often received with a kind of distrust. It is rather remarkable that Saint-Simon (who derived his impressions of men and events on our side in Flanders chiefly from the gossip of released French prisoners), while speaking of the great ‘courtoisie’ of Marlborough in his relations with Prince Eugene, adds, nevertheless, ‘Qu’il n’avoit ‘pas la même estime, la confiance, l’affection qu’Eugène s’étoit ‘acquises.’

No circumstance, however, speaks more highly at once for Marlborough's loftiness of understanding and serenity of temper than the perfection of his personal relations with so formidable a rival in popularity as Eugene:—

'It was the intercourse of three days,' immediately before Blenheim, 'that laid the foundations of lasting friendship between these two eminent men. Ever afterwards there prevailed between them an entire concert of measures, an entire cordiality of feeling. Equally to the honour of Marlborough and Eugene, they almost always viewed public affairs in precisely the same light, and they were never disjoined by the least spark of personal jealousy. "I dare say," thus we find Marlborough writing four years after this time, "Prince Eugene "and I shall never differ about our share of laurels."' (P. 129.)

Thus far as regards the general and the statesman; but when from these categories we pass to that of the man, we are forced unwillingly to part company with our guide. Lord Stanhope carefully anatomises the Duke's character; he points out his laxity of political principle, his subserviency to a termagant wife, his rapacity coupled with avarice, and so forth; but he does not seem to us capable of drawing the unwelcome lesson from these particulars which Lord Macaulay but too unerringly drew, of the utter meanness which vitiated his whole composition; described nowhere so fiercely as in those savage lines of Pope, which Pope dared not give to the public, and which have never yet been printed:—

'What wonder triumph never turned his brain,
Filled with small fears of loss, small joys of gain?'

We will not, however, for our own part pursue so ungrateful an inquiry, except so far as is necessary to point out the singular leniency with which Lord Stanhope has dealt with one special portion of the Duke's misdoings, his treacherous dealings with the Pretender. This leniency is the more remarkable because here again, as in other cases, Lord Stanhope appears to us to pass over lightly, in his present history, charges which he had himself effectually substantiated in his former volumes.

We omit the affair of Brest, as not belonging to this epoch, and confine ourselves to the occurrences just before and after the demise of Anne:—

'The second instance is of 1715. It is alleged that Marlborough, being then, in name at least, Commander-in-Chief for King George, sent over in secret a sum of money to assist the exiled Prince in his invasion of the kingdom. Of this second charge the public in general are not so fully aware, nor is it quite so clearly established. The first indication, as also the sole proof of it, is contained in a letter which I found

among the Stuart papers at Windsor, and published in the first volume of my *History of England*.^{*} This letter, bearing date September 25, 1715, is in the handwriting of Bolingbroke, who was then at Paris, acting as Secretary of State for the Pretender. Writing to his royal master, he complains how much his proceedings are divulged. "I must still say," he writes, "that since I have been in business I never observed so little secret as there has been in your Majesty's affairs. For instance, a gentleman belonging to Stair named the very number of battalions which we expected from Sweden; and the Marquis d'Effiat told me the very sums which Marlborough has advanced to you." Here the evidence is no doubt only indirect. But I must observe, that Bolingbroke writing a private letter to James, and alluding to Marlborough's loan as to a certain fact, could have no imaginable motive for misrepresentation on this point; and I must own myself convinced that even by these two sentences the second charge is sufficiently proved.' (P. 72.)

The hesitating tone of this passage a little surprises us. The only possible doubt as to the meaning of the transaction seems to be whether Marlborough, when he made the advance, was aware that it would be used for the invasion of Scotland. This does not seem clear; but it is surely not very important. We had fancied that nothing in history was established on more unquestionable evidence than the negotiations of Marlborough with the Pretender at the end of Anne's reign, of which Lord Stanhope here speaks so cautiously, seeking, as it were, to modify the effect of a document first published by himself as Lord Mahon. The proofs are so abundant that it is difficult to make a selection; but let us couple this letter with a passage selected by M. Grimblot^{*} from one by D'Iberville to

^{*} Appendix to vol. i. p. xxxiii.

† We quote from an article by M. Grimblot in the '*Revue Nouvelle*,' entitled '*Documens inédits de l'Histoire d'Angleterre: Intrigues Jacobites à l'avènement de la maison de Hanovre*.' The author has explored and used the official documents contained in the French archives respecting the intrigues of the Jacobite agents. We are not sure, however, that he has added anything of importance to what had been extracted from the same source by Sir James Mackintosh, by Lord Stanhope himself in his earlier volumes, and by the author of a Review on Cooke's '*Life of Bolingbroke*,' in vol. lxii. of this Journal (which M. Grimblot by mistake attributes to Macaulay; it was, in fact, written by Mr. Allen, of Holland House). But his criticisms and speculations merit attention. His general conclusion is, that neither Harley nor Bolingbroke were in earnest in their affected devotion to the Pretender; that they deceived and played upon D'Iberville and De Torcy; but that Bolingbroke was so far the more honest of the two, that he told his French fellow-conspirators that the

De Torcy, preserved in the French archives. It is dated, let us observe, on the 31st August, 1714, a few days after the arrival of Marlborough in England after his continental absence:—‘ M. le comte d’Oxford a sacrifié à M. l’Electeur d’Hanovre depuis plusieurs mois les lettres de mylord Marlborough à M. le duc de Berwick, touchant le chevalier, à la marge desquelles il y a des notes de votre main. M. de Bolingbroke le tient d’un homme qui ne peut en avoir été instruit que par ce prince.’ Surely these disclosures abundantly warrant the inference which M. Grimblot draws from them; ‘ They explain, better than all the conjectures which have been hitherto made, for what reasons the Duke of Marlborough and his son-in-law, Lord Sunderland, were not comprised by the Elector of Hanover among the eighteen peers who, together with the seven great officers of state, were appointed to govern Great Britain after the death of the Queen until the arrival of the new sovereign.’ The ‘ conjectures ’ noticed by M. Grimblot are those mentioned in the fourth chapter of Lord Mahon’s history; a supposed personal pique of the Elector against Marlborough, dating from the campaign of 1708, and a ‘ resolution to avoid a second Junta.’ We must repeat that M. Grimblot has found to our mind a much more probable solution of the riddle than either of these, and that nothing could have prevented Lord Stanhope from arriving at the same, except his loyal determination to see Marlborough’s character on the bright side.

Let us remember, further, that the Duke had abstained, much to the disgust of his own partisans, as Lord Stanhope himself shows, from joining the general Whig association for bringing in Hanover, while waiting for the Queen’s death.* He held off as cautiously from joining his old friends on his arrival shortly after in England. Bothmar, the Hanoverian envoy, was perplexed to the last degree by his ambiguous conduct. But the Stuart papers clear it up abundantly. In August, 1715, we have Bolingbroke asking King James, ‘ May

Pretender had no chance of success so long as he remained a Catholic; and that finding his warnings disregarded, he withdrew—for a time—from the connexion.

* According to a marginal note of Horace Walpole in a copy of Maty’s ‘ Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield ’ (printed by the Philobiblon Society), ‘ It is very true that the Whigs sent Lord Cadogan to Flanders to propose to the Duke of Marlborough to bring over the army for the defence of the religion and Constitution of the country; but the Duke refused.’ This expresses, at all events, the Walpolean tradition on the subject.

'I presume to ask whether something particular has been said to Marlborough? He is at this moment much perplexed, and openly pushed at.' And the Pretender replies:—'I do not see why, when Raucourt' (James himself) 'goes to Scotland, he might not write a letter to Malbranche' (Marlborough) 'to require his attendance there or his declaring openly for him in England, for which an order would of necessity oblige Malbranche to pull off the mask and trim no longer.' Surely nothing can be plainer. If it be true (as has been reported by some) that Marlborough helped King George to come over with a princely sum of 20,000*l.*, at the very time when, as we have seen, he was subsidising the Pretender also, this would only prove his propensity for 'hedging,' and anxiety to secure himself by paying blackmail to both parties. We can see no fair reason for rejecting his enemy Pope's explanation of his conduct, however humiliating. 'He wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together, whichever side should succeed.'

So far, unhappily, as to Marlborough: but, when we come to judge others, it should be remembered that not only many a politician, but many a private Englishman of fortune, who was neither an unprincipled intriguer like Harley and Bolingbroke, nor an avaricious trimmer on such a scale as Marlborough, was no doubt in almost equal perplexity, and thought it no gross dereliction of principle to try to stand well with both sides, at a moment when the issue was so doubtful as in the last years of Anne. 'Il y a girouettes et girouettes,' as the author of the preface to the amusing French history of those personages remarks. We must not transfer the notions of more settled times, when loyalty to governments has become so ordinary a virtue as to be of no special account, to periods of revolutionary change, when that virtue means in truth adherence to a cause, not to a government; and he who cares but little for the cause (as is the wont of the great majority of mankind) has really only a somewhat shadowy duty to perform in adhering stubbornly to a government. A Vicar of Bray is of course a despicable character, because higher than mere political principle was scandalised by his changes; but we should hardly find it in our hearts to condemn very unrelentingly an Englishman who through the same reigns had stuck to his place in the Customs, or colonelship in the army, with the adhesiveness which characterised that proverbial clergyman. But besides this, it should be remembered that there were dynastic reasons, so to speak, which rendered a wavering line of political conduct, at this particular conjuncture, more natural

and excusable than on some similar occasions. These are well stated by Dr. Somerville, in his 'Dissertation on the Danger to the Protestant Succession during the last years of Anne,' which is printed at the end of his History of that reign; and we are glad to turn to it as an example of considerate good sense on a subject which has occasioned so much rather over-zealous declamation:—

'Those obligations which restrained persons who were in office under King William from professing attachment to the abdicated sovereign, lost much of their influence at the accession of Queen Anne. The rights, or claims, of William and James were irreconcilable. The enforcement, or effect, of the one was founded on the exclusion or destruction of the other. . . . But the right of Queen Anne appeared to the Jacobites more perfect than that of William, because it was of a lineal or hereditary nature, a qualification upon which they laid the principal stress. Nor did the acknowledgment of her title militate to the final overthrow of her brother's. As it seemed probable, from his youth and health, that he would survive his sister, it was only a temporary superseding or postponing his actual authority to a period when it might be hoped that the juncture of events would remove dangers which must have attended his accession immediately upon the death of William. He might change his religion, and satisfy the nation by giving ample securities for the prevention of mischief dreaded from his adhering to it. The Queen, whatever she declared or professed at present, might alter her sentiments, and wish to devolve the succession upon her brother. Upon these principles and conjectures it appeared to some that there was no dishonour and little danger in a divided allegiance; and that they might look forward to the lineal heir without any breach of their fidelity to the reigning Prince.'

But after all which has been said on the subject, and by no one with fuller insight into it than by Lord Stanhope, we must confess that there is something which at once disappoints and piques curiosity in the very imperfect knowledge which we seem to possess of the real motives of events, from the negotiations for the Peace of Utrecht to the arrival of George the First; the subjects of the last chapters of the present work, and first of its author's former 'History.' Painful investigations, and long-delayed disclosures, have thrown abundance of light on the conduct of particular men, and the outward history of particular stages in the crisis. The intrigues we know; but intrigues rarely determine in a free country the general current of affairs. The causes which moved the nation, and thereby made England what it has been ever since, seem to us to remain but partially disclosed; and have rather had additional obscurity thrown over them by the special revelations to which we refer. Lord Stanhope's present volume leaves the Tories

in triumph. The Peace of Utrecht had just been concluded; mortifying, no doubt, to the just pride of the nation, but entailing, at all events, a vast relief from present burdens, and constituting one of that class of occurrences with which most people are at heart well pleased, even when they affect to depreciate them. The House of Lords, notwithstanding a profligate addition to the peerage, remained a stumbling block in the way of the Court; but to the old dissenting and commonwealth interest which still formed the basis of Whig strength, the House of Lords was a natural enemy, and only an accidental ally. In the popular House, the Commons, on the other hand, Ministers could count on devoted majorities. They had all the indomitable English Church feeling which, in the case of Sacheverell, their opponents had so foolishly affronted, to back them. Their personal strength in debate, led by Harley and St. John, was for the time superior to that of their antagonists; in fact, the Whigs could only count, in the Commons, on one debater of much value—Walpole, whom the dying Sunderland recommended to the Duchess of Marlborough as the future champion of the cause, and whom the Tories had thought it worth their while to invest prematurely with importance by a party charge of corruption. All seems to the eye of the historical reader, at this point of his journey, going straight and smoothly towards the obvious end, for which Harley and St. John were either working, or pretending to work; the restoration of the direct line in the person of the Pretender, with abundance of securities and concessions, such as a triumphant church and squire party might dictate. Nor is it by any means so certain as might at first be supposed, that the higher class of Whigs themselves, with the exception perhaps of Somers—the high-minded and philosophical class, so to speak—would have been greatly disinclined to follow in the road which Marlborough and his rivals (not associates, for he had none) in selfishness seemed to be opening to them. To their minds the religious objection, so prevalent among their supporters, would probably have far less weight. It is not unlikely that in their hearts they believed that a Sovereign, incapacitated from exercising strong personal influence by his difference in religion from the majority of his people, would be more easily managed in a constitutional way than a foreign Protestant with continental notions of royalty. There is a singular passage in Swift's 'Examiner' (1711), in which he taunts the leading Whigs with their habit of avoiding to contest the legitimacy of the Pretender, and throwing over the warming-pan fable by which their cause had so largely profited:—

'It is likewise very observable of late' (are his words) that 'the Whigs, upon all occasions, profess their belief of the Pretender's being no impostor, but a real prince, born of the Queen's body; which, whether it be true or false, is very unseasonably advanced, considering the weight such an opinion must have with the vulgar, if they once thoroughly believe it.' Swift only says this by way of retort on his adversaries; but the circumstance is worth noting notwithstanding. Add to this the natural defections which mere lapse of time produces from a successful cause; add the manœuvres of those worthy men, inevitable in all political crises, whose humour is to part company with their associates for bye-reasons, those who were then called 'Whimsicals' and 'Refiners' (a favourite phrase of Swift), and are now accused of a propensity to settle themselves in caves,—and we shall see how little the nominal Whig party could be relied on, at that moment, as an unanimous league in support of the 'Protestant succession'

One minor mystery of the time (as far as we know) is uninvestigated, and courts closer inquiry. In June 1714, after a good deal of fencing on the part of Anne, a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of the Pretender, 'whenever he should attempt to land in Great Britain' (see Lord Mahon, ch. 3.) Now the author of the article on Queen Anne, in the '*Biographie universelle*,' M. de Treneuil, affirms that 'des mémoires secrets, connus de l'auteur de cet article, l'autorisent à croire que Jacques III débarquait secrètement à Londres, pour y voir sa sœur, dans le tems même où elle lui défendait d'aborder en Angleterre sous peine de s'y voir hors la loi.' And Voltaire (*Siècle de Louis XIV*, ch. 24) says, 'J'ai vu la duchesse de Marlborough persuadée que la reine avait fait venir son frère en secret.' And M. Grimblot's researches afford a new and rather striking corroboration of these curious indications. On July 6th, a fortnight after this proclamation, Gaultier writes to De Torcy, 'Les émissaires de M. le comte d'Oxford ont pris soin de faire courir dans le monde depuis trois mois que le sujet de la mésintelligence qui était entre ce ministre et mylord Bolingbroke venait de ce que Bolingbroke travaillait et prenait des mesures pour faire passer ici le prétendant, et que le grand trésorier s'y opposait de toutes ses forces. Mylord Bolingbroke m'a avoué ce matin que devant tous ces discours il n'avait pas osé se déclarer dans le conseil et empêcher la proclamation, et qu'il avait cru au contraire qu'il était de la prudence d'être du sentiment de ceux qui souhaitaient la proclamation.' Is it possible that the visit, thus evidently

prepared, actually took place; and that the last moments of the poor Queen, who died not many weeks after the date of this letter, were disturbed, not merely by a quarrel between two worthless Ministers, but by the recollection of a recent scene with a brother on whose freedom she had put a price; whose claims placed her conscience in a position of most embarrassing doubt, between the rights of blood on the one hand, and what Duchess Sarah irreverently terms 'her passion for 'what she called the Church' on the other? We can only say, there is nothing to refute the story in the way of internal evidence. The Pretender was certainly in Paris about the critical time. It is conceivable that the final rupture between him and his sister arose from the one strong point of his character—his resolution not only to maintain allegiance to the Church of Rome, but not to bind himself by any conditions which appeared to him unjustly to restrict its influence in Catholic Ireland. 'A rare and admirable instance,' Lord Malton most justly remarks, 'of religious sincerity in princes.' The correspondence of his agents on the subject of their relations with Queen Anne's Ministers is full of it. In point of fact, his obstinacy on this head seems to have served intriguers like Harley and St. John with their best and readiest excuse for constantly delaying to act up to their promises in his behalf. Brother and sister stood opposed to each other, weak of will and dull of intellect, but on one point only staunch, and on that irreconcilable. It was a singular sport of destiny that the religious Stuarts had invariably to suffer for their steadiness; the irreligious were sometimes prosperous, and always popular. Charles II. reaped the benefit of the steadfastness of his unfortunate predecessor. Charles Edward—who cared nothing for the Church of Rome, and who, there is good reason for believing, visited England in 1750 with the intention of abjuring it—attained the honours of a defender of the faith, while the real devotion of his unlucky father was forgotten.

'Di Carlo il freddo cenere
Questa breve urna serra,
Figlio del terzo Giacomo,
Signore d' Inghilterra.

'Fuori del regno patrio
A lui che tomba diede?
Infedeltà di popolo,
Integrità di fede.'

Fine lines, and which would have the additional merit of truth if we might read the last lines as applicable to the father instead of the son.

Every outward sign on the surface of politics seemed, in short, to point to the accession of the Pretender just before the death of Anne, save his religious pertinacity only; and some, at all events, of the leading politicians thought they saw their way to render this innocuous. What was the cause which so effectually and at once changed the current of probabilities, that when that long-expected decease at last took place, the Elector of Hanover was brought over amidst a general expression of assent almost, if not quite, as hearty as that which had greeted William III.? that the Jacobite Ministers, who had England seemingly at their feet in July 1714, were objects of public detestation and State prosecution in March 1715? We cannot say that the real springs of this extraordinary revolution have been laid bare by impartial historical research. But we believe the main cause to have been a simple one—the unanimous popular voice, excited by the approach of danger to the popular religion. On this head all except the upper few—all except the Romanist section of the Tories, and, perhaps, the philosophic section of the Whigs—were thoroughly agreed. The Dissenters and Low Churchmen, who formed the strength of the latter party, were not in truth more zealous in the Protestant cause than the squires and peasants who stood by the Church. The Tories were ready enough to go along with their chiefs as far as the Devil's antechamber, to use a phrase attributed to Cardinal Antonelli, but they would not cross his threshold. And in those days the line between Protestant and Papist was clearly drawn. There was no halting between two opinions. No doubt high Romanising views found place among the clergy. Dodwell and Hicks went as far in that direction as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Bennett; but they had no following whatever among the laity. The nonjuring party was simply clerical throughout. And thus the anticipations of Bolingbroke, who well knew the country of which his evil genius made him the enemy, were fully justified—the cause shattered before the honest religious obstinacy of its prince; and the whole fabric of Tory policy, so successful and so brilliant for a season, heralded by such lofty anticipations, adorned by so much wit, and literature, and showy political ingenuity, vanished along with it like a dream.

It is, however, to the traditions of that special period of Tory Government, comprising only the last half of the reign, that we owe our popular impressions of the 'age of Anne,' although its military and political triumphs are of course due to the Whig era which preceded it, and were terminated by the Sacheverell prosecution and the fall of the

Duchess of Marlborough. To the 'Age of Anne' Lord Stanhope has devoted the last, which will be to many readers the most interesting, chapter of the present work. And his endeavour is to establish, in contravention of Lord Macaulay's well-known views expressed in the corresponding chapter of the first volume of his history, that 'the scale of greater public 'happiness' inclines to the side of that age as against our own. We do not deny that on many points we are disposed to agree with him. But we must invite our readers to draw for themselves the general comparison, and content ourselves with desultory remarks on one or two features of the question, on which we either cannot quite follow him, or wish to add some illustrations to his doctrine.

He believes that in English society as then constituted, there was less violent competition for employment, both in the middle and lower classes:—

'As regards the liberal professions and the employments in the civil service, it may be deemed, from the absence at least of any indications to the contrary, that under Queen Anne there was more of equality between the supply and the demand. The number of men of good character and good education who desired to enter any career was not disproportioned to the number of openings which that career presented. It followed that any person endowed with fair aptitude and common application, and engaging in any recognised walk of life, was in due time certain or nearly certain of a livelihood. Riches and distinction were of course, as in every state of society, the portion of the few, but there was competence for the many. How greatly the times have changed! At present there are few things more distressing, to anyone who desires to see general prosperity and content prevail, than to find start up, whenever any opening in any career is made known, not one or two, but ten or twenty candidates. Every one of these twenty may be in many cases perfectly well qualified to fill the place that he seeks, yet only one can be chosen. What then is to become of the other nineteen?' (P. 571.)

What indeed? If the reasoning is literally to be accepted in the sense in which Lord Stanhope puts it, the prospect would be hopeless. Out of every twenty young educated men who are candidates for employment suited to their class, nineteen must emigrate, or become pensioners on their more fortunate friends, or must find occupation in some lower walk of life. But, in point of fact, these anticipations are not realised. Some no doubt emigrate, and some become dependents, but the number is not relatively large. Very few descend into the 'lower walks of life,' to add to the competition for employment there. Any one of us, who is a member of the middle classes and familiar with the world, can count with little

difficulty the list of his acquaintances who, starting in life as 'gentlemen,' have become tradesmen, or domestics, or mechanics. Such instances we all know to be most exceptional. Then, to repeat the question, what becomes of the nineteen? The answer, we cannot but suspect, will be found in the circumstance that Lord Stanhope has made himself the victim of an arithmetical fallacy into which we have constantly seen good reasoners fall. The nineteen, who miss one situation, do not therefore miss all situations. At the next 'opening,' the nineteen rejected (to put it broadly) will reappear as candidates, together with one new candidate. And so on until they are all absorbed, or at all events a much larger proportion than Lord Stanhope's despondent statistics would lead us to anticipate:—

'Of this superabundance, however, increasing from year to year, the cause' (adds Lord Stanhope) 'is twofold, and easy to assign. The general spread of first-class education has on this point perhaps been of no un-mixed advantage. It has sent forth a crowd of persons of both sexes well qualified by their position for any liberal profession or place of intellectual labour; and it has in the same measure disinclined them for other posts less literate, or of less rank in the social scale, which in former days would have contented them. Thus it happens that while the number of claimants has immensely increased, the number of places to which they aspire has, at least in some departments, grown less.'

We very much question one portion at least of the supposed facts from which Lord Stanhope draws his conclusion. That there has been 'a general spread of first-class education' in the professional sense in which the words are here used—that is, as an introduction to the liberal professions—seems to us rather contrary to known evidence. Instruction in its highest branches has no doubt greatly improved since the reign of Anne; while primary education, then very imperfect, has become at least widely extended; but there is some reason for supposing that the proportion of the people who had received ordinary middle-class education was greater then than now. The noble zeal in the cause of letters which burnt so strongly in this country during the period which followed the Reformation took in the main this special direction. For the families of both tradesmen and gentry abundant resources were furnished by more than three hundred grammar schools (professing to teach Greek and Latin), and by many hundred 'endowed' schools of very miscellaneous character. Of the quality of the education thus supplied we are not here speaking; we are concerned only with the fact that the regular

supply of candidates qualified for professional pursuits, and disqualified (according to the prejudices of society) for inferior employment, must have been very great indeed—greater, probably, than in our own more expansive age. And such evidence as we possess shows that the popular complaints about the overstocking of professions were as common then as now, and that the causes alleged for it the same as now. Other critics before ourselves have remarked that it is singular that Lord Stanhope, when penning this passage, should have neglected a testimony so strong and so contemporary as that of the ‘Spectator.’

‘I am very much troubled’ (says that authority in 1711), ‘when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another. . . . How many men are country curates that might have made themselves aldermen of London by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than is commonly laid out on a learned education! . . . It is the great advantage of a trading nation that there are very few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes.’

There is perhaps in this passage a touch of Addison’s pervading Whiggism, which induced him somewhat to uphold and panegyrisé the commercial or ‘monied’ class, in opposition to the ‘professions,’ the strongholds of Toryism. A monied man in those days was a pretty certain recruit for the Liberal party. ‘Many of them’ (says Coxe, ‘Life of Walpole’) ‘made the public credit personal to Godolphin; and, scrupling to advance money upon the credit of the nation, offered it on his single word.’ ‘Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders,’ is the complaint of Swift, ‘and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks; for they are like Quakers and Puritans; that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal so differently with them.’ If it had not been for this predilection, Addison might probably have admitted that for a man of ordinary ability and small capital the road to the dignity of alderman was scarcely less encumbered by competition, even in his day, than that to a judgeship. But his evidence as to the real or believed overstocking of professions is not the less emphatic.

It may, however, be admitted that competitors for place and emolument, as well as expectant heirs, had one advantage over the same classes among ourselves to which Lord Stanhope does not allude; and that was, the comparative shortlived-

ness of the human race. This is really no paradoxical assertion: the singularity is one which deserves more attention than it has received. It is very certain that during this reign population in England diminished; and it is probable at least that for about half a century, including some time before and afterwards, it remained on the whole stationary. And yet, during that period, there were no active causes of depopulation: no civil or foreign wars of any consequence for this purpose, no emigration to speak of; while the series of recurring pestilences ended with the plague of London in 1665. Nor was there depressing poverty; for the progress of wealth and commerce was at the same time very considerable. The result was—what Hallam and other careful observers have sufficiently demonstrated—that the condition of the bulk of the people was very superior at the end of that period to what it had been at the commencement. The labourer's lot was a poor one under Charles II.; it was (relatively speaking) one of rude abundance under George II.* Whatever may have been the cause which thus affected the springs of vitality among us, the fact seems undoubted; but we are only concerned with it here as far as it affected the well-to-do classes, of which Lord Stanhope is here speaking. Now, in these also we imagine that the death-rate, particularly among children, bore an unusually high proportion to that of births and marriages. And it may be suspected that the cause of this anomaly was not unconnected with the state of the medical art and practice. In the first place, the physical conditions of life were unfavourable. As regards sanitary precautions, people had advanced very little beyond their semibarbarous ancestors. Dwellings, streets, water, air, were as neglected as they had ever been. But the counterbalancing advantages which enabled earlier men, of ruder habits, to resist these influences of evil—out-of-door life, abundant exercise, freedom from pressing intellectual care—these had, to a great extent, vanished. Men had become sedentary, town-dwellers, home-keepers, brain-workers, without any systematic attempt at counterbalancing these depressing causes by attention to animal development.

Nothing is more remarkable, in such indications of the habits of our ancestors of this particular time as its literature

* Lord Stanhope appears to rate the prosperity of the 'handicrafts-man and labourer' as one of the characteristics of the age of Anne, but we suspect that he antedates. The change for the better was then beginning only.

affords, than the neglect and even contempt exhibited for outdoor pursuits in general. The only exertion to which numbers of men ever subjected themselves was the unavoidable one of 'riding post' on journeys; and even that was beginning to go out of fashion, and to be superseded by diligence travelling. The fine gentleman of the then drama and romance, the hero who rules among men and subjugates women, is always a man of the town, and holds rural sports as very low occupations. His foil, the vulgarian, who is brought in to be hectored and deceived, is generally a 'country put' fresh from his dog-kennel. And, to turn to more serious authorities, it is strange to our notions to find Bishop Burnet classing together 'the excesses of hunting, gaming, and drinking, which may ruin both soul, body, and estate.'* Even the picture of schoolboy life which we gather from casual notices is almost always that of mental labour, much confinement and oppressive discipline; the play of the muscular energies of the young was of course not absolutely repressed, but it was not encouraged, still less made—as it is now—the special object of attention and source of emulation. Next, it may perhaps be said that the seventeenth century witnessed the culmination of the reign of venerable nonsense in the medical profession. No doubt, in the middle ages there may have been still more of childish superstition at work to divert men's minds from the lessons of nature. But then doctors were few, and the learned, who slew *secundum artem*, were a caste apart, much dreaded, but comparatively little consulted. The great majority of mankind were left to the ministrations of very simple practitioners. The strong lived through, and even the weak had their chance of escape, from being left alone. But with enlightenment came on the age of pedantry. Harmless in theology and in philosophy, pedantry in human physiology was very murderous indeed. A generation treated according to the notions prevalent in the early Royal Society grew up

* In the dissertation on the habits of the different classes in England, which forms the 'Conclusion' of the History of his own Time, where he further observes, with regard to the 'men of trade and business' whom he considers on the whole 'the best we have,' that 'want of exercise is a great prejudice to their health, and a corrupter of their minds, by raising vapour and melancholy, that fills many with dark thoughts, rendering religion a burden unto them, and making them even a burden to themselves; this furnishes prejudices against religion to those who are but too much disposed to seek for them.' This is almost a parallel to Swift's physiology of religion in the 'Tale of a Tub.'

at a great disadvantage. The timid patient of our days reads with a shudder (in the 'Spectator') that 'blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and in-temperate.' While Meade, the fashionable doctor under Queen Anne, was writing his '*Medicina Sacra*,' Queen Anne's seventeen children were hurried out of the world one by one at the earliest stage of infancy. One only, the Duke of Gloucester, lived to the age of eleven years, and then died, after four days' illness, 'of malignant fever'—a consummation easy to be explained by comparison with what was passing almost simultaneously on the other side of the Channel. When the Faculty of Versailles had dispatched the young Dauphin and Dauphiness (1712), under an attack of scarlet fever, it proceeded to deal with their two children, whom the infection had reached. The eldest, known as Duke of Brittany, aged five years and some months, 'well-made, strong, and tall of his age,' was treated with repeated 'bleedings' as well as drastic remedies, which, say his contemporaries mournfully, 'could not save him.' The second, the Duke of Anjou, two years old, escaped by a singular accident. A duchess about the Court knew of somebody who had been poisoned, and rescued by a powerful antidote. As it was possible the young prince might have been poisoned, they tried the antidote; but it was against rules to administer it together with bleeding; so the infant was spared the lancet, and lived to become Louis XV., attain his grand climacteric, and die of smallpox. Similar instances without end might be quoted from domestic history in our own country; and, on the whole, we believe that is no overbold conjecture that human life, in the classes of which we are speaking, was never at a lower value, barring liability to accidents, than in the most civilised countries of Europe, in the interval which took place after medical tradition had assumed its most scientific garb, and before the modern reaction in favour of common sense began.

As regards competition for employment amongst the working classes, Lord Stanhope seems to be under the strange impression that this unavoidable result of freedom of labour and 'individualism' was not only less prevalent then than now, but that it actually did not exist.

'It would seem, as far as negative evidence can show it, as if under Queen Anne the handicraftsman and the labourer had no difficulty in obtaining employment without dispute as to the hours of work and the rate of wages. Most grievous is the change in that respect which has since ensued. . . . I am not now concerned in tracing out the causes, or seeking to foretell the consequences of those most deplorable scenes;

either of that dire, and not at the time to be repelled, distress which results from want of employments, or of that artificial aid, and, as I may call it, voluntary and self-inflicted misery, produced by the system of strikes. I only desire at this place to record the fact that none of this suffering, none of this crime, can be traced to the reign of Anne. Can it be doubted to which side the scale of greater happiness inclines?' (P. 571.)

Of course the vast extension of commerce and manufacture has invested these reigning evils of modern society with a far more formidable aspect than they presented heretofore. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that they were unknown. De Foe's homely-wise 'leaders' in 'Mist's Journal' and other periodicals contain plenty of evidence to the contrary. See his ironical observations (1724) on a 'strike' among the weavers at Colchester:—

'The masters, or the bay makers, are hurtful and injurious to us poor weavers, and therefore we poor weavers will go and do mischief to ourselves. . . . We cannot get enough to feed us, nor enough to support our families, and therefore we will take care to get ourselves into a jail for the better support of our families. . . . Masters and journeymen, like seamen that embark in a ship, must take their lot for calms and storms, good weather and bad, fair and foul. But if they will indeed mob the people that are guilty, they must go over to Portugal and Spain, and tear the clergy to pieces for not wearing more gowns, and the gentry for not wearing out their bays cloaks.'

Nor were the darker features of what we call trades'-unionism at all wanting in those innocent days:—

'Have the weavers' (1719) 'a license granted them to riot and bully the women' (for wearing foreign calicos) 'wherever they find them? Are they allowed to throw aqua-fortis upon the ladies' clothes, and into their coaches, nay into their breasts as they go along the streets, by which, we have been told, one gentlewoman has been killed, and another almost frightened to death?'

We pass, in conclusion, to the literary aspect of the reign of Anne; and, in particular, to that feature through which it has acquired its chief celebrity—the intimate connexion, real or supposed, between its chiefs in politics and fashion and its distinguished men of the press—

'It is also deserving of note, how frequent was the intercourse and how familiar the friendship in those days between the leaders of political parties and the men in the front rank of intellectual eminence. Since Queen Anne there has not been found in England the same amount of intimacy between them, or anything like the same amount. If this were only to say that the men who were ministers, or who desired to be so, sought out or consorted with those persons who they thought could assist them in their objects as negotiators, as pamphleteers, or

as party writers, the fact would scarce be worthy the remark. Even thus, however, it is not always that a Secretary of State and a chargé d'affaires would, as Bolingbroke at St. James's and Matthew Prior at Paris, drop the "My Lord" and "Sir" in all letters not strictly official, and prefer to write to each other as "Harry to Matt" and "Matt to Harry." But the case went much farther than this. Somers and Halifax especially on the one side, Bolingbroke and Oxford on the other, being themselves accomplished in literature, loved the society of men of letters for its own sake, and although there might not be the smallest object of any political advantage accruing from it. Nay, more, they would sometimes on personal grounds help forward or promote an adherent, or at least a well-wisher, of the opposite side. With men of genius, of whatever rank, they lived not on the footing of chiefs or patrons, but on equal terms as friends. All state or ostentation was avoided. Thus when Harley was created Earl of Oxford, he would not for some time allow Swift to call him by his new title; and whenever Swift did so, Oxford gave a jesting nickname in return. Thus also one day at Court, when Oxford, as Lord Treasurer, was in state attire and held the white staff in his hand, he walked up through the crowd of courtiers to Swift, and asked to be made known to Dr. Parnell, who was standing by. "I value myself" (says Swift) "upon making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry." Indeed, there was perhaps no man of his time more genial, more truly at home with men of genius, more thoroughly enjoying their converse and desirous of their friendship, than this the last of the Lord Treasurers of England. They were not ungrateful, and through their means it has happened that, while Harley is but little to be valued or honoured as a statesman, he shines in history with a lustre not his own. Certainly, if he showed favour to the Muses, the debt has been most amply repaid.' (Pp. 545-547.)

There is no doubt a certain foundation for the received belief, here expressed by Lord Stanhope, that the relation between lords and wits in England was never established on a footing so satisfactory to the latter party as during the few years of good Queen Anne. Yet it is a doctrine which might perhaps be accepted with considerable modification, and the circumstances on which it rests were rather the result of a series of accidents than of any especial virtue of the time, such as his Lordship seems to imply. As for Swift, he came clearly within the first of Lord Stanhope's exceptions: his treatment by the great was regulated by the sense of his political value. He was for a short time a power in the State. This we know from much better authority than his own. The Duchess of Marlborough, who had reason to know what she said, believed him to have contributed largely 'to the pulling down of the 'most honest and best intentioned Ministry that ever I knew, 'with the help only of Abigail and one or two more.' But

we are surprised that Lord Stanhope should cite Swift's own statements respecting the haughty familiarity with which he treated Harley as a proof of the real terms on which he, and literary men like himself, stood with the political leaders of the time; even though Lord Orrery described him as 'affecting more to dictate than advise.' Those statements illustrate rather his own eccentricities than the habits of society. Proud, and shy, and yet a man of the world into the bargain, one can hardly conceive his playing off these airs of affected familiarity in public. But in writing to his simple female confidantes in Ireland, he makes up to himself for this forbearance. To them he complains how 'it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their better, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me.' Then he informs how he 'sent Mr. Harley into the House to call Mr. Secretary St. John, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late;' and how, after a slight difference, Harley 'would have had me dine with him and Mr. Masham's brother to make up matters, but I would not: I don't know, but I would not:' how he went to the Saturday Club, and Mr. Secretary there told him, 'the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. . . . I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a Duke than from other men.' All this only means that the great Swift was in his heart the victim of the most ordinary of weaknesses; that he worshipped rank under the pretence of philosophically disdaining it. The avowal cannot be made without a sense of humiliation on behalf of poor human nature. That such a genius as that of Swift could have thus abased itself before such a creature as Harley—could have suffered its owner to be thus cajoled by a few affected advances made to him by one or two great men, who well knew at once the strength and keenness of the instrument they wanted, and the ease with which it was to be purchased by such cajolery—is a circumstance which cannot be contemplated with much satisfaction; notwithstanding our inevitable sense of the poetical justice with which Swift was thrown away, when thoroughly squeezed, by the purchasers who had procured the use of him so cheaply.

The fashion of petting literary men, transient enough, was chiefly set by Lord Halifax; and, if we may trust the satirists, his lordship was careful to put himself to little expense, beyond that of patronage, in their behalf. Among the eminent writers

who were much conversant with society of the 'ton,' Congreve was himself a man of fashion, whom circumstances of breeding had placed in that class, and who piqued himself on that character much more than on literary eminence, according to the well-known anecdote respecting him and Voltaire. Addison was one of Nature's own gentlemen; which is a great deal more than can be said of Swift, or of Pope. Prior is more commonly cited as an instance of one who achieved familiarity with the great solely through the pen. It was certainly a singular combination of circumstances which placed a writer, second-rate at best as a wit and a pamphleteer, in the position of representing this country at Versailles at a critical moment. But Lord Strafford, who was to have been joined with him in commission, absolutely refused to be yoked with a fellow of such low birth, and the arrangement had to be remodelled. A proceeding which, in the reign of Victoria, would have afforded strong evidence for suing out a commission of lunacy against his lordship; but which, in that of Anne, was regarded by Swift as very natural on the part of a nobleman 'as proud as hell.'*

All things considered, we doubt if it can be said with truth, that the literary class occupied a higher rank in the social world in the age which we are now considering than in subsequent times, or in our time. In this respect we admit of no superiority in the reign of Anne over that of Victoria. But in another and still more important point of view, as respects the general character, and still more the general happiness of the class, the authors of that day had no doubt a great advantage over their successors. Writers might be servile towards their patrons, mercenaries in the pay of political partisanship; but they were not, as yet, absolute slaves to the reading public; compelled to work continually against time, to deny themselves repose until they lost the taste for it, to tax their brains beyond natural strength, in order to supply the constant cravings of popular demand. As the great gains of modern literary labour were unknown, so was the strained and unnatural exertion to which those gains give the stimulus. 'The pace which kills' was not as yet the ordinary march of popular composition. 'The men of letters' of Queen Anne's reign, so says Lord Stanhope, and we fully agree with him, 'derived especial lustre from the collections of 'periodical essays, which in their various merits have never 'yet been equalled in any other country, or in any other age.'

* Dr. Johnson, in his 'Life of Prior,' tells this story of the Duke of Shrewsbury, on the (very inferior) authority of Abel Boyer.

Now Addison stood at the head of the essayist profession; and the 'Spectator' comprises the choicest efforts of Addison's genius. Addison contributed 240 essays to the first series of the 'Spectator,' between March 1711 and December 1712; after which period it languished and died of a half-penny stamp duty, although it subsequently revived for some months. This represents intellectual labour at the rate of about three Spectators per week; and the other writings produced by Addison in the same space could have occupied but little of his time and thoughts. Let us only for a moment compare this simple account of drafts drawn on the mind with any corresponding statement which might be furnished in our own time by one deeply engaged in the service of the Press. Such a comparative statement would almost justify the wild supposition that the brain is of different texture in our generation than in those which have passed away. But it is not so. Nature is the same. The ablest living man is no abler, the tallest no taller, the strongest no stronger, than some one or more of his ancestors. What is called progress in society at large is progress, as regards individuals, only in a certain limited sense. Having the advantage of the accumulated knowledge of their predecessors, the moderns start in the career of authorship from a more advanced point. But their ideas come no faster, and are neither richer nor truer. The great change, and the only one which, after all, seems likely to be durable, is this, that finish of style, to which, at the particular time under review, perhaps too great labour was devoted, is now, with slight exception, unknown. As Leopardi says in the graceful verses which he entitles 'Scherzo,' 'The Muse's file is worn out, and 'we have not time to make a new one:—

•
 'La lima è consumata: or facciam senza,
 Disse; hassi da rifar, ma 'l tempo manca.'

The habit of careful correction in composition is now as nearly obsolete as the elaborate external peculiarities which then prevailed—the toilets, male and female, which occupied hours to adjust, the formalities of presentation, and compliment, and leave-taking, the indispensable prolixities of speech and letter-writing, the solemn minuet in assembly rooms, and the more solemn drive round the Hyde Park 'Ring.' In manners, all these changes may be pure gain; in literature, the balance of gain and loss is very doubtful.

Nor can we omit one other point of contrast, which tells even more seriously against our modern literary world in the scale of comparison. We have said that, although authorship

was already to some extent a profession followed for a livelihood, the art of making fortunes by it, such as may be acquired by commerce or speculation, was as yet undreamt of. Consequently, one ever-present temptation to the finest genius, strongest in proportion at once to the power of that genius to make itself appreciated, and to the eager irritability of soul which is its almost inseparable accompaniment, was as yet unknown. The most popular English writers of fiction, in this our century, have killed themselves by excess of work; not by mere mechanical overwork; but by constantly straining their creative imagination to produce merchantable novelty. And the feat was accomplished, in each case, by men of powerful bodily frame, at the critical period which precedes longevity—a little before or after sixty. The history of Walter Scott is familiar to us all; how the possessor of a name which will perhaps be ultimately recognised as the greatest in modern poetry and romance, sacrificed himself by slow self-murder, first, to make himself a laird; secondly, to help a mad bookseller in his childish speculations; lastly, in the honourable but dreary task of repairing for his creditors' and children's sake an enormous pecuniary ruin. In his own words, 'If there be a mental drudgery which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves like the toil of the slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition when the heart is not in unison with the work on which the head is employed.' There is a passage in Lockhart's life of him, which reads like the story of an uneasy dream. The describer is a young lawyer, living close and at right angles to Scott's house in Edinburgh. 'There is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with good-will. Since we sat down, I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night; I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.' The hand was Walter Scott's, then at the task of finishing off, in the evenings of three summer weeks, the last two volumes of 'Waverley.' We may compare this oppressive story with what was said of another distinguished man, who died simply of over-writing—Southey—that no visitor ever saw him, in his own home, except either mending a pen or using one.

And, to pass to our own time, it is only a very few years since we lost one of the most accomplished, and nearly the

most popular, of our writers of fiction—a victim, as notoriously as Scott, to the same lavish prodigality of intellectual power. He was qualified to delight and instruct, just as Addison and his contemporaries had done, with refined criticism on the world and its ways, and with fiction, intermingling sentiment and fantastic humour in a manner which few essayists or novelists—very few English—have approached. He was not qualified—or rather he was too highly endowed for so paltry a purpose—to feed the reading multitude with periodical doses of incident worked up to a crisis for the first day of every month. He knew that the task was unworthy of him; that he was of too delicate fibre to continue it; but it was that which Fate had set him to do. It was his living, and he could not dispense with it. And the sense of this incompatibility, the nightmare feeling that nothing was in prospect for him except the perpetual task of drawing on mental resources which he felt or fancied were failing him, overwrought the brain, and through it the bodily powers. And now another has been added to the catalogue, whose fate was even more singular and less accountable, on ordinary principles, than theirs; and yet, perhaps, still more instructive. For this last was a man in whom the elements of longevity seemed, as far as a superficial observer might guess, so well met and balanced as to satisfy the most hopeful prognostics. His stalwart frame of body, kept in condition by constant exercise, was sustained—so at least ordinary observers judged of him—by an even and cheerful disposition, taking an interest in many things, and over-excited about none. He seemed to have few worldly anxieties of the engrossing kind: he had early made an ample fortune, for one of his tastes and desires, and was superior to the mere craving for more. He valued prosperity for the sake of the healthy enjoyments of life, which no man relished more than he; but he had no passion for its superfluities, no wild desire after the imaginary greatness of a fortune or a name. No one was better qualified to estimate these things at their true worth, free equally from the extremes of the ascetic and the ambitious. Sensitive, yet not over-sensitive to the public judgment, he seemed to enjoy his literary triumphs without any jealous craving for adulation or dread of neglect. Such he appeared to ordinary eyes—we speak under correction of those who knew him better than ourselves—and yet he had exhausted his vital powers at sixty. He too died, as we suppose, of an overwrought brain, not aggravated by anxiety, or by any morbid tendencies of the mind, but simply because the machine refused any longer to execute the incessant and trying work imposed upon it. The constant

stretch of the inventive faculties, in the endeavour to produce incessant novelties for the market, wore him down. And yet the habit had so grown on him that he could not dispense with the enervating task, any more than the opium-cater can with his stimulant. •

From this special temptation to over-exertion, deteriorating at once the quality of the produce and the faculties of the producer, the wits of Queen Anne's age were, as we have said, happily free. The literary *El Dorado* of modern London and Paris was not open to them, nor dreamt of in their wildest conceptions; and the result was that, when they were so minded, they could indulge for a time in healthy idleness, and maintain their abilities in good condition by a judicious economy. They were short-lived, however, for the most part. They lived 'fast,' after the fashion of the comrades with whom they kept company, and rashly expended bodily, if not mental vigour. Intemperance was almost a recognised habit, not only of Grub Street, but of literary saloons. Addison, according to his enemies, died of brandy. Poor Steele's 'slow paralysis' doubtless had a similar origin. Parnell drank himself out of the world through grief at the loss of his wife; thus dying, as Goldsmith oddly phrases it, 'in a certain sense a martyr to conjugal fidelity.' And, moreover, the then fashionable notions of dietetics and physical self-treatment in general were perverse to the last degree. No mere literary man of celebrity under Queen Anne attained a great age; only Swift and De Foe reaching that of seventy; in which respect their case differed widely from that of their contemporary Struudbrugs in France.

There was, however, one eminent writer of the period who might serve as the prototype of the prolific, versatile, indefatigable class of slaves to the press whom modern facilities of production have created. This was De Foe, whose extraordinary fertility of composition and powers of labour, combined with a genius so exceptional and solitary as his, render his life a riddle in his literary, as it assuredly is in his political character. Lord Stanhope does him scant justice when he rates him 'far indeed above' such writers as 'Oldmixon, full of party zeal, but little distinguished by ability, and not at all by truth;' but below, if we understand him rightly, the rank of Steele and Prior. In mere effectiveness, and the art of telling home-truths, or what were wished to pass as such, we should place him very far above either of those showy gladiators. But his careless, desultory, as well as inaccurate style, the result of constant writing against time and for daily bread, no doubt placed him at a great disadvantage in the eyes of the

polished world, and permitted Swift—the only contemporary whose original genius equalled or surpassed his own—to call him a ‘stupid illiterate scribbler,’ ‘the fellow that was pilloried,’ ‘I have forgotten his name,’ without animadversion from his readers. ‘About this time,’ says Sir Walter Scott—namely, in 1710—he, ‘De Foe, had written down his own reputation.’ How he had ‘written it down’ may be conjectured from the amount of toil which at this period he contrived to get through. The ‘Review,’ commenced by him in 1704, appeared five times a week. ‘He began it’ (remarks M. Blerzy, in his very interesting article ‘Daniel De Foe’ in the ‘Revue des Deux Mondes’) ‘in Newgate, where he had plenty of leisure. He produced it single-handed for nine years, including a long and busy period, passed in Scotland and elsewhere on Government errands, whence (even in those days of primitive locomotion) he despatched his contributions with wonderful regularity. The controversies which De Foe carried on against his adversaries on several occasions, several thick volumes which he composed, did not once interrupt the continuous labour which he had imposed on himself.’ ‘In 1719, De Foe was fifty-eight years old. . . . No writer of his time had produced so much as himself; and yet the last twelve years of his life were destined to be even more fertile.’ Discredited as a political writer by the repeated prostitution of his pen to one party after another, he turned his hand more and more to the production—always for immediate profit—of popular works of fiction; and, in the struggle to preserve a wretched, creditor-hunted existence, became immortal. ‘In five years, from 1719 to 1724,’ adds M. Blerzy, ‘he gave to the public, fifteen big volumes, twenty political pamphlets, a monthly commercial journal of a hundred pages a number, another weekly, another appearing three times a week, and one, for part of the time, daily. Do these innumerable productions all really proceed from his pen, even when they are signed with his name? All which can be said is, that they are characterised by his general spirit, and also by those ordinary peculiarities of style which distinguish him plainly from his contemporaries.’ Mr. William Lee, his latest biographer, really understates the case when he says that ‘De Foe’s labours, from 1719 to 1729, were in extent more like those of ten ordinary writers than the achievement of a single intellect.’

And the first work, or nearly so, which these five years produced was ‘Robinson Crusoe.’ Such was the birth of the most thoroughly English work of genius, perhaps, which the English language has engendered; the fruit of occasional and

doubtless much-enjoyed intervals, snatched from the daily demand of the printer's devil for newspaper copy. And 'Robinson Crusoe' was followed in rapid succession by those other well-known works of fiction which, even by themselves, would have secured for the old and used-up scribbler, as his enemies termed him, a very high place in the library of English romance. Rétif de la Bretonne, a man of very inferior powers to De Foe, but with something of his faculty of evoking homely interest by lifelike incident, was called the 'Rousseau of the gutter,' 'le Rousseau du ruisseau'; and some at least of De Foe's productions of this period—not the least popular—might entitle him to the distinction of a similar title. But 'Robinson Crusoe' stands alone.

Recent inquiries have thrown much light on De Foe's literary activity, and at the same time raised the popular estimate of his genius. But we are sorry to add that the same process of investigation has tended by no means to elevate the judgment to be pronounced on his moral character. It is strange, with the insight now afforded into his career as a political controversialist—see especially the fresh researches of Mr. Lee, already noticed, in his 'Life and Newly Discovered Writings of Daniel De Foe,' and the paper by M. Blerzy above cited—to turn to such indiscriminating panegyrics as that, for instance, of Mr. Chadwick, 'Life and Times of Daniel De Foe,' 1859, who places him on a pedestal of honour as the only far-seeing prophet and incorruptible champion of the great cause of English liberty in a dull and profligate age. We now know—unhappily beyond a doubt—that the honest if vehement partisan in youth degenerated into a mere mercenary in advanced life; that after his virtue had once yielded to the seductions of Harley, he became the commonest of political hacks, and was reduced to edit Mist's Tory journal, a proceeding which he called 'bowing down in the House of Rimmon.' He tried to persuade himself and others that his only object was to keep down and mitigate the tone of the paper. This disreputable connexion he seems to have maintained until Mist convinced himself that his own zealous contributor was engaged in betraying him to the Whig Attorney-General, and broke off the connexion accordingly. But Lord Stanhope—and we are sorry for it—has added one more disagreeable item to the catalogue of sins already registered against our shift'y favourite.

It was of course to be naturally expected that De Foe should take a strong part, as a public writer, in support of the proceedings against Sacheverell. His principles—for his prin-

ciples were real, however subordinate for the time to party or personal objects—were in direct opposition to those of High Church and passive obedience. And he had himself so recently smarted under the most stupid of all prosecutions—that occasioned by his ‘Short Way with the Dissenters’—and listened to the exulting Tory shouts and jeers which accompanied his disgrace, that he was not likely, as might have been presumed, to entertain very charitable sentiments towards the clerical martyr of the hour. But Mr. Lee makes a great merit of the moderation and freedom from personal spite with which De Foe conducted his part of the controversy. The great pamphleteer tells his Whig friends, ‘Upon the whole, I think the roaring of this Beast ought to give you no manner of disturbance: you ought to laugh at him; he’ll vent his gall, and then he’ll be quiet.’ De Foe, says Mr. Lee, with genuine biographer’s simplicity, ‘returns to the subject repeatedly; proving how incapable he was of harbouring any feeling of revenge towards the party which had wreaked its vengeance on him!’ ‘For my part,’ he adds elsewhere, ‘though I have as much reason to desire justice upon him as anybody, yet I am looking another way, and I hope it is the right way. I had rather see the crime punished than the man; I had rather see the wound cured, than the hand which gave it cut off. And in this I am sure I pursue the general good, whether I please private resentment or no.’

This is all very plausible; but, unfortunately, Lord Stanhope has discovered among the Chevening archives the following letter from De Foe to General Stanhope, written at the outset of the Sacheverell prosecution:—

‘Sir,—As it is my misfortune not to have the honour to be known to you, so at this time it may be some loss to the public interest in the affair of Sacheverell, which you are managing—pardon me the word—with so much applause. . . . Nothing, Sir, has withheld me from blackening and exposing this insolent priest but a nicety of honour, that I thought it dishonourable to strike him when he was down, or to fall on him when he had other enemies to engage. But since, Sir, his defence is made up of false suggestions as to his being for the Revolution, and his character is part of his applause among the rabble; and particularly since you find it necessary to represent him right to those who are his judges, I chose rather to be impertinent than that you should not be let a little way into his character, to the truth of which I will at any time produce sufficient testimony; at the same time running the venture of the indignation both of the Doctor and his rabble, with which I am severely and openly threatened. First, Sir, as to his morals. I do not say there are members in your own house who have been drunk with him a hundred times, and can say enough

of that to you, because I know it would be said to press gentlemen to betray conversation. But if you please to converse with Mr. Duckett, a member of your house, or with Colonel Oughton, of the Guards, they will (especially the first) furnish you abundantly on that head; or, at least, they can. Then, Sir, as to his favouring the Revolution: that he has drunk King James's health on his knees; that he has spoken so scandalously of the Government that some strangers have asked him if he had taken the oaths to the Queen, and being answered by him that he had, have expostulated with him how it was possible either that talking in that manner he could take the oaths, or that taking the oaths he could talk in that manner. And, lastly (as to the Revolution also), I shall name you two persons, viz., Samuel Eborall, of Birmingham, and the minister of Birmingham. . . . These can make proof even to conviction that in their hearing he said with an oath in the late King William's reign, he (Sacheverell) believed that he (the King) would come to be De Witted, and that he hoped to see it. . . . If I had the honour to know you, Sir, I might give you fuller accounts, and if you should think it for your service, I shall do it whenever you please.'

It is only just to General Stanhope, adds his Lordship, to observe that he took no heed of these ignominious counsels, and invited no further communication from De Foe. But is it quite certain that the letter is genuine? We fear there is no improbability in its being so; but De Foe was persecuted throughout his long polemical life by imitators and enemies who counterfeited his well-known name. Lord Stanhope has no doubt satisfied himself of the fact.

The strange mystery of De Foe's last years still remains, however, to be unravelled. We find him, when approaching seventy, forced to conceal himself, from apprehension of legal proceedings; but whether this apprehension arose from his connexion with Mist's reputed treasonable journal, or was simply a consequence of his Bohemian condition of habitual indebtedness, is not in any way made out. Mr. Lee, who cannot leave him undefended or uncologised in any stage of his fortunes, tries hard to justify him against the last imputation; even to the extent of giving us a print of his house at Stoke Newington in 1731, with coach-house, stables, and garden, where he dwelt with two 'lovely daughters,' the third having been happily married to a man of substance, one Mr. Baker; and his enemies certainly averred that the poor old gentleman 'kept a coach.' Nevertheless, we have his own letters representing himself as utterly broken down in circumstances and position.' He was in constant hiding from his pursuers. An obscure anecdote describes him as having been murderously attacked by some emissary of Mist's journal, and

having repulsed and wounded his antagonist. He made over whatever he possessed to his son during life, and he complains bitterly of the 'inhuman conduct' of that son in refusing to provide for his mother and sisters, 'though bound under hand and seal,' besides the most 'sacred promises' to do so; and administration to his effects was sued out by a creditor. Under such a cloud took place the exit of the most remarkable man, except Swift alone, who figured on the literary stage in the so-called Augustan age.

Let us conclude, in justice to the undignified and yet not altogether unworthy 'personality' of the Sovereign who gave her name to the age, with two sketches of the character of her Court. The first shall be from Bishop Burnet:—

'Queen Anne is easy of access, and hears everything very gently; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers, that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her Ministers and favourites, who in their turns have an entire credit and full power with her.* She has laid down the splendour of a Court too much, and eats privately; so that *except on Sundays*, and a few hours twice or thrice a week at night in the drawing-room, she appears so little, that her Court is as it were abandoned.'

The other is printed by Lord Stanhope, in the present volume, from a MS. 'Memoir' on the Mistrèsses of King 'George I. and II.' by Lord Chesterfield, in his possession:—

'Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal; in short, a prude. She discouraged, as much as she could, the usual and even the most pardonable vices of Courts. Her drawing-rooms were more respectable than agreeable, and had more the air of solemn places of worship than the gaiety of a Court. . . . Public and crowded assemblies, where every man was sure of meeting every woman, were not known in those days. But every woman of fashion kept what was called a "Day," which was a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or other amusements. Here the fine women and fine men met perhaps for an hour; and if they had anything particular to say to one another, it could be only conveyed by the language of the eyes. The other public diversion was only for the eyes, for it was going round and round the Ring in Hyde Park and bowing to one another slightly, respectfully, or

* It is perhaps not always remembered that the well-known maxim or epigram that the reigns of Queens are more prosperous than those of Kings, because under Queens men govern, and under Kings women, was first applied to that of Queen Anne, and—if Saint-Simon is to be believed—by the young and ill-fated Duchess of Burgundy. She had a privileged tongue, and was bold enough to utter this saying to Madame de Maintenon in the presence of Louis XIV., 'et toujours *'courant et gambadant.'* Both her hearers laughed, and agreed that she was in the right.

tenderly, as occasion required. No woman of fashion could receive any man at her morning toilet without alarming the husband and his friends. If a fine man and fine woman were well enough disposed to wish for private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous. The preliminaries could only be settled by the hazardous expedient of letters; and the only places almost for the conclusion and satisfaction of the definitive treaty were the Indian houses in the city, where the good woman of the house from good nature, and perhaps some motive of interest, let out her back rooms for momentary lodgings to distressed lovers. But all these difficulties and dangers were to a great extent remedied by the arrival of the present Royal Family. King George I. loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them.' (P. 566.)

Most readers of a sober turn will probably agree with us and with Lord Stanhope, that the portraits drawn both by the malcontent Churchman and the profligate Peer, though intended as satires, may be taken as eulogies, and that whatever the weaknesses of Anne's intellectual character, she, like her third successor, had the merit of using Royal example to render fashionable the uncourtly habits of temperance, decency, and frugality in a luxurious age and country. In this sense, and certainly in no other, has she some claim to the affectionate epithet by which her subjects long remembered her.

ART. IX.—1. *La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa.* Par ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE. Deux Tomes. Paris: 1870.

2. *Correspondence respecting the Negotiations preliminary to the War.* Presented to Parliament by Command. 1870.

THE unclouded skies of a glorious July seemed, at the commencement of that month, only to reflect an equally cloudless tranquillity on the face of Europe. Danger indeed there was, from long-continued military preparations—not made without the intent of turning them to account. But we lived on in fearlessness, as men live, by custom, under some impending cliff, or the huge toppling mass of a ruined castle; that which has quietly hung over them so long, may leave them in peace yet longer. The strain of high expectation cannot be indefinitely maintained; man must have repose. So the resolute attitude of Prussia did not alarm us, and we were lulled into confidence by the fair assurances of France. But before one week of the month had passed the storm burst upon the world. First came diplomatic mutterings, for which a few days only were allowed. Then followed the ring of weapons making ready for the encounter, and the tramp of armed men. On the

2nd of August, in the insignificant affair of Saarbrück, the Emperor of the French assumed a feeble offensive.. On the 5th, the Prussians replied energetically at Wissemburg. And then, what a torrent, what a deluge of events! In twenty-eight days, ten battles were fought. Three hundred thousand men were sent to the hospitals, to captivity, or to the grave. The German enemy had penetrated into the interior of France over a distance of 150 miles of territory, and stretched forth everywhere as he went the strong hand of possession. The Emperor was a prisoner and deposed; his family wanderers none knew where; the embryo at least of a Republic born of the hour had risen on the ruins of the Empire; while proud and gorgeous Paris was awaiting, with divided mind, the approach of the conquering monarch and his countless host.

This might seem to be enough, for rarely indeed has the womb of Time added so much within so brief a space to the roll of history. But all which has been mentioned was upon the surface. That which lay, and yet lies, beneath, only the future can adequately explore. Some part of it, however, is visible even to us. These events have unset, as it were, every joint of the compacted fabric of Continental Europe. There is not one considerable State, whose position and prospects were not fundamentally modified between the 5th of August and the 5th of September. Of some States, indeed, they were more than modified. France had lost, at the latter date, the military primacy which she had borne at the former, and which she had loftily carried for two hundred and fifty years. She had registered a vehement, and may we hope a final, protest, not so much against Napoleon, as against what we may term Napoleonism; and she had once more set out from the shore, weary and desponding, to traverse the boundless main in search of a Constitution. Belgium, by her own manly and sagacious conduct, and by what Mr. Disraeli, honourably to himself, called the 'wise and vigorous' support of England, had, amid the shocks of the political earthquake, acquired a deeper and more solid standing-ground than she had enjoyed at any former period since the kingdom was called into existence. Another yet smaller State, but of greater, indeed of world-wide, interest, has been affected in a very different manner. France, as was natural, found it needful, on the outbreak of the war, to withdraw her troops from Rome; the decrepit structure of the Pope's civil Government, on the removal of its prop, immediately began to totter. We may now pronounce it level with the ground; there seems to be scarcely a hope or a fear of its restoration, and possibly the day may come when it may be generally believed that the downfall of the temporal power of

the Popedom has, in its ulterior results, been the greatest and most fruitful, among all the great and fruitful consequences of the war. If we turn to the greater Powers, we find that they have all instinctively perceived the importance of the crisis to themselves. Russia, the Colossus of the East, asks herself with anxiety what will be the policy of a powerful Germany with respect to the Turkish Empire, to the designs for the union of the great Slavonic family, to her own German Provinces, and, above all, to the administration of Poland. Austria, if less directly interested in the first question, is also vitally concerned in the second, the third, and the fourth. Even Italy is sensitive and alarmed, lest at the head of the great German race her ally of 1866 should revive the schemes which had shortly before been promoted by Austria, under her latest access of vigorous ambition, when Prince Schwarzenberg was the official head of her government, and the moving spirit of her affairs. But besides the alterations thus brought into view in the direct bearings of North Germany on her neighbours, all feel that they have passed, as if by magic, under the action of a subtler and deeper change. Their relations to each of the two States engaged in the war are modified, and, with these, their relations to one another. The dominant force of the European system has travelled from one point to another; the centre of gravity has shifted. We alone, from our island home, are comparatively beyond the range of attractive and repulsive power in their new directions; and are, or ought to be, capable of calmly estimating, as well as circumstances so stirring will allow, the present and the prospective interests involved in the gigantic fray.

Now, it unfortunately happens that the means of passing judgment on these great events are not in proportion to their magnitude. Not only are they so near the eye as to render accurate vision almost impossible, but they make such powerful appeals to passion and emotion, as greatly to compromise the action of the judicial faculty. Most welcome therefore should be the aid of thoughtful writers, who divert us from an exclusive attention to phenomena, by bringing into view their causes and consequences.

Nothing can be more timely, when regarded in such a light, than the work of M. Émile de Laveleye on the positions held by Prussia and Austria respectively since the short but pregnant war of which the issue was determined by the battle of Sadowa. The name of this diligent and able writer has hitherto been chiefly known among us in connexion with the comparatively narrow, though most important, subject of the effects produced by the minute subdivision of land. But, in the volumes

before us, as also in his *Essays*, he has shown an ample capacity for dealing with the widest range of questions affecting the constitution and well-being of society. It is in authors of his stamp that we may find the true sense of the term 'publicist,' much used on the Continent, but little understood among us. The publicist is one, if we rightly comprehend the phrase, who treats of public events and interests, not as isolated facts, but according to the principles they involve, and the sources from which they spring, their true place in history, and their office and share in working out the greater problems of the destiny of our race.

Two-thirds of the work before us are given to Austria. They contain an instructive, as well as a minute and elaborate, picture of the dangers through which that empire has been passing, and of the difficulties with which she has still to contend. These difficulties are so formidable that we could scarcely hope for her extrication from them; but for the encouragement derived from the manner in which she has already effected so many hairbreadth escapes. Her motto may well be

'O passi graviora; dabit Deus his quoque finem.'

Of these difficulties, the foremost is that which is presented by the endless varieties of race within her borders, summed up in three or four great bodies, which have by no means as yet arrived at any permanent adjustment of their reciprocal relations. The most powerful of her nationalities, represented by Hungary, has indeed obtained in a virtually separate and independent Government the object of her desires, and has attracted to herself the Transleithan Slave population of the South. But the amplitude of the concession involved in this system of dualism, on the one hand, instead of solving, complicates the remaining portion of the problem which affects the Cisleithan populations, while it has not as yet, on the other hand, decided the question whether two sovereign autocracies can work together as one Empire. While centripetal and centrifugal forces are thus engaged in mortal tug, a feud of extraordinary bitterness likewise prevails between Church and State. The worst excesses of the Papal claims received a solemn consecration in the Concordat of 1855. Upon recovering her liberty, Hungary in a moment shook off the intolerable yoke of this unhappy instrument; and the ground on which she repudiated it was the firm ground of its illegality when tested by her known constitutional traditions. In the rest of the Empire, it was first irregularly contravened by successive laws; and it has at length, within the last few months, been

formally renounced. But the spirit which devised it is not exorcised either from the priesthood or the rural population; and this ever-wakeful influence, reckoning on the circuitous attainment of its end, may join itself to the other disintegrating forces already at work, and may greatly impede the consolidation of the Empire. The Austrian and Hungarian bishops have indeed well sustained their share of the contest at Rome against the last extravagance of Papal infallibility. But the conduct of the Spanish Episcopate at the Council of Trent proved, that a sentiment of nationalism in an ecclesiastical body is no sufficient guarantee of a generally liberal mind.

Besides all this, financial difficulty of the gravest kind appears as an item in the long account of political embarrassments. Constant deficit, and accumulating debt, have brought matters to such a pass, that Austrian credit is now much lower than that of any of the other European Powers of the first rank. And yet it has been found, or thought, necessary by the Austro-Hungarian Government to spend several millions sterling since the month of July, with a view to the maintenance of its neutrality in the present war.

It may strike the reader that, in this painful enumeration, we have made no reference, to that which the world considers without doubt as the greatest of all the calamities which have fallen upon Austria—her recent losses of territory and rank, and her exclusion from the German Confederation. The omission has been deliberate; and the reason is, that in our view these events have supplied the starting-point of her new life, the necessary conditions under which alone she could attain to a state of health and vigour. The present state of Austria is at least one of hope. It is a state far better than when Metternich made war by his system alike upon morality, freedom, and the sentiment of nationality; or even than when Schwarzenberg, with a notable combination of skill and resolution, defeated the first efforts of Prussia to attain the hegemony of Germany. Then the superstructure was undisturbed, but the foundations were gradually and surely eaten away. Now the superstructure has been disturbed, but the foundations are in course, at least, of progressive renewal. As long as Austria kept her grasp upon Italy, she could not establish Constitutional Government, and she remained always liable to assault from France. As long as she remained a great German Power, she was tempted to think herself strong enough to refuse the claims of Hungary to her historic rights. In almost every one of her constituent provinces, she was at war alike with the aspirations of freedom, and with the traditions

and sympathies of race. Never was there a war shorter than that of 1866; but its consequences were immense. It restored the national existence of Germany, and brought within view its complete consolidation. It consummated the national unity of Italy. It put an end to all possibility of refusing the demands of Hungary. As part of the Hungarian arrangement, it secured free government for the whole Austrian Empire. And, lastly, in thus restoring the power of utterance and action to that country, it shattered the fabric of Ultramontanism which had been built up by the Concordat of 1855. Such were the results in the South of those few weeks of war. Of the motives of the assault, of its immediate causes, we need not speak. In this country the career and attitude of Prussia, when it broke out, were generally condemned; and a decided change in the public sentiment, which was manifested at its close, was ascribed to a cause no worthier than the servile worship of success.* This being so, it is satisfactory to learn that our own change of sentiment only reflected a corresponding change in Germany itself. At least M. Laveleye describes as follows the prospects of Prussia at the commencement of the struggle:—

‘En présence de si redoutables ennemis, la situation intérieure était désolante : le peuple, et ses représentants, en hostilité ouverte avec le gouvernement ; la bourgeoisie indignée de voir une lutte effroyable s’engager entre Allemands, guerre odieuse, rendue inévitable par la volonté d’un seul homme ; cet homme, le ministre dirigeant, M. de Bismarck, d’une impopularité si universelle et si exaspérée, qu’elle armait le bras d’un jeune étudiant venu de l’étranger pour délivrer son pays d’un tyran détesté ; toute la population civile furieuse d’être arrachée aux travaux de la paix et aux profits d’une activité industrielle merveilleusement prospère ; une partie importante de l’armée, la landwehr, si irritée qu’elle allait, disait-on, tirer sur les officiers de la ligne plutôt que sur l’ennemi ; toutes les entreprises subitement arrêtées, les ouvriers sans emploi et par suite sans pain ; partout la défiance, la ruine, le désespoir ; l’enthousiasme nulle part.’ (Vol. i. p. 4.)

But the war, then so detested in Prussia, is not now deplored even by any one of all the portions of the Austrian Empire.

‘Aucun d’eux, pas même Vienne, ne regrette le coup de la destinée, qui a brisé le joug commun.’ (Introduction, p. viii.)

It is indeed wonderful to reflect, that only seven years† have passed since Austria appeared to be on the point of establishing an absolute supremacy for herself in Germany, by intro-

* M. Laveleye joins in the sneer, vol. i. p. 241.

† Vol. i. p. 235.

ducing into the Confederation the whole of her non-Germanic population. How well for Europe that she has escaped that ill-omened and ill-conceived consummation! But her efforts to achieve it may be taken at least as tending to prove that she felt she could not remain as she was. It had grown to be a necessity that she should become either more German, or less so: that if she could not compensate Germany for her want of organisation, unity, and national life, by a great accession of material force, she should relieve it from the incubus of her absolutism and her Ultramontanism; from the discredit of her policy, so obnoxious to the most legitimate sentiments of nationality, and, worse than all, from the dualism which baffled the policy of a great and united Germany, and neutralised her power in the European family.

While we are far from believing that Austria has reached the end of her troubles, we are sure that, in encountering them, she carries with her the sympathies of every liberal-minded man in this and in every other country. Her task is the difficult one of combining many different races and provinces into one firm and yet free political organism. In this effort she has right on her side; for her ancient capital and throne form the best and the most natural centre for the whole of the inhabitants of the Empire. That they should be broken up into the minute subdivisions indicated by their specific varieties, would be good neither for Europe at large, nor for the great Eastern question; nor, above all, for themselves. Something in the nature of a Federal monarchy, with a balance of power resembling that which has been established in the American Union by the great war of 1861-5, is probably the adjustment best suited to her case; and to the best result, be it what it may, we trust that she may gradually feel and find her way. She contains within herself immense elements of material and moral power, and she may yet discharge on behalf of Europe most important functions in connexion with the question, or rather questions, of the East. But, if she is to prosper, it will be well for her to practise for a time a great abstention, and to decline, unless it be on the clearest grounds, entering into the whirlpools of the general politics of Europe. For here, as for Italy, the work of internal consolidation is the business of the hour; and this work can only be procrastinated or marred by the feverish desire, or the costly and perilous practice, of struggles for influence abroad. In attempts to maintain the mere credit and appearances of the first rank of power, either of them might place in jeopardy the solid conditions of a really powerful and prosperous future.

Singularly contrasted with the fortunes of her southern sister have been those of Prussia. The Habsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, indeed, are both of them families traceable to a municipal origin—the one in Switzerland, the other in Würtemberg. But while the one, in the person of Rodolph, sprang six hundred years ago at once into the full dimensions of greatness, the other came very slowly to its maturity and strength. They might be likened to two youths, one of whom has grown with portentous rapidity in early boyhood, and has suffered for it in after weakness; the other, gathering solidity during the time when he was outstripped in stature, has ultimately attained an equal or greater height, with a compact instead of a loose and ill-assorted figure, and with a tough and well-ripened constitution. At the beginning of the last century, when Prussia became a kingdom, her population had only reached the figure of fifteen hundred thousand. When Frederic II. took his inheritance, it was two millions and a half. It passed to his nephew with above five millions. At the epoch of 1815, it reached ten. Half a century of peace and intelligence, without territorial acquisitions, brought it in 1865 to nearly twenty millions. Thirty millions are now either directly subjects of the Prussian Crown, or represented and governed by it for every purpose of diplomatic weight and military power; besides eight millions more, inhabitants of the South German States, among whom the national sympathies have been shown to predominate over every municipal feeling. It has in truth passed beyond all doubt or dispute, that Germany will establish her virtual unity, and that Prussia will be its head.

Down to the time of the French Revolution, no continental Power had played a part so considerable on the European stage in proportion to its population as Prussia. The terrible chastisement, that she underwent at the hands of Napoleon, appeared to reduce her to a comparative insignificance. But she was destined to prosper by affliction. It was the direct effect of the measures imposed by the conqueror to drive her upon the use of such remedies, as directly went to fit her for the gigantic efforts with which she now astonishes the world. She sought her strength in high intelligence, and in thoroughly effective organisation. She emancipated her peasants; she established her system of national education; and, bound by Napoleon to keep no more than 42,000 men under arms, she resorted to a system of short service in the ranks with strong reserves, which enabled her to train so considerable a portion of her population, that so soon as in the great European crisis of 1813 her armies already numbered three hundred thousand men.

She had not, however, as yet fallen upon an opportunity for fully re-establishing the military fame, which had suffered so much at the outset of the revolutionary war, and at Jena. She obtained little martial credit for the victory, morally so inglorious, which she won against Denmark. When the time came for her meeting Austria in arms, the friendly spectators trembled for the result, and the hostile awaited it with exultation. Europe then underwent a great disenchantment. But when once more she had to don her armour against France, again a tremor thrilled through her well wishers; even her own valiant people, while resolved to do or die, and hopeful as to the result they might finally obtain by a dogged perseverance, nevertheless anticipated a dark and stormy opening to the war. Nay, we believe that if the heart and mind of her rulers could have been read, many even among them, though without doubt as to their duty, were not sanguine as to the impending destiny of their country. In part, this may have been due to the belief that France had gained some ten or fourteen days in point of preparation; but it must have been mainly owing to the natural and modest apprehension of a conflict of life and death with the first military Power in Europe, which had enjoyed its primacy on the continent for two centuries and a half, which during almost the whole of the revolutionary war had seemed to hold every nation in the hollow of its hand, and which finally succumbed, at the close of that great struggle, only under the double force of nature madly defied amid the snows of Russia, and of the combination of a crowd of foes. Again has come upon us the shock of surprise, and with a violence never felt before. The wealth of France is greater than ever. Her high courage has not declined. The splendour of her martial traditions has been such, that she came into the arena almost with the halo of invincibility around her. The chassépot^s are admitted to have commanded ranges entirely beyond the power of the needle-gun. Her *mitrailleuses* were met by no corresponding arm, and are allowed to be, for certain uses and in certain positions, most murderous instruments. Nor, perhaps, if performance in war could be measured by the absolute amount of loss in life and limb inflicted on an enemy, were her achievements ever greater. Yet, as each well-aimed blow descended on her, it has done its deadly work. Straining every nerve to repair her losses, every new reinforcement that she sent forwards did but add to them; until at length,

'In ten great battles ruining, overthrown,' *

* Tennyson's 'Guinevere.'

she arrived at the recent surrender of the Emperor, and the capitulation of ninety thousand soldiers, now prisoners of war, awaiting in Germany the commands of those whose capital they once thought to enter on another errand, and with a different bearing. There is, indeed, something almost of miracle or of magic in the administrative perfection, to which the combined action of necessity and sagacity have worked up the Prussian system. Or, if we dispense with the language of figure, and if we set aside for the moment the moral of the case, we surely must conclude that the army of the North German Confederation has been brought by the skill and wisdom of its rulers to the highest mechanical perfection ever known in history.

The nation has put forth its whole power, with all the order and symmetry that belong to bureaucracy or to absolutism, and with all the energy and fire that belong to freedom. In Prussia proper, and now as it appears through all Germany, the most consummate army ever known is put into the field with the greatest expedition, and at the smallest cost. Besides all the known and usual departments of activity, those services which lie outside the common routine have all been studied, and all developed with an equal prudence and care. The quantity and quality of the artillery have been alike remarkable, and have, like the skilful massing of superior numbers, contributed largely to success. If the steady fighting of the Germans is admired, their flying service, which scours the country, presents itself at a thousand points at once, and makes perfect the stock of information, is viewed with nothing less than wonder. Other armies can destroy a railway; the Germans carry the means, in men and tools, of making one. It seems that even gravedigging is provided for by a special corps. We need not be surprised, then, if their commissariat has fed in a foreign land, without apparent difficulty, more than double the number of mouths for which the French had to provide on their own soil; a duty, which they did not perform without grievous complaints of insufficiency and failure. Every man seems to be in his place, and to know his proper business. The finished intelligence, of large reach and measure, which presides over the whole strategic operations of Von Moltke, is proportionally represented in every military organism from the *corps d'armée* to the company. Miscarriage or mistake seems no more to adhere to their ordinary operations, than to the working of the machinery of a cotton factory. But when any of these masses are resolved into their parts, the units, too, of which they are formed have each had their separate training,

and each is capable of acting alone in his own sphere. Undoubtedly, the conduct of the campaign on the German side has given a marked triumph to the cause of systematic popular education. '*Diu magnum,*' says Sallust, '*intra mortales certamen fuit, vine corporis, an virtute animi, res militaris magis procederet.*' The mind has now gained a point in the competition with its material partner, its 'muddy vesture of decay.' But the moral of the case must not be set aside; and moral forces, too, it must be owned, wrought at the outset with an undivided efficacy in favour of North Germany. The material and mechanical process could not have been so consummate unless it had been backed by the elements of a higher strength; and the world is not yet so depressed, nor the law of the stronger so absolute, as that physical power and the calculating faculties should alone determine the great issues of combat. There was of old some secret might which enabled Greece to withstand Darius and Xerxes, and Switzerland to withstand German and Burgundian invaders, and Scotland to withstand England, and America to withstand both. The sense of a good, that is, speaking generally, a defensive cause, of fighting for hearth and home, of delivering no blow except in answer to one given, or intended and prepared, is not only a moral warrant, but a real and fertile source of military energy. A strong undoubting persuasion of being in the right, of itself, though it be not omnipotence, is power.

This immense advantage the Government of France most rashly and wrongly gave over into the hand of its already formidable antagonist. War was proclaimed and waged by France. Doubtless the spirit of her soldiery and of her people has been aroused by a sense of duty to their country. But even the sense of duty to our country cannot have that moral completeness which is necessary for the entire development of human energies, unless the country, which commands the services of her children, has herself obeyed the higher laws of public right. The Frenchman capable of reflection could hardly escape from the sad alternative—either the war was aggressive, or it was dynastic; in the one case Germany was to be a victim, in the other France. What, then, was the immediate plea, which France alleged for this deadly quarrel?

Though it is painful to lay open a dismal chapter in the history of a great and famous nation, yet truth compels the admission that a spirit of perverse and constant error seems to have governed from the first the ruling powers of France in the conduct of the diplomatic controversy, which preceded and ushered in the war. We shall state the facts as they appear

on the face of the papers presented by Parliament. It appears as though an adverse doom, were hovering in the air; and a lying spirit had gone forth from the courts of heaven to possess and misguide, with rare and ineffectual exceptions, the prophets of the land. The late French Government, for whose faults that gallant people is now paying such tremendous forfeit, selected first its own ground of quarrel. In this it had no small advantage. The foreign policy of Prussia, if it has been *sans peur*, has assuredly not been *sans reproche*. One stain upon that policy it scarcely lay in the power of the Imperial Government to notice, for, when in 1863-4 the British Government proposed a combination of the two Powers to prevent any violent settlement of the question of Schleswig-Holstein, their proffer was very decidedly declined, and the German aggression was left to take its course. Still it is believed that acuteness and skill far less than France has always at her command might have availed to show at least plausible grounds of complaint against Prussia for her proceedings in and since 1866, and to represent some of them as constituting offences against the law and menaces to the tranquillity of Europe. Be this as it may, that chapter of argument remains unopened. Prior misconduct of Prussia, though it might, have been brought into the account, yet actually constitutes no part of the *res gestæ* which laid the ground for the war. It was the candidature of the Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the crown of Spain on which, and on which alone, the Imperial Government chose to raise the quarrel.

Now, viewing the case with a cold impartiality, and deeply impressed, as we have ever been, with the value and importance not only of friendly relations, but even of something in the nature of a special amity, between France and our own country, we sorrowfully place upon record the conviction that the whole proceedings of the French Government in the conduct of its controversy constituted one series of unrelieved and lamentable errors; errors so palpable and wanton that when men observe them in the conduct of a Government which rules perhaps the most richly-endowed nation in the world, they appear so wholly unaccountable, upon any of the ordinary rules of judgment applicable to human action, that they are almost perforce referred by bewildered observers to blind theories of chance and fate.

The first question in order which arises is upon the original theme of quarrel. Did the Hohenzollern candidature, with its expected acceptance by Spain, afford such a cause of complaint to France, as would have justified the resort to arms? Upon

this point it may certainly be said that, even if the negative be true, yet the affirmative, when considered in the light of European history and tradition, involves no violent offence to the common reason and feeling of the world. And yet, perhaps, it might be fairly asked whether if France, in 1870, was entitled to object to a Hohenzollern in Madrid, Europe might not with as much reason have objected, in 1852, to a Napoleon in Paris?

However, we assume, as the British Government assumed, that on the whole the French demand for the withdrawal of the candidature was so far legitimate, as to entail a very heavy responsibility on those who should resist it.

But, at the very first moment, the demand had been associated with proceedings tending in the highest degree to increase the difficulties of compliance with it. The case was one in which the Imperial Government ought evidently to have invoked the aid of a friendly State, and for the time to have placed their cause in its hands. Or, if they were not prepared to make over its advocacy to others, they ought at least to have addressed their request through the usual channels to the two Powers complained of. Prudence and principle alike enjoin the rule that, when an injury is alleged by the party supposing himself wronged, and redress is demanded without any prior proof of the case before an impartial authority, at least the manner of requiring the removal of the alleged wrong shall be such as will not inflict public shame on the person, whose guilt is, after all, only proved to one side. But, instead of this rational mode of action, it was to the Legislative Chamber that the very first communication of the French Government was made, with an intimation that, if the demand were not complied with, the quarrel must be carried to the last extremity. Thus the Ollivier Administration, while urging a requisition in itself open to controversy or cavil, did all it could, by its unwarrantable method of procedure, to make concession difficult for the Powers from whom it was required.

The aid, however, of the British Ministry, and that of other Powers, had been requested by France. Whether because of the advantage of proximity, or of a more disembarrassed promptitude of action, or because the world has been more fully informed of our national part in the proceedings than of that taken by other countries, the British Government appears to have been principally concerned in obtaining the withdrawal of the candidature by Spain, and a renunciation by the father of the Prince in the name and on the behalf of his son. Spain undoubtedly deserves credit for the readiness with

which she acceded to the demand; and the more so, because after all the difficulties which she had encountered in her search over Europe for a King, it was no small sacrifice to the general good which she made when she surrendered an arrangement which for her own purposes, among which we do not suppose she reckoned a war with France, she had reason to think eligible.

So far all went well. But as Prussia, by an act of the Sovereign, if not of the State, had been a consenting party to the proposal that Prince Leopold should take the Spanish throne, it was perfectly just to expect that she should also declare in the same manner her consent to his withdrawal. Without this, indeed, the withdrawal could not be considered to be complete; and Prussia might, in some future contingency, have made it a ground for the revival of the design, or a matter of controversy or quarrel. But this point also, notwithstanding the ill-starred mode in which the demand had been preferred, was gained, and the King became a party to the cancelling of the whole arrangement. What was, hereupon, the conduct of the French Government? They had defined for themselves the cause and the limit of their complaint. It was now fully removed. They acknowledged the removal, and they declared the quarrel to be closed as regarded Spain. But, to the astonishment of the world, they imported a new term into the controversy, and thereby gave some warrant to a suspicion that they were determined not to part with their grievance, but to turn it to account. The Duc de Gramont announced, that the communications with Prussia were not yet at an end; and he required of the King an engagement that under no circumstances would he consent to the revival of the Hohenzollern candidature. It was not possible that anyone conversant with the laws of just self-respect, to say nothing of those of punctilio, could suppose the King of Prussia would; or ought to, comply with this demand. But, heaping blunder upon blunder, the Government of France overlooked the fact that, in the view of the world, Prussia could at most be only regarded as an accessory to the offence, whereas Spain was the principal. Yet the principal was absolved upon the mere abandonment of the candidature, while the accessory was required to declare he never would offend again. Once more we say, this inequality could receive in the eyes of the world only one explanation—that the situation, the military preparations of four years, the start supposed to have been gained over Prussia, were too good things to be parted with. It is hard to say that a motive so indescribably wicked was consciously

and deliberately entertained by the Emperor, or by the Cabinet then at the head of affairs in France; but, setting aside this odious supposition, what a picture of folly, inconsistency, and temerity is presented to our view in the France of 1870, as she has been unworthily represented by the Imperial Government!

We need scarcely stop for more than a moment to remark that, in their almost preternatural perverseness, the French Government had certainly given to the friendly Powers, whose aid they asked, a very serious ground of complaint, had there been a disposition to take advantage of it. Let us consider how the case stood between them. A State lays its grievance before its neighbours. It desires their assistance for its removal. They accede to the request, and commit themselves in the cause, not in obedience to any clear dictate of justice, but on grounds of policy and prudence, and because of the great importance of giving satisfaction, and so preventing bloodshed. They succeed in obtaining the demand they were asked to make. The complaining Power then changes its ground, and refuses to accept at the hands of its friends what it had laid before them as the object of its desires. We contend that this is a breach of a virtual covenant spontaneously undertaken, and is a proceeding wholly at variance with international obligations.

But, if the Government of France was less than courteous to its allies in this strange proceeding, it was more than cruel to itself. It is beyond all doubt that, when the candidature had been withdrawn, France stood possessed of a great diplomatic triumph, gained with a marvellous rapidity. She had the option of retiring as victor from the field, of leaving the Prussian Government under a *soupçon* of discredit, and of closing the question with a manifest increase of credit and influence in Europe. But, instead of quietly harvesting their very considerable gains, her Ministers thought proper to advance a fresh demand which only a great amount of military success could have covered from severe and immediate censure, and which now adds a real disgrace to the conventional dishonour of adverse fortune in arms.

The British Government evidently felt that, having become a mediator of France at her own request, they were now entitled and in duty bound to pass judgment, though in the mild and measured terms required by friendly intercourse on the ulterior proceedings of their ally; and accordingly, without losing a moment, Lord Granville represented at Paris that the demand made on Prussia by a prospective engagement could

not be justified, and ought to be withdrawn. This representation was at once parried by the reply that an insult had just been offered by the King of Prussia to Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador, which rendered it impossible to consider the British representation. The grounds for this plea was a paragraph in a newspaper considered to represent the Prussian Government. Shortly after it proved to be erroneous. But what can we think of those who could declare the appearance of such a paragraph to be a reason, not for explanation or apology, but for the refusal to consider the request of a friendly Power, and for an immediate resort to the arbitrament of war?

Yet another effort, however, was made by the Government of this country. The Congress of Paris, in 1856, had recorded in a Protocol its unanimous opinion that, before having recourse to arms, any Powers engaged in controversy would do well to refer their cases to arbitration. An appeal founded on this Protocol was addressed to both Prussia and France. The Prussian Government replied to the effect that they were passive in the whole affair, and that it did not fall to them, accordingly, to take the initiative. But the terms of this reply were such that, had France been willing to move, Prussia could not consistently have refused her concurrence. Unhappily the answer of France was, though not a discourteous, yet a positive refusal, on the ground that the matter in question was not suited to a reference of this nature. And thus, driven on by that worst and most terrible of the Furies, the fury in the breast of man, the Ollivier Administration pursued its insane career.

We must not, however, omit to notice that in this most strange history the errors of detail, grave and constant as they have been, were swallowed up in one master-error. The course of the Bismarck policy in Germany had not been one of the smooth and easy progress which, from what has now happened, we might be apt to suppose. That policy was threatened from a variety of quarters. The democratic party was intent upon more free institutions. The Ultramontane party, with its root and centre in Bavaria, abhorred the transfer to a Protestant Crown of the ruling influence in Germany. Local attachments, among the populations of the absorbed and the menaced States, dreaded the power of centralisation. The members and friends of royal houses which had suffered abounded in ill-will. The unscrupulous character of many of the Prussian proceedings must have tended to estrange upright and tender consciences. True, all these forces were overborne by the one instinct which made Germans desire to find their strength in unity, and by a state of facts which showed them that their hope of unity

must, in order to be practical, have Prussia for its basis. But they were dissipating and disturbing forces; they were drawbacks and deductions from the might of a great people. One way there was to rally them, in-so far as they contained national elements, and to drive into utter insignificance such elements of their composition as were wholly dark and irreconcilable. It was that an attack should be made on Prussia by her ancient enemy, not for her sins, which may have been many, but for her virtue, which was one, and which to the German mind, not unnaturally, outweighed and eclipsed them all—namely this, that she was the strength and hope of Germany. The Germans knew that there had been promulgated in France almost a gospel of territorial aggrandisement at their expense; that the statesmen and orators of that country were largely imbued with the idea;* that of its recognised parties, either none wished or none dared to disavow it; that the evil traditions of former times taught or tempted every French Government to assert the right of interfering in the transactions and arrangements of neighbouring countries, on the ground of the exigencies or interests of France. The demand which was made on the King of Prussia received from the heart and mind of Germany but one interpretation; it was taken to be an assertion of the right of France to dictate, and a proof of her intention to use that right so as to stain the honour, baffle the hopes, and degrade the destinies of the German race.

So much for the diplomacy anterior to the war on the side of the Government of France; a chapter which, for fault and

* In the 'Daily News' of September 15, there appeared a letter, friendly to France in its general upshot, from which we extract the following passage. We fear that the list it contains is not far from being correct:—'The Orleanist, the moderate Liberal, the Republican, in short, the whole of France shared and still share it. Men of all parties expressed it; the Roman Catholic Montalembert, the apostle of free trade Michel Chevalier, the Orleanist Thiers, the moderate Republican Jules Favre, the Republican poet Victor Hugo, the socialist Republicans Louis Blanc and Barbès, and all their parties and followers spoke or wrote of the necessary acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine. The whole of France, of all parties and Governments, the present generation and the present Republican Government included, advocated the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, viz., acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine, and the division and humiliation of Germany.' It is right to state that a defensive plea, whether sound or unsound, has entered at times into this claim; the plea that the transfer of the old Ecclesiastical Electorates to Prussia had materially altered the balance of power to the prejudice of France, and that the existing French frontier was open to invasion.

folly taken together, is almost without parallel in the history of nations. But wonder rises to its climax when we remember that this feverish determination to force a quarrel was associated with a firm belief in the high preparation and military superiority of the French forces, the comparative inferiority of the Germans, the indisposition of the smaller States to give aid to Prussia, and even the readiness of Austria, with which from his long residence at Vienna the Duc de Gramont supposed himself to be thoroughly acquainted, to appear in arms as the ally of France. It too soon appeared that as the advisers of the Emperor knew nothing of public rights, and nothing of the sense of Europe, so they knew nothing about Austria and the minor German States, and less than nothing about not only the Prussian army but even their own.

Some degree of mystery still hangs over the faults of the military administration. We do not know in what proportions were combined the various elements of neglect, weakness, or corruption, in the conduct of the Emperor, in appointments great and small, in recruiting, in the provision of *matériel*, and in forwarding to the frontier. The result was in universal and dismal contrast with the boast uttered by M. Rouher in a moment of unhappy exultation, that the last four years had been spent in bringing the warlike preparations of France to perfection. But we shall consider the military features of the campaign in another part of this Number, and we do not propose to dwell on them here.

The same perverseness, which had marked the diplomacy of the Duc de Gramont before the war, still clung to that infatuated minister. It seemed not merely that many things must be done wrong, but that nothing could be right. Even when there was a case, yet from want of skill nothing could be made of it; and when the action chanced to be a proper one, it was to be spoiled by the mode of acting. Of this there was a conspicuous example in the case of the treaty proposed by the British Government to the belligerents for better securing the neutrality of Belgium. The proposal reached Paris sooner, by several days, than it came to the knowledge of Count Bismarck, and its first reception, according to the statements made to Parliament, was favourable. But soon the Duc de Gramont began to haggle. First one explanation was necessary, and then another. Nor was its principle left without criticism. The treaty might be signed, but the French minister could not see the use of it. Now, surely, it required very little discernment to perceive the use of it for France, whatever it might be for Belgium. The Bismarck-Benedetti project had startled and

had shocked the world. The explanations which followed amounted to no more than a game of battledore and shuttlecock, in which the charge remained exactly as it was, and was tossed backwards and forwards between the two disputants on very even terms. Indeed, the case was rendered worse by the allegation of each party that not on this occasion alone, but on many more, his virtue had been solicited by the busy iniquity of the other. Under these circumstances it was a great advantage to have an opportunity at the earliest moment of manifesting the sense at least of the actual Government of France, by giving an undertaking to England, not only to respect but to defend Belgian neutrality. This advantage Count Bismarck at once perceived. One and the same day sufficed for him to form his own judgment, to obtain the consent of his sovereign by telegraph, and to bind himself, by a conclusive acceptance, to the British Government. The lagging answer of the French Ministry, thus distanced in the race, was some time afterwards given; but the whole advantage of priority, which circumstances had secured for them, was lost.

No less injudicious was the French diplomacy on other points. In the difficult question with respect to the export of munitions or arms from neutral countries, it was plainly for the advantage of the country which commanded the sea, and which depended more than her foe on foreign supply, to adopt frankly the American view, that the export should be free. And of this view she claimed the full benefit, when we learned, from the mouth of Count Palikao, that 40,000 rifles were to be brought forthwith from England. With what surprise, then, will it be also learned, that Belgium, which might have passed American or British rifles into North Germany, or might have exported the product of the factories of Liège for her own benefit, was, under pressure from France, and not without a protest, forbidden both the transit and the export?

Again did the Imperial Government find occasion to go wrong with reference to Denmark. At the outset of the war, the situation of the Danes was this. The people had no gratitude to France; she had declined to act with England on their behalf in their supreme struggle of 1863-64. But they had a very decided resentment against Prussia, as they conceived her to be chargeable with crafty and violent injustice. So that her popular sentiment was strongly in favour of joining the enemy of Prussia. But the Government of the country wisely recollected that they had more to think of than the gratification of even just antipathies. They seem to have

asked themselves the very natural question, What would happen if Prussia were victorious in the war? France could give them no guarantees of a nature to be available in such a contingency; they might lose that hold on the moral sense of Europe, with regard to the Danish part of Schleswig, which they now retain; and Prussia might have a case, plausible at least, for completing her work by the absorption of the little State. And yet the Government of France, apparently without feeling its ground in the first instance, committed itself by sending, with some parade of publicity, the Duc de Cadore to Copenhagen, to request the Danes to put in jeopardy their existence as a nation for the purpose of making an addition to the French means of warfare, which in no case could have been very great, and which, in the course that events have taken, would have been wholly insignificant. The impolitic proposal received a just rebuff. And it is almost needless to add that the popular sentiment of Denmark on the point has changed. The people are now full of gratitude to the Government for its wisdom, forethought, and self-restraint. Let us hope that from mercy, from policy, or from the sense of decency on the part of Prussia, it will obtain its reward.

Yet once more have we to point out the singular mismanagement of the French Ministry. As the war proceeded, the North German Government was gradually overwhelmed with the number of the wounded. After each bloody engagement it found itself in charge of suffering multitudes, not German only, but also French. Until after the sixth battle, that of Gravelotte, had been fought, the German authorities encountered this difficulty as they best could. And we can hardly go wrong in giving credence to the consoling accounts from every quarter, of the humane, liberal, and kindly treatment, which they have accorded to the wounded captives. But town after town, along a lengthening radius of railway, was charged up to its full capacity. One district within moderate distance remained free; the district of Aix-la-Chapelle. But it was not accessible by railway through Prussian territory. The line which leads to it passed through Luxemburg and through Belgium. The North German authorities applied to the Governments interested, either territorially or by guarantee, for permission to make use of this line of transport for the wounded, under the condition of their passing without any military guard. Belgium declared herself ready to assent. Great Britain recommended the proposal to favourable consideration. But the Government of France interposed a peremptory objection *in limine*, on the ground that it would give the enemy facilities for forwarding men and

supplies to the front. Now we are far from denying that a Power engaged in war may, without being subject to summary condemnation, even require that a large amount of relief shall be withheld from the enemy's wounded and her own, if it can be proved that the measures, by which that relief is to be secured, will greatly strengthen the enemy's aggressive means, and thus aggravate presumably the general mischiefs of the war. But, on the other hand, it is obvious to remark that a mere diminution of the back freight for the trains which brought up the German men and *matériel*, by opening a new channel through Luxemburg, would seem to be a matter of small account in regard to any additional facilities it could give for carrying the forward loads to the seat of war. Something, too, was due to the great humanity with which the French wounded had admittedly been treated within the German borders, and yet more to the vast amount of suffering unrelieved. But that which constituted the palpable offence in the case was this, that no proof or serious explanation was given of the alleged military advantage to the enemy; no middle term was proposed, such, for example, as the release *ipso facto* of all French wounded who should pass the neutral frontier; there was only a hard and high-handed assertion of extreme rights, tending to deepen the painful impression which so many of the steps taken by France in this deplorable controversy had produced.*

To this review of the immediate causes and diplomatic incidents of the war, in itself sufficiently painful, the recollection of the long alliance between France and our own country, which has marked for good the history of this generation, adds a sadness that is inexpressible. It is not possible indeed, after the disclosures of the Bismarck-Benedetti project, to look back upon that alliance with the unqualified satisfaction in which we should have gladly indulged. We may feel the impulse to exclaim,

πῇ δὴ συνθεσίαι τε καὶ ὄρκια βίησεται ἡμῖν;

Il. ii. 339.

But we may also check that impulse; and rather dwell with pleasure on such recollections as those of an honourable war waged in common, of sentiments in great part concurrent on the weighty question of the reconstruction of Italy, of generous sympathy in the crisis of the Indian Mutiny, of timely

* Our argument has been justified by the more recent facts. Since the battle of Sedan, it appears that, from the sheer necessity of the case, German wounded have traversed Belgium in considerable numbers, without notice from the Government of the country.

support received at a critical moment of correspondence with America, and not least of that Treaty of Commerce which has done so much, independently of its merely economical results, to weave between two great nations a web of concord so firm in its tissue that, though at this moment it may naturally be subject on the side of French opinion, to a strain, we trust and believe it never will be broken.

We shall not attempt to sketch the career or character of the man who perhaps now contemplates the undulating landscape from the brow of Wilhelmshöhe, as his uncle from the rock of Saint Helena gazed upon the sunset and the ocean. Some points of conduct, relating to the present war and the battle of Sedan, we advisedly pretermit. They are more likely to receive full justice at the hands of Continental than of British writers. In Napoleon III. we should 'damn the vices 'we've no mind to.' But there are some things that may be said on behalf of the fallen. Two services he has conferred upon the world. He gave the first, and as it proved the effectual, impulse to the restoration of the national existence of Italy, and thus to closing one of the traditional battlefields of Europe. And he principally of all men, unless we except Mr. Cobden, contributed not only to the development of French industry but to the principle, so to speak, of that extended, free, and essentially friendly intercourse among nations which grows out of open trade. They were not the friends of the Emperor, who declared that the Treaty of Commerce must be torn with cannon. And up to a certain time it cannot be denied that France owed him much, at least in point of influence and power. The period of ten years from the Crimean war was for France a period such as she had never known from 1815 to 1848, a period unquestionably of towering influence, prosperity, and power. But the Nemesis of the *coup d'état* pursued the Emperor; and the Emperor involved the Empire.

'Numerosa parabat

Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset

Casus, et impulsæ præceps immanet ruinæ.'

Juv. *Sat.* x. 105.

The Mexican expedition, and the whole scheme of ideas with which it was connected, constituted such a compound mass of blunders, like a huge agglomerated iceberg rising high to heaven and sinking far into the deep, that it might have been deemed incapable of adoption even by an ordinary human being, if it had not captivated what was then considered the astuteness of the Emperor. With him it inveigled the most upright

and intelligent of Austrian princes, and that pure flower of Royalty, the Empress Charlotte, who in every quality of mind and body excelled among the women of her age, and whose intensity of character received a mournful, but we will yet hope not a final, witness from the disturbance of the seat of reason produced by political misfortune. In this transaction was first clearly disclosed the singularly chimerical cast of his mind.

The disastrous issue of the Mexican affair damaged the position and influence of France, dissolved the halo that seemed to surround the Emperor, raised the hopes of the enemies of his dynasty, and put him, we fear, upon a series of abortive efforts for the recovery of what had been lost. One of these, indeed, would have deserved all praise, had it been followed up with that consistency, which is the best evidence of good faith. The abandonment of personal government was however too conclusively shown to be unreal, when the power of appeal to the people which cannot govern, over the heads of its representatives who can, was reserved on behalf of the Emperor. The trumpety affair of the Belgian Railway, some eighteen months ago, was so handled as to indicate distinctly that there existed a restlessness among the ruling powers of France; but M. de Lavalette, the author of the admirable circular of September 1866, was then happily the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the controversy was after a time composed by the zeal and skill of Lord Clarendon. And so at length we arrived at the epoch, when the evil star of Napoleonism had mounted to the highest heaven. Disaster, by the side of which that of Moscow grows pale, has overtaken it, and it has been struck, in all likelihood finally struck, to the ground.

If we think this great event a cause of congratulation to Europe, it is by no means because the Emperor is responsible for all that the name implies. Nor, unhappily, is it because the rival names represent opposite and sounder principles. It would be difficult to take the character of the King of Prussia for a symbol of political wisdom or moderation, or that of his powerful Minister for a guarantee of scrupulousness and integrity. But the deepest and most formidable complication of the present crisis on the Continent is, in our view, that which has reference to the internal condition of France and to the character of its people. The extraordinary race by which that land is inhabited appear to be richly, nay supremely, endowed with every gift but one—the gift of true political sagacity. Hence it is that, while they are the greatest framers of logical processes, and the most prolific parents of abstract ideas for

the solution of all manner of problems, they seem to show in their own case little practical tact available for the management of human affairs. In every other race of excellence they commonly conquer or vie with the foremost of European nations; in national self-knowledge they seem to be behind the hindmost. France does not know, and cannot discover, how to constitute herself. Gifted with great administrative faculties, her people have now, for near a hundred years, exhibited a woful incapacity for adapting their institutions to their wants, or for imparting to them a character of durability. No French constitution lives through the term of a very moderate farm-lease. The series of perpetual change is not progression; it is hardly even rotation, for in rotation we know what part of the wheel will next come round, whereas the French polity of to-day in no degree enables us to judge what will be the French polity of to-morrow. Accomplished and consummate in the branches of an almost universal knowledge, in this single but great chapter of the appliances of civilised, not to say human, life they have yet to learn their *a b c*. What might France not be if, instead of allowing her mouth sometimes to water for the annexation of Belgium, she could import from beyond her northern frontier the political common sense, which makes that small country one of the best governed and most respected members of the European system?

With this crudeness, changefulness, and barrenness in point of achieved political results, France becomes before all things a calamity to herself, but she becomes also of necessity a standing cause of unrest to Europe. She spreads a kind of tremour through its ordinary atmosphere. There is always a fear lest something or other should be required to satisfy her dignity, to slake her thirst for fame, to sustain, almost to titillate, her consciousness of predominance. Nor, when she is unable to arrive at any stable or permanent views with regard to her constitutional government, can we reasonably expect that she should be able firmly to grasp the principles of mutual respect, and several independence, which must regulate a well-ordered family of nations.

Now justice forbids us to saddle the responsibility of these radical evils upon the Second Empire. If in regard to any of them it was a cause, it had first been an effect. It may be said that it has had its own special sins: the taint of its inception, the traditions of a brilliant but ominous and evil name, and the capital and standing fault of being in an eminent degree apt to work the foreign policy of the country for dynastic purposes. But, if we are to bestow censure on the particular party which

has recently ruled in France, for flattering aggressive traditions and for stimulating, through a powerful standing army, that professional spirit of the soldier which, if it be a necessity, is also apt to be an evil and a danger to every country, it is fair to ask what other party opposed to the ruling one, what other period of recent French history, shall we select for approval? The policy of Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot was in the main pacific; but this very fact was one of the causes of their fall and expulsion.

Is there then no charge, which lies against the Empire as especially its own? Unhappily there is. They were warlike and not peaceful memories which, clustering round the name of the First Napoleon, made that name a passport to public favours in the person of his nephew; and, founded in its origin on a combination of force and fraud, the Empire perforce became thereby an example of that degrading form of human things, in which right is based only upon power. The Emperor promised, and possibly at times desired, to give to France freer institutions. But it was only after he had held supreme power for seventeen years, that he dared to set about what was too soon shown to be after all only a nominal fulfilment of the promise. Unhappily, he then, by the reservation of the right of appeal to the people over the heads of their representatives, deprived the new-born system of all that vitality which belongs to genuine freedom. So that through the whole reign the French nation was really under despotic rule. A people so intellectual and so advanced could not thus forego its liberty without profound injury to its national life. The highest example was not edifying. Moreover, in the midst of such a people, absolute rule could only subsist by the zealous and energetic aid of a body of satellites, who were compensated for the unsavoury character of their functions by the high rate of their wages. The profuse and enormous luxury of the Imperial family tended to raise this rate still higher. '*Pro pudore, pro abstinentiâ, pro virtute, audacia, largitio, avaritia vigeant.*'* Where at head-quarters prodigal enjoyment, approaching in its character to public pillage, was the rule, the example set by such authority was followed with a close fidelity in each lower and wider circle of administration. If such a system was adverse to public honesty, it was fatal to public spirit. While all was thus unsound beneath, on the surface all was gorgeous; and the glare of Parisian gaiety and splendour more than ever imposed upon the eye, and tainted the conscience, of the world. It was a

* Sall. *Catil.* c. 3.

close and foul atmosphere, of which the evil odour was only kept down by clouds of incense and floods of perfume. Admitting freely that there were good deeds, and great deeds, which leave trails of light upon the course of the Second Empire, we feel that for France it was a snare, a calamity, a hopeless impediment to solid well-being. Strange indeed that, being such, it should have received thrice over the solemn sanction of an overwhelming popular suffrage; and happy the release from the illusion, though it will be achieved in the midst not only of disaster but of agony. Nothing can compensate a people for the loss of what we may term civic individuality. Without it, the European type becomes politically debased to the Mahometan and Oriental model. For many generations it has been waning away in France. The great Revolution did not restore the institutions necessary to rear it. Napoleon I. ruthlessly destroyed, in the municipality and the commune, the remaining depositaries of public spirit, responsibility, and manhood. The system of Napoleon III., which worked despotic power under the mask of universal suffrage, aggravated the evil by concealing it.

‘While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.’

Hamlet.

It will take long to build up this part of the social edifice. Nothing, probably, but the direst calamity could have availed to show the necessity or prompt the effort. May the time have come! for none can despair of France, and least of all those who strive to lay bare the sore as the first step towards healing it. But, until France can lay more firmly the foundations of her own government, she never can fulfil all the duties of good neighbourhood to Europe; for those who rule her, feeling themselves dependent on momentary and factitious aids for the maintenance of power, will endeavour to extract from an imposing and ambitious policy abroad the materials of popularity at home. It is a fatal condition for a people when its rulers descend from their high position to inflame its passions and trade upon its besetting and traditional infirmities, and when, in the dynastic controversies which sway the land, the aim of each party seems to be to stir the national vain glory to fever-heat. Of this mischief the recent war has afforded a painful and egregious instance. The reproach of a pacific policy from powerful opponents helped at least to drive the party of the Emperor into a mood determined upon war, and seeking only the occasion. It was found in the Hohenzollern candidature. The victorious Germans have since been bidden to stay their

onward steps, on the ground that the war was not the war of the French people. We fear that, as between nation and nation, there is little force in such a plea. It is impossible to exempt a people from plenary responsibility to another people for the acts of its Government. And yet the allegation in itself is true. It was a faction in the narrowest sense, which sympathised with the worse and overruled the better minds of the Emperor and his Government; and which, by clamour in the Chamber and intrigue in the Court, hurled France into the war, from the anticipated success of which they reckoned receiving a new lease of power and of emolument. There is too much reason to believe that the agency of the Government was employed in Paris during the early part of July to draw from the excitable, the venal, and the worthless an artificial but violent applause, and to check and discountenance any public expression of the sober judgment of the country, which would have spoken in very different accents. For many a long year France will rue the consequences of this terrible political offence. In fame, in influence, she must be content with a lower rank, perhaps even for generations to come; and though her wealth will still be vast, even this will certainly be reduced, as a consequence of the war, by several hundreds of millions of pounds sterling.

It may seem strange, after an outrage so grave, and a disaster so overwhelming, if we discover in the facts any ground of comfort or of hope; but we hold advisedly that the growth of pacific ideas and habits may be traced in the recent history of France, though not in its very latest chapter. Of the five wars, in which the Emperor Napoleon III. has engaged, none have been demanded by the public opinion of the country. The Crimean and Italian wars, which contemplate purposes useful to Europe, were certainly not forced by opinion upon the Government; while it may with truth be said that the Mexican and German wars were forced upon the people. But may we not draw hope for the future from the terrible chastisement of a rash and unscrupulous ambition, and from the heavy burden of debt which the war will entail; a burden such that we shall not be surprised if France should obtain the unenviable privilege of a public debt nearly or quite equal to our own in amount, and heavier in yearly charge? The disenchantment may be effectual. Such a state of ideas may come to prevail in France, that the people will not hereafter, even passively or for a time, be led astray by the demons of territorial and military ambition. When the vast and varied energies of that people are left free for the pursuits of peace in thought, in art, in industry—when France, instead of look-

ing askance with a covetous eye at objects fatal to European peace, becomes only a vigilant sentinel against any who would disturb it—she will gradually rise anew to her ancient influence and power, and will in all likelihood commence a happier though not a noisier era of existence than any she has ever known.

But, for the present,—

‘All is passed : the sin is sinned.’

Tennyson’s *Guinevere*.

We have seen on the side of the French, tradition and expectation, the mitrailleuse and the chassepot, and a supposed start in the first moment of the war. With all this, a feeble and corrupt army-government, and a proneness to deep military disorganisation among both officers and men.* Against them the Germans brought numbers, discipline, organisation, a vast artillery, a complete system of scouting and intelligence, and an incomparable leadership. Nothing, indeed, can be more perfect than what we may term the cast of parts on the German side: the venerable age and hardy courage of the King, the genial intelligence of the Crown Prince, the resolute will and clear eye of Count Bismarck, the profound strategy of Von Moltke, seconded by the ablest coadjutors, and disposing of human life with an appalling profusion, though in regulated proportion to its supply and to its ends.

In the course of these observations we have proceeded upon the supposition that, at some period in the history of this, as of former, wars, the views of the respective parties would be brought, by the force of circumstances, within measurable distance. It is painful to observe, at the latest moment before we go to press, that this period has not yet arrived. The public sentiment of this country has approved the evident opinion of the

* We extract the following passage from a captured letter of an officer of MacMahon’s army, dated August 26 :—

‘L’insuffisance des distributions et le désordre des premiers jours de notre retraite sur Saverne et Lureville, a jeté la plus grande indiscipline dans notre corps. Partout on pille et on vole même dans les maisons; les villages où nous avons passé sont plus dévastés qu’ils ne le seraient par les Prussiens. On se vole aussi dans l’armée, même entre officiers; c’est une démoralisation abominable. Notre général en chef fait depuis deux ou trois jours de louables efforts pour faire cesser ces désordres, mais il aura beau faire; notre armée, qui a déjà les généraux les plus incapables, et les officiers les plus ignorants d’Europe, a aussi les soldats les plus indisciplinés. Nos troupes d’Afrique sont une plaie; elles ont gâté le reste de l’armée sous le rapport de la discipline.’

British Government, that the desire to do good does not relieve those who may entertain it from the duty of accurately considering the means at their command, and moreover of refusing to make attempts, which are not entitled to the credit of benevolence unless they proceed upon an intelligent computation of the likelihood of a beneficial or a mischievous result. But the silence of a Government need not be copied by those who, not invested with authority, aim at assisting the public mind and conscience by discussion. We, therefore, need feel no scruple in saying that it is difficult to accept the present reported position either of the one party or the other.

In France, the Government of National Defence commenced its career by imprudently asserting the doctrine of the inviolability of a soil which, having recently received addition, seemed also to be capable, in the abstract, of suffering subtraction. As though raising pretension were the best way of securing performance, it was further declared that every fortification must remain entire. We will yield, it was said, '*ni un pouce de notre territoire, ni une pierre de nos forteresses.*' Since this declaration was first made, the Germans have taken Strasburg, repulsed new efforts of Bazaine to break their lines before Metz, invested Paris, and proved, in several actions, the incapacity of the force which composes its garrison to make impression on the enormous beleaguering host. The French Government of Defence meets this state of facts by reiterating a boast which is so woefully out of proportion to its powers and its prospects, that it sounds to Europe like a hollow mockery, while it probably serves to cherish in France the most ruinous delusions.

On the other hand, Germany, by the circulars of Count Bismarck, declares that together with indemnity for the past, she must have security for the future; and, laying down not less absolutely the practical application of her very just principle, adds that this security must be taken in the abstraction of French territory. Now this means French territory with its inhabitants. And the question immediately arises, is there to be no regard paid to their feelings in the matter? We do not dispute the title of Germany, as matters stand, to be secured by special stipulations; to place France under such limitations in regard to the exercise of her sovereignty in the districts claimed, as shall virtually guarantee their military neutrality; nay, to extort the territory itself from France, provided the population be willing parties to the severance. But not until it has been proved, that transference of the territory is the only way of giving security to Germany, can she be justified in

even raising the question without some reference to that essential element.

Unhappily, however, M. Jules Favre reports that in the conference of September 20, Count Bismarck used the following extraordinary language, in speaking of the inhabitants of Alsace and a portion of Lorraine, which he had announced his intention to appropriate:—*‘Je sais fort bien qu’ils ne veulent pas de nous. Ils nous imposeront une rude corvée; mais nous ne pouvons pas ne pas les pendre.’* This, if it were really made, is a harsh, almost a brutal announcement. Of the whole sum of human life, no small part is that which consists of a man’s relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it. To wrench a million and a quarter of a people from the country to which they have belonged for some two centuries, and carry them over to another country of which they have been the almost hereditary enemies, is a proceeding not to be justified in the eyes of the world and of posterity by any mere assertion of power, without even the attempt to show that security cannot be had by any other process. We hear much of the civilisation of the Germans. Let them remember, that Italy has been built up, at least from 1860 onwards, upon the groundwork of the expressed desires of the people of its several portions; that England surrendered the possession of the Ionian Islands in deference to the popular desire, expressed through the representative chamber, to be united to Greece; that even the Emperor Napoleon took Savoy and Nice under cover of a vote, as to which no one can say that it clearly belied the real public sentiment. This is surely a great advance on the old and cruel practice of treating the population of a civilised European country as mere chattels. Are we to revert to that practice? Will its revival be in harmony with the feeling, the best feeling, of Europe? Will it conduce to future peace? Can Germany afford, and does she mean, to set herself up above European opinion? We can hardly hope that M. Favre has misrepresented Count Bismarck, since the commentary of the Chancellor on M. Favre’s report takes no exception to this part of it; but we still trust that Count Bismarck has misrepresented his country. But if neither is the case, then we must take leave to say that Germany will yet have to prove her civilisation by some other means than by boasting that six, or that six hundred, letters have been written in good Sanscrit by the soldiers of her army to their friends at home.

• Yet, great and overpowering as are the questions of the war itself in their present forms, they draw after them the shadows of something greater still than the terms of peace on which it is

to be concluded—their consequences on the future of Europe. They may operate in either of two diametrically opposite directions. The one would be as injurious, as the other would be beneficial, to the civilised world. It is unhappily as yet quite uncertain which way the bias will incline.

Amidst the many additions which this age has contributed to the comfort and happiness of man, it has made some also to his miseries. And among these last is the deplorable discovery of methods by which we can environ peace with many of the worst attributes of war; as, for instance, with its hostility to the regular development of freedom, through the influence of great standing armies, and the prevalence of military ideas; with its hostility to sound and stable government, through crushing taxation, financial embarrassment, and that constant growth of public debt which now, with somewhat rare exceptions, marks the policy of the States of Europe; with the jealous and angry temper, which it kindles between nations; and lastly, with the almost certainty of war itself, as the issue of that state of highly-armed preparation, which, we are affectedly told, is the true security for the avoidance of quarrels among men.

This state of things had reached a point, more than a quarter of a century ago, at which Sir Robert Peel, then representing the Tory or Conservative party in England, with the Duke of Wellington as his colleague, thought it grave enough to be the subject of a solemn appeal to the right feeling and good sense of Europe for its abatement. What has since happened? The nations, which were then chastised with whips, are now chastised with scorpions. Apart from the momentary exigency of the present war, the standing armies of Europe must comprise double the numbers, and must be maintained at fully double the expense, which were then deemed intolerable by persons of such great authority. Growing military establishments, growing debt, growing danger; such is the summary but true description of the course of affairs down to the awful climax of the present crisis. And the question now stands for a speedy solution, whether the terrible waste of blood and treasure which is still proceeding is to stimulate yet more madly for the future the mania of recent years, or is to usher in a period of disarmament and common sense, with some rational chance of tranquillity.

There is one consequential change which we must take for granted—a disposition to approach to, or borrow from, the military system of Prussia. To that military system, which has now become the system of Germany, we are aware of but two

objections—these, namely, that it is founded on the principle of compulsion, and that its scale is enormous. The most perfect of all armies in its equipments, the Prussian army is maintained at a charge of 735 francs, or about 29*l.* 10*s.* per head. The French army, which shares with it the economy resulting from compulsory, and therefore underpaid, labour, and which cannot boast anything like its efficiency in the non-combating departments, costs above one-third more, or 41*l.* 10*s.* per head.* It works by short service and large reserves. It interferes very little with domestic ties. The system it employs for the choice of officers secures the highest efficiency for that capital and governing element of the service, by a severe and practical training, without being open to the objections that attach to mere promotion from the ranks. It can hardly be doubted that other countries, and that we ourselves, shall endeavour to learn all we can from the Prussian system. Indeed, in our own case, under the wise administration of Mr. Cardwell, which has effected so many improvements, this process has already well begun, in the adoption of the system of short service. It must be established among us with due regard to the circumstances of difference which mark the British Empire: but we trust with no further deviation from its principle than such differences absolutely require. What is, if possible, yet more important is the resolute reform of our method of officering: and as Prussia is a country rigidly aristocratic, we trust that the adjustment which has led there to such admirable results, may be found to be either in its earlier or later form applicable to our wants. The relative augmentation of a really light cavalry; the local organisation of the regular force, which seems to afford such great facilities for repairing casualties; the means of rendering army officers available for the auxiliary forces, and the question how far civil employment can be put into beneficial connexion with army service, by way both of reward and of reserve; these are among the questions which the present crisis is likely to bring into practical discussion. Lastly, Parliament and the country will, without doubt, remember that among the features of the German system none is more marked than its economy; and the same principle, with due allowance for the greater cost of labour, and of free labour, will, we trust, be steadily kept in view.

But it will be a dismal period indeed for Europe, on which we are about to enter, if ever the countries which unhappily

* Laveleye, vol. i. p. 81.

still put in force the system of coercive service in the army, under whatever name it may be called, shall be tempted to embrace that one Prussian principle which, as a general rule, compels every able-bodied man to be a soldier. We venture to predict that no European State, which shall place itself in a condition to put the mass of its people under arms like Prussia, will effect this great object at anything like the Prussian rate. Even in Germany, this method of organisation has led to a heavy increase of taxes; in other countries of dearer labour and less careful administration, such as France, the charge would be ruinous. It is impossible to estimate aright her future military policy, without taking into view the great—nay, the vast increase of charge for debt which this war will entail. So heavy, in our opinion, will this be, that it will barely be possible for her to sustain it without reductions. She will, therefore, be almost compelled to avoid the cost of yet further extended military establishments; and she will also, without doubt, experience a powerful reaction from that system of Bonapartism and ‘bloated armament,’ which has cost her so dear. We therefore cherish the hope that this great nation, hitherto so military in ideas and tendencies, may henceforth become the head of a pacific policy on the continent of Europe. Should the popular constitutional tendencies in Germany prevail—should she qualify the principle of universal soldiering—which has now worked out its only rational aim, the independence of the country—the general establishment of this better policy will be easy, and its success pretty certain, at least until time enough shall have passed for men to forget the errors of their forefathers, and the sufferings which those errors have entailed, and shall again begin to tread the same dreary round of folly and remorse.

But even if Germany, gloating upon conquest, and enamoured of the instrument which has achieved it, should decline to remit the hard law which dooms the capable man, will he will be, to a certain period of service, it will not follow either that she will thereby increase her influence in Europe, or that the pacific policy itself would fail. For France, whom we have supposed to be its chief promoter, would be secure of an immense European support. Italy and Austria would be certain to follow her; Spain, Portugal, and Belgium might almost as confidently be reckoned on. From England she would, we cannot doubt, receive the most unequivocal favour. Nor should we despair even of Russia. The truth is, that nearly the whole of these countries have, by military prodigality, brought themselves to a pass in which accumulated

financial difficulty threatens to become, within a short period of years, not merely an embarrassment to a minister, but a grave danger to the State; and we should wrong them in point of common sense, not less than of higher motives, if we supposed them to be without some desire to avail themselves of an incomparable opportunity for a serious conversion to a more rational, a more safe, and a more Christian policy.

We will not inquire how far the phlegmatic German will, as such, be a safer depository than the mercurial Frenchman, of vast military power, and of an acknowledged primacy in Europe, wrung from the grasp of his rival. Between the piety of the King of Prussia—which we believe never failed him during the Danish transactions—and the policy of the Chancellor of the Confederation, which, whatever else it may have been, has not been Pharisaical, we are sore put to it to decide whether, in the administration of its great prerogative, Germany will be worthy of the confidence of Europe. We may hope, but we cannot venture to affirm.

But it is not the nature of the animal alone which determines its conduct in harness. It is the power of the bit, the efficiency of the driver, the regimen on which it is made to subsist. Our metaphor may not be a very perfect one; but we should venture to suggest that, as applied to this subject, the regimen represents the national temperament, the bit signifies the control of neighbouring Powers, and the driver is that lofty influence belonging to that general and fixed opinion entertained by civilised man, which happily in our times no state or nation, however powerful, can afford to disregard. Placed in the very centre of Europe, Germany would have puissant neighbours east, west, and south of her, in Russia, France, and Austria. Overweening and aggressive conduct on her part would be more easily checked by their combined action on her various frontiers, than would similar conduct on the part of any of these three Powers if we suppose them to have the power and the will to pursue it; for none of them would be so directly subject to the repressive military action of the rest. We have not yet spoken of England; but of her we confidently hope that, which is also likely to be the case with Italy—that is to say, that her hand will be not unready to be lifted up on every fit and hopeful occasion, in sustaining the rest of Europe against a disturber of the public peace. In truth the nations of Europe are a family. Some one of them is likely, if not certain, from time to time to be the stronger; either by inherent power or by favouring opportunity. ^{er} this strength great influence will attach, and great power

the lot of others. Such influence and power may be abused. In one important respect Germany may be peculiarly open to temptation to abuse the power which she has undoubtedly acquired. She alone among modern nations has discovered a secret which releases her from one of the main checks on a disposition to go to war. She has learned to make it pay; to exact from the enemy the cost of her operations in the shape of pecuniary indemnity. At least, if the people do not find themselves reimbursed, the German Government undoubtedly drives in its wars a highly profitable trade; for the great sums, which were obtained in 1866 from Austria and from her allies, did not pass, as they would with us (if we ever got them), to the national exchequer, but remained at the disposal of the Sovereign and the Executive. On the other hand, from the very nature of their military system, no great people suffer so heavily from war as the Germans in two vital particulars -- the sacrifice of the most valuable lives, and the contraction and interruption of the national industry. On the whole, it seems reasonable to hope that the practical character of our Teutonic cousins, together with their huge actual mass of domestic sorrows, will assist them to settle down into a mood of peace and goodwill. But whether they do or not, it is idle to believe that they have before them a career of universal conquest or absolute predominance, and that the European family is not strong enough to correct the eccentricities of its peccant and obstreperous members.

And now, in conclusion, what is to be our share, as one member numbered in that family, of the political lessons of the war, and of its results? Certainly it will be our own fault if they are anything else than good and useful. Happy England! Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect Will into Right, and the lust of territorial aggrandisement. Happy, not only because she is *felix prole virum*, because this United Kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed as a whole in its energies and endowments. But happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off, by that streak of silver sea, which passengers so often and so justly execrate, though in no way from the duties and the honours, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighbourhood of the Continental nations.

Let us examine this matter a little more closely. In the mixed dispensation of human affairs physical incidents often carry or determine profound moral results. Shakspeare saw,

three centuries ago, that a peculiar strength of England lay in her insular and maritime position.

‘That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean’s roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders—
—that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes.

King John, Act ii. Scene 1.

And yet no long period had then elapsed since that little arm of ocean, which France still calls the Sleeve, had been from England into France, if not from France towards England, the familiar pathway of armed hosts. The prevision of the poet has been realised in subsequent history. Three hundred more years have passed, and if, during that long period, we have, some three or four times, with no great benefit to our fame, planted the hostile foot in France, the shores of England have remained inviolate, and the twenty miles of sea have proved to be, even against the great Napoleon, an impregnable fortification.

It may be said the case is now different. It is; and the differences are in our favour. Now as then, the voyage is a danger; now as then, leagues of sea, regarded as mere space, do not yield, as an occupied country may be made to yield, the subsistence of an invading army. Now as then, the necessary operation of landing affords a strong vantage ground of resistance to the defending force. Now as then, the sea entails some uncertainty in the arrival of supplies. But now, as it was *not* then, maritime supremacy has become the proud—perhaps the indefectible—inheritance of England. Nay, recent experience has lifted us even to a higher stage than we had reached before; for whereas, in the days of wooden ships, we were inconveniently dependent upon foreign supply for our materials, we now being the greatest iron-makers, are thereby also the greatest and most independent shipbuilders of the world; and while the change of armament has greatly diminished the mere number of crews, and thus reduced the drain upon a population scarcely equal to the demands of our empire, on the other hand freedom of trade, instead of extinguishing, has enlarged that nursery of seamen from which in case of necessity we might hope to man at adequate wages an almost unbounded fleet. Steam, applied to navigation, has done at least as much for a defending as for an invading Power even the stores of coal needed for marine locomotion are principally ours; and while, by the aid of this powerful agent, the

ships of both nations may scour the coasts, with favourable weather, at from twelve to fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, the railways which gird the land, to say nothing of the telegraph, may in all weathers carry the armies which are to guard it and their *matériel* from point to point, at twenty, thirty, or forty. Lastly, the enormous appliances of modern armies, their weapons, ammunition, transport, clothing, subsistence, and all the non-combating departments attached to them, are so much of dead weight attached to the live weight of the expedition, which clog and hamper its passage over sea; so much so, that it took weeks for the united power of England and France to arrange and effect the transport of 50,000 men, provided only with means for the moment, from Bessarabia into the Crimea, though not a vessel, nor a gun, nor a man, were on the ground to prevent their landing. It is hard to say whether, or when, our countrymen will be fully alive to the vast advantage they derive from consummate means of naval defence, combined with our position as islands. Our lot would perhaps be too much favoured if we possessed, together with such advantages, a full sense of what they are. Where the Almighty grants exceptional and peculiar bounties, He sometimes permits by way of counterpoise an insensibility to their value. Were there but a slight upward heaving of the crust of the earth between France and Great Britain, and were dry land thus to be substituted for a few leagues of sea, then indeed we should begin to know what we had lost.

It might as a general rule be supposed that where there were such inestimable aids towards immunity from attack, there might also be facilities for offence, dangerous to the peace of others. But here it is not so. While everything combines to make us safe, every thing also combines to make us harmless. To judge from recent experience, the relative share of maritime force in aggressive warfare is dwindling; and we are an essentially, incurably, maritime Power. It can never be our interest to impose on ourselves the vast injury which would be caused, where labour is, for the most part so valuable, by any attempt to vie with the mere numbers of the standing armies of the Continent; and all the sea does for us, as defenders of our own shores, it would impartially do against us when we proceeded to attack the shores of others. And yet we are not isolated. With such a bulwark, and under such restraints with regard to all purposes of violence, we are placed, and that by the very same means, in the closest proximity with Continental countries,

‘For seas but join the nations they divide.’

With every one of them, and with vast multitudes of persons in each of them, we have constant relations both of personal and of commercial intercourse, which grow from year to year; and as, happily, we have no conflict of interests, real or supposed, nor scope for evil passions afforded by our peaceful rivalry, there is nothing to hinder the self-acting growth of concord. Withdrawn from the temptations of Continental neighbourhood, we are withdrawn also from the direct action of most of the quarrels of Europe. But so far is this state of facts from implying either a condition or a policy of isolation, that it marks out England as the appropriate object of the general confidence, as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power. In every quarrel, in every difficulty, it is her aid that is most courted; it is by her agency that parties, if they seek a mediator, prefer to come together; it is under her leadership that neutrals most desire to move. And this, not because she is believed to be exempt from infirmity, but because she is known not to be exposed to temptation. All that is wanted is that she should discharge the functions, which are likely more and more to accrue to her, modestly, kindly, and impartially. She will not be popular at all times and with all. In a deadly quarrel such as this, a rigid equity is likely to present to both parties an appearance of coldness and want of sympathy.* She will not be able to keep pace with ardent expectations, which will reproach her with insensibility to public right, with degeneracy from her old traditions of energy and activity, with a tradesmanlike devotion to her peaceful industry. But all these reproaches are only the measure of the anxiety of those who utter them, to obtain the full advantage of that moral weight which her action, if conducted with tolerable judgment, is sure to command.

But, in order that she may act fully up to a part of such high distinction, the kingdom of Queen Victoria must be in all things worthy of it. The world-wide cares and responsibilities with which the British people have charged themselves are really beyond the ordinary measure of human strength; and, until a recent period, it seemed the opinion of our rulers that we could not do better than extend them yet further, wherever an opening could easily or even decently be found. With this avidity for material extension was joined a preternatural and

* It would be easy at this moment to point out the occasional unjust accusations and treatment from both sides in the war, to which we are subject; but it is our duty as well as our wisdom to remember, and to allow largely for, the effects of the excitement attending a moral struggle, and to believe that our friends, both in France and Germany will themselves, when calm is restored, speedily perceive the truth.

morbid sensibility. Russia at the Amoor, America at the Fee-Jee or the Sandwich Islands, France in New Caledonia or in Cochin-China—all these, and the like, were held to be good reasons for a feverish excitement lest other nations should do for themselves but the fiftieth part of what we had done for ourselves. These fancies we have outlived. We have awakened to the fact that our duties are already more than adequate to our capacities, that we are hindered, embarrassed, weakened, by the weight of our engagements, and that the secret of strength lies in keeping some proportion between the burden and the back. As regards our Colonies, we have gradually reached the invaluable knowledge, that one and the same secret of a free autonomy is a specific alike for the relief of the mother-country, the masculine and vigorous well-being of the dependency, and the integrity of the Empire. As regards the Empire in India, we more and more strive to realise the generous conception, according to which we hold a moral trusteeship, to be administered for the benefit of those over whom we rule. As regards the three kingdoms, the policy of Parliament is aimed at making them a perfectly compacted body, and raising them to the highest level of intelligence and civic energy. Ireland, our ancient reproach, can no longer fling her grievances in the face of Great Britain. Ignorance can no longer plead that it is compulsory because the road is barred to knowledge. Industry can no longer plead that it is excluded from political power: and never again can the land be racked with the discreditable intrigues of 1866, to arrest the extension of the franchise. We have ceased, or are fast ceasing, from the feverish contest for influence all over the world; and we are learning that that influence which is least courted, and least canvassed for, comes the quickest, and lives the longest. If we no longer dream of foreign acquisitions, we are content in having treaties of mutual benefit with every nation upon earth; treaties not written on parchment, but based on the permanent wants and interests of man, kept alive and confirmed by the constant play of the motives which govern his daily life, and thus inscribing themselves, in gradually deepening characters, on the fleshly tablets of the heart. We may well ask, and in a happier sense,

‘*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*’

Æn. i. 460.

One accomplishment yet remains needful to enable us to hold without envy our free and eminent position. It is that we should do as we would be done by; that we should seek to

found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. 'Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice, of the world; a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific, not the bloody settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent and not temporary adjustments; above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority, the general judgment of civilised mankind. It has censured the aggression of France; it will censure, if need arise, the greed of Germany. '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*' It is hard for all nations to go astray. Their ecumenical judgment sits above the partial passions of those, who are misled by interest, and disturbed by quarrel. The greatest triumph of our time—a triumph in a region higher than that of electricity and steam—will be the enthronement of this idea of Public Right, as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious inheritance of all lands, but superior to the opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one, which by its conduct shall gradually engender in the mind of the others a fixed belief that it is just. In the competition for this prize, the bounty of Providence has given us a place of vantage; and nothing save our own fault or folly can wrest it from our grasp.

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